

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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## SELLING BLACKBERRY.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces, but for some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him; a second came up, but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home; a third perceived he had a windgall, and would bid no money; a fourth knew by his eye that he had the bots; a fifth wondered what the plague I could do at the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog kennel. By this time I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer; for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me, yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption that they were right; and St. Gregory upon

good works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother clergyman, and an old acquaintance, who had also business at the fair, came up, and shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public house, and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an alehouse, we were shown into a little back room where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favorably. His locks of silver gray venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation; my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met; the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard

measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off, by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger.

"Make no apologies, my child," said the old man: "to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-creatures; take this. I wish it were more; but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome."

The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarcely equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time, recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back; adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible. The old gentleman hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention for some time, and when my friend had gone, most respectfully demanded if I was any way related to the great Primrose, that courageous monogamist, who had been the bulwark of the church. Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment.

The subject insensibly changed to the business which brought us to the fair; mine, I told him, was to sell a horse; and very luckily indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced, and in fine we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with his demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery.

"Here, Abraham," cried he, "go and get gold for this; you'll do it at neighbor Jackson's, or anywhere."

While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; so that by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard to come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us that he had been over the whole fair, and could not get change, though he had offered half-a-crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country; upon replying that he was my next door neighbor,

"If that be the case then," returned he, "I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draft upon him payable at sight; and let me tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together. I re-

member I always beat him at three jumps; but he could hop upon one leg further than I."

A draft upon my neighbor was to me the same as money; for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability: the draft was signed and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson, the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse, Old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draft from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser, and having back my horse:—but this was now too late; I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbor smoking his pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a small bill upon, he read it twice over.

"You can read the name, I suppose," cried I, "Ephraim Jenkinson."

"Yes," returned he, "the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman too—the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable-looking man, with gray hair, and no flaps to his pocket holes? and did he not talk a long string of learning about Greek, cosmogony, and the world?"

To this I replied with a groan.

"Ay," continued he, "he had but that one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it whenever he finds a scholar in company, but I know the rogue, and will catch him yet."—*Vicar of Wakefield.*

## ACCURACY.

A great deal has been said and written about punctuality—a great deal has been written, and said, too, about order or method. Too much could not be said, I am sure, about either, considering the importance of both. Punctuality, method, and accuracy, are all intimately connected; but each, nevertheless, embraces something which the other leaves out. I should like to say a word or two on the last, as its consequence has not been so much insisted on as that of the former two—in a domestic sense.

Our good maid Betty, with many excellent qualities, often creates much petty discomfort from her want of accuracy. Sometimes she puts too much salt in our soup, and sometimes too little: the latter fault can easily be remedied, but we find it difficult to take out the salt when there is too much. Sometimes she burns our throats, too, with cayenne pepper. Now a little consideration might easily teach her that a certain quantity of pepper or salt sufficed for a certain quantity of soup, and she might observe what this quantity was, and store it up in her mind. She might then reason with herself and say, if a pint of soup wants

so much, a quart will require double. Betty, I observe, too, has a proper-enough idea that potatoes are required for dinner, and we generally have a dish of that vegetable, one day mealy, another day waxy, another day hard, and again pappy, all through inaccuracy. Besides, my wife and self have quite as large a dish of potatoes, or of other vegetables, when we dine alone, as when we had three or four of our cousins to dinner, though Betty knew that they were coming. In fact, my wife, who is fond of a joke, says that Betty always dresses fewer potatoes when she expects anybody, and that the quantity diminishes in the proportion that the company increases; so that if we should ever attain to a large dinner-party—which our income has never yet admitted of—Betty would probably send us up one potato, or probably half of one. Take eggs again: I am particular kind of man—having lived a bachelor before marrying my dear Julia—and I like my eggs boiled just three minutes, or three minutes and a half if they are large. Now Betty cannot do this. She was always making my eggs hard as stones, or bringing them up raw; because she had no accurate notion about such an intricate subject as the boiling of eggs. She could never see that if you put them into cold water it was impossible to calculate when to take them out, on account of the fire sometimes being brisk enough to heat the water quickly, and sometimes slow enough to heat the water tardily. Poor Betty would plunge the eggs, too, when she had been warned of the cold water, into water in a state of violent ebullition and crack all the shells, which were then brought up free of their contents. I was at length compelled to have my saucepan up into the parlor, and I can now cook my eggs three hundred and sixty-five times in the year without a failure. But Julia says, with a roguish sneer, that I am “a particularly accurate man.”

My dear wife (the best of women) may have a little feeling when she makes these remarks—when she says, “Oh! you are one in a thousand”—and “men are always twaddling about what they don’t understand;” for between you and me I have sometimes to grumble at her, on account of her little inaccuracies. When she goes out before dinner to visit a friend, she has generally taken something with her—some bunch of keys or something else which Betty ought to have had—or forgotten to leave out something for Betty—or neglected to give some order to Betty, or to send something in according to promise; so that when I arrive home with an impatient stomach, dinner is not ready: “Missus didn’t leave out so-and-so,” or “missus forgot to do so-and-so.” My dear wife, after having been inaccurate, is also unpunctual, and returns half an hour after time. Dinner is at least an hour delayed altogether; and sometimes my business will not permit of my waiting for it. My Julia always makes out, somehow or other, that the fault entirely

lay with myself and Betty; but this arises, I think, from her temper being a little ruffled by the sense of her own little shortcoming.

Now I will not advert to the stale topic of shirt-buttons. No doubt much petty chagrin arises from the absence of a button at neck or wrist, when one has just enough of time to dress and go to business; and these laundresses are always divesting one’s linen of its buttons (through their want of accuracy); but this shirt-button string has been harped on long enough, and I think married ladies have been so worried on this subject, that I begin to take their part out of mere pity. But there is one thing I wish my wife would remember, and that is to put a clean towel on my horse for every used one that she takes away. She takes away my towels for the wash quite regularly, but I must generally stamp about the room with a dripping face before I can get any in return; and then keys have to be found, drawers unlocked, Betty has to scamper about before I can be supplied. I have generally to petition for soap, too, for a day or two before I can obtain a piece.

Now, my dear ladies, and my dear Betties, moralists have told you how much better things are managed with order and punctuality than without them—how much more easily even. I would add that the affairs of a house can also be managed better and with less trouble through the exercise of Accuracy. It is as easy to make tea and coffee, to boil eggs, potatoes, or joints of meat, to roast and fry, and to perform other domestic duties accurately as not; and it is infinitely more comfortable. Don’t say a word about grumbling old married parties, who have been bachelors; and don’t recriminate. I acknowledge, once for all, that men are worse than women, and their faults graver. Take my counsel in the spirit in which it is meant, by a family man, and I shall be content.

Why is a person asking questions the strangest of all individuals? Because he’s the querist.

A man’s genius is always in the beginning of life, as much unknown to himself as to others—and it is only after frequent trials, attended with success, that he dares to think himself equal to the undertakings in which those who have succeeded, have fixed the admiration of mankind.

KEEP THE HEART ALIVE.—The longer I live, the more expedient I find it to endeavor more and more to extend my sympathies and affections. The natural tendency of advancing years is to narrow and contract these feelings. I do not mean that I wish to form a new and sworn friendship every day, to increase my circle of intimates; these are very different affairs. But I find it conduces to my mental health and happiness to find out all I can which is amiable and lovable in those I come in contact with, and to make the most of it.—Bernard Barton.



## THE PARTING SHIP.

"A glittering ship that hath the plain  
Of ocean for her own domain."—Wordsworth.

Go, in thy glory, o'er the ancient sea,  
Take with thee gentle winds thy sails to swell;  
Sunshine and joy upon thy streamers be,  
Fare-thee-well, bark! farewell!

Proudly the flashing billow thou hast cl-  
ft,  
The breeze yet follows thee with cheer and  
song;

Who now of storms hath dream or memory left?  
And yet the deep is strong!

But go thou triumphing, while still the smiles  
Of summer tremble on the water's breast!  
Thou shalt be greeted by a thousand isles,  
In lone, wild beauty drest.

To thee a welcome breathing o'er the tide,  
The genii groves of Araby shall pour;  
Waves that enfold the pearl shall bathe thy side,  
On the old Indian shore.

Oft shall the shadow of the palm-tree lie  
O'er glassy bays wherein thy sails are furl'd,  
And its leaves whisper, as the wind sweeps by,  
Tales of the elder world.

Oft shall the burning stars of Southern skies,  
On the mid-ocean see thee chain'd in sleep,  
A lonely home for human thoughts and ties,  
Between the heavens and deep.

Blue seas that roll on gorgeous coasts renown'd,  
By night shall sparkle where thy prow makes  
way,

Strange creatures of the abyss that none may  
sound

In thy broad wake shall play.

From hills unknown, in mingled joy and fear,  
Free dusky tribes shall pour, thy flag to  
mark;—

Blessings go with thee on thy lone career!  
Hail, and farewell, thou bark!

A long farewell!—Thou wilt not bring us back  
All whom thou bearest far from home and  
hearth!

Many are thine, whose steps no more shall  
track

Their own sweet native earth!

Some wilt thou leave beneath the plantain's  
shade,

Where through the foliage Indian suns look  
bright;

Some in the snows of wintry regions laid,  
By the cold northern light.

And some, far down below the sounding wave,  
Still shall they lie, though tempests o'er them  
sweep,

Never may flower be strewn above their grave,  
Never may sister weep!

And thou—the billow's queen—even thy proud  
form

On our glad sight no more perchance may  
swell;

Yet God alike is in the calm and storm—  
Fare-thee-well, bark! farewell!—

Mrs. Hemans.





## HURRICANES.

The West Indies in the vicinity of the Mauritius, seem to be two principal foci of hurricanes, from their frequency and tremendous violence in those localities. Of thirteen hurricanes described by Colonel Reid, in his interesting attempt to develop the law of storms, eleven took place in the neighborhood of the Mauritius and Madagascar, which sanctions an opinion prevalent among seamen, that gales are commonly avoided by the ships steering in a course so as to keep well to the eastward of the Mauritius. To give some idea of a tropical hurricane, the particulars gathered by Colonel Reid from various sources, respecting that which desolated several of the West India Islands in the year 1831, are here introduced. It passed over Barbadoes, St. Lucia, St. Domingo and Cuba, swept the northern shores of the Gulf of Mexico, raged simultaneously at Pensacola, Mobile and New Orleans, entered the adjoining States, and seems to have been disorganized by the opposition offered to its progress by the mountain region of the Alleghanies. The hurricane accomplished the distance of 2000 miles in 150 hours, at an average velocity of  $13\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour, but the rate of its progressive motion was insignificant in comparison with that of its rotatory movement, a feature hereafter to be adverted to. Before its arrival at St. Vincent, a cloud was observed to the North by a resident, so threatening in its aspect and peculiar in its color, that of olive green, that, impressed with a sense of impending danger, he hastened home, and by nailing up his doors and windows saved his house from the general calamity. In this island, the most remarkable effect of the storm was the destruction of an extensive forest at its northern extremity, the trees of which were killed without being blown down. In 1832, these trees were frequently examined by Col. Reid, and appeared not to have been killed by

the wind, but by the immense quantity of electric matter rendered active during the storm. When at its height, two negroes at Barbadoes were greatly terrified by sparks of electricity passing off from one of them, as they were struggling in the darkness, in the garden of Coddington College, to reach the main building, after the destruction of their hut. Such was the quantity of spray carried inland from the sea by the wind, that it rained salt water over the whole island, which killed the fresh-water fish in the ponds, and several ponds continued salt for some days after the storm. The afternoon that ushered in the hurricane, that of the 11th of August, was one of dismal gloom, but about four o'clock, there was an obscure circle of imperfect light toward the zenith subtending an angle of 35 or 40 degrees. Variable squalls of wind and rain, with intervening calms, prevailed till midnight, when the lightning flashed fearfully, and a gale blew fiercely from the North and North-east. At 1 A. M. the wind increased, but suddenly shifted its quarter, blowing from North-west and intermediate points. Toward three o'clock, after a little intermission, the hurricane again burst from the Western points, hurling before it thousands of missiles—the fragments of every unsheltered work of human art. The strongest houses vibrated to their foundations, and the surface of the earth trembled as the destroyer passed over it. There was no thunder at any time distinctly heard, but the horrible roar and yelling of the wind, the noise of the ocean, whose waves threatened the destruction of every thing in Barbadoes that the other elements might spare, the clattering of tiles, the falling of roofs and walls, and the combination of a thousand other sounds, formed a hideous and appalling din. As soon as the dawn rendered outward objects visible, and, the storm abating, permitted the inhabitants of Bridge-

town to venture out, a grand but distressing picture of ruin presented itself. From the summit of the cathedral tower, the whole face of the country appeared the wreck of its former condition. No sign of vegetation could be observed, except here and there a few patches of sickly green. The surface of the ground exhibited the scorching and blackening effect of the lightning. A few remaining trees, stripped of their boughs and foliage, wore a cold and wintry aspect; and the numerous villas in the neighborhood, formerly concealed amid thick groves, were exposed and in ruins.

In the year 1837, three hurricanes occurred in the West Indies and adjacent parts of the Atlantic, the narratives of which, as collected by Colonel Reid, from different observers, present some singular features. The first passed over Barbadoes on the 26th of July. The sky assumed a blue-black appearance, with a red glare at the verge of the horizon. The flashes of lightning were accompanied with a whizzing noise, like that of a red-hot iron plunged in water. The barometer and sympiesometer fell rapidly and sunk to 28.45 inches. The Antigua hurricane, the second of that year, commenced in the Atlantic, on the night of the 31st of July, and was encountered by Captain Seymour, in the brigantine Judith and Esther, of Cork. He observed near the zenith a white appearance of a round form, and while looking stedfastly at it, a sudden gust of wind carried away the topmast and lower scudding sails. During the hurricane the eyes of the crew were remarkably affected, their sight became dim, and every one of their finger-nails turned quite black, and remained so nearly five weeks afterward. The captain inferred, from the universality of the effect, that it could not have been produced by the firmness of the grasp with which they were holding by the rigging, but that the whole was caused by an electric body in the elements. On the 2d of August, in another situation, the Water Witch was caught by the skirts of the same storm, the wind blowing in squalls from the W. and N. N. W. till the evening, when "a calm succeeded," states Captain Newby, "for about ten minutes, and then, in the most tremendous, unearthly screech I ever heard, it recommenced from the South and South-west." The third hurricane of the year was met with by the Rawlins, about mid-night of the 18th of August, when, after blowing violently for twelve hours from the North, in an instant a perfect calm ensued for an hour, and then, quick as thought, the wind sprung up with tremendous force from the South-west, no swell whatever preceding the convulsion. During this hurricane, an extraordinary phenomenon presented itself, resembling a solid, black, perpendicular wall about 15 or 20 degrees above the horizon, which disappeared and became visible again several times, described by one of the observers, as "the most appalling sight he had ever seen during his life at sea." A similar spectacle is

described by an officer on board the ship *Tartarus*, during a hurricane on the American coast in the year 1814:—"No horizon appeared, but only a something resembling an immense wall within ten yards of the ship." The power of the wind was remarkably exemplified during the great hurricane of 1780, which at Barbadoes forced its way into every part of the Government-house, and tore off most of the roof, though the walls were three feet thick, and the doors and windows had been well barricaded. Obligated to retreat from thence, the governor and his family fled to the ruins of the foundation of the flag-staff, and, compelled to relinquish that station, they with difficulty reached the cannon of the fortifications, under the carriages of which they took shelter. But here they were not secure, for the cannons were moved by the fury of the wind, and they dreaded every moment that the guns would be dismounted, and crush them by their fall. From the preceding accounts it appears that the agency of electricity is frequently extensively developed in hurricanes; that they have a progressive motion; that calms of short duration occur during their continuance; after which the wind bursts forth from a quarter different to that from which it has been blowing—peculiarities which have led to a theory respecting storms which may be considered as established in its leading principles.

Down to a very recent date, a hurricane was generally deemed to be simply a gale of wind pursuing with immense velocity a rectilinear direction. Colonel Capper departed from this idea after investigating the storms of the Indian Ocean, and published the conclusion in the year 1801, that the hurricanes he had examined in that region where real whirlwinds of varying diameter, having a progressive as well as a rotatory motion. The evidence collected from the records of an immense number of storms in the Atlantic, by Mr. Redfield, of New York, and in the Indian Ocean, by Colonel Reid, seems to place beyond all dispute, the fact that they occur in the form of a ring, having an outer circle, where the air revolves with intense velocity, and an interior space, the diameter of which is sometimes equal to several hundred miles, the vortex of the whirlwind, which is the scene of gusts and lulls, a comparatively slow progressive motion on the surface of land and sea distinguishing the whole. A hurricane which occurred at New Brunswick in the year 1835, strikingly exhibited the character of a revolving storm; for, while about the centre bodies of great weight were carried spirally upward at the extremities, the trees were thrown in opposite directions. The same circumstance was observed at Barbadoes in 1831, near the northern coast; the trees which the hurricane uprooted, lay from N. N. W. to S. S. E. having been thrown down by a northerly wind, while in some other parts of the island they lay from S. to N., having been prostrated by a southerly wind. It is evident, therefore,

that the direction of the wind at a particular point affords no indication of the course in which the whole revolving mass of the atmosphere is advancing. Another singular conclusion respecting storms, which the American and Anglican philosophers, along with Professor Dove, of Berlin, have arrived at by independent investigations, is, that the hurricanes in the southern hemisphere revolve in a counter direction to those in the northern; and while the axis of a storm in the North Atlantic has a progressive motion from the equator obliquely toward the north pole, that of one in the Indian Ocean proceeds obliquely from the equator toward the south pole. In the Pacific Ocean, a region of hurricanes, their revolving motion appears to be sanctioned by the evidence which has been obtained respecting them. Mr. Williams, the missionary, describes a hurricane at Raratonga, one of the Hervey Islands, during which the rain descended in deluging torrents, the lightning darted in fiery streams among the dense, black clouds, the thunder rolled deep and loud through the heavens, and the island trembled to its very centre as the war of the elements raged over it. Scarcely a banana or plaitain tree was left, either on the plains, or in the valleys, or upon the mountains: hundreds of thousands of which, on the preceding day, covered and adorned the land with their foliage and fruit, and immense chestnuts, which had withstood the storms of ages, were laid prostrate on the ground, while those that remained erect had scarcely a branch, and were all leafless. It was observed, that when the gale ended, the wind was in the West, whereas in the early part of its action the east end of the chapel had been blown in, which shows the wind then to have been in the East. The hurricanes of New South Wales have been observed to develop the same peculiarity. Mr. Meredith traced the path of one in the centre, and found at the termination a circle plainly shown, in which the trees lay all ways.

MODERATE DRINKING.—“I never was so beat in all my born days!” said old Polyglot, with real emotion. “That one of my boys should come to this! Josh, Josh,” he groaned with anguish, “why *didn't* you drink *modrit*?” “Don’t you say a word, old man,” said Joshua, through his mad-set teeth. “You larn’t me to drink. It’s all your doings.” “No, no, Josh!” cried Jared, weeping, “taint all my doings. I aillus tell’d ye ’twant no harm to drink—a little whiskey regular every day ’ud do you good—do any man good that ’ud only use it in the right way. But Josh, says I, time and agin—says I, Josh drink *modrit*. Do’s I do. Never be anything but a *modrit* drinker. That’s respectable. If you go to being a drunkard, says I, you’re no son of mine. Yes, Josh, says I, drink *modrit*, and ’twill do you good.”—*Paul Creyton’s Burrcliff.*

## DANIEL WEBSTER AT SCHOOL.

The 24th of May, 1796, was an important day at Elms Farm. There had been more than usual bustle in the house: clothes were collected, bundles tied; children were running to and fro, asking questions and making all kinds of remarks—the reason of which was, Daniel was getting ready to leave for the academy. As Mr. Webster had no chaise, or other light carriage adapted to the journey, it was to be made on horseback. It so happened that one of the neighbors was desirous of sending a horse and side saddle to the very town where the academy was situated for some female friend there to ride back to Salisbury. It was agreed that this horse should be used by the young student. When the time of departure arrived, the two horses were brought to the door, and Daniel, who was dressed in a new suit of homespun materials, was lifted upon the one intended for him. Imagine the scene! The affectionate mother, who has all along had a presentiment of Daniel’s greatness, stands at the door with mingled expressions of solicitude and joy depicted upon her countenance. She has given abundant good advice, and sealed it with not a few burning kisses. Around are the other children and members of the family, some holding the horses, others adjusting the bundles, and all abandoning their mirthfulness, and becoming more serious as the moment of departure arrives. The last shake of the hand and farewell kiss are given, and the two travellers set out on their journey—little Dan being perched upon the lady’s side-saddle, where he was destined to become, before night, more fatigued than he had ever been before. After a romantic but tiresome ride, along the banks of rivers, through valleys, and amid lofty hills and mountains, on the third day they arrived at Exeter. A boarding place was obtained for Daniel in the family of Mr. Clifford, with whom his father had some acquaintance. The day after their arrival he was taken to the academy. Benjamin Abbott, LL. D., was the principal. He was a gentleman of the old school, and felt it important to maintain great dignity and a regard to form, in the administration of the school. All official duties were performed with pompous ceremony. When Colonel Webster stated the object of his visit to the doctor, who was seated in a large hall connected with the academy, that important personage placed upon his head a cocked hat, in order to make a suitable impression upon the lad, and then said—

“Well, sir, let the young gentleman be presented for examination.”

The slender-looking boy modestly came forward, and, though everything was new and strange, he submitted to his examination with great self-possession.

“What is your age?” asked the venerable teacher.

"Fourteen," was the reply.

"Take this Bible, my lad, and read the twenty-second chapter of Luke," at the same time pointing it out to him.

This chapter contains an account of the institution of the Lord's Supper, Christ's sufferings in Gethsemane, the betrayal, the seizure, and the examination of Christ. Its different parts required a different style of reading. None but a good reader could do the chapter justice. Daniel took the book, and read with so much distinctness of enunciation, correctness of emphasis, and skill in the modulations of his voice, as to bring out the true sense of the passage—the doctor had no occasion to interrupt him. It was a beautiful specimen of reading. After he had finished the chapter, the doctor, without asking any questions whatever, said—

"Young man, you are qualified to enter this institution."

The new student remained at this academy nine months. His diligence, and his capacity for acquiring knowledge, secured for him not only the warm commendations of his teachers, but, what was better, a good knowledge of the branches to which he devoted attention, among which, in addition to the usual English branches, was the Latin language.

It is not easy always to predict the man from the indications of youth. With some there appears to be, in early life, a deficiency of the very traits in which they excel in later years. This was true of Webster. Although his fame as an orator is world-wide, yet, when a boy of fourteen, he could not summon sufficient courage to attempt to declaim before the school. His own account of this singular fact is in the following words:—

"I believe I made tolerable progress in most branches which I attended to while in this school; but there was one thing I could not do—I could not make a declamation; I could not speak before the school. The kind and excellent Buckminster sought especially to persuade me to perform the exercise of declamation, like other boys; but I could not do it. Many a piece did I commit to memory, and recite and rehearse in my own room, over and over again; yet when the day came, when the school collected to hear the declamation, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned to my seat, I could not raise myself from it. Sometimes the instructors frowned, sometimes they smiled. Mr. Buckminster always pressed and entreated most winningly that I would venture—venture only once; but I never could command sufficient resolution."

From any other witness, this would appear almost incredible. It is difficult to conceive how one who has been so highly distinguished for self-reliance and moral courage, should have been so singularly deficient in these traits when young. It was attributable, probably, in a great degree, to his physical debility. He subsequently surmounted it, and, as we shall

see, became in college one of the most popular speakers. What encouragement does this furnish for the young to set themselves resolutely to work to surmount any difficulty that prevents their advancement! By frequent repetition, by firm resolution, they may overcome embarrassments which would otherwise prove fatal to their success. Nothing can resist a determined spirit.

When Webster first entered the Phillips Academy, he was made, in consequence of his unpolished, country-like appearance, and because he was placed at the foot of the class, the butt of ridicule by some of the scholars.

This treatment touched his keen sensibility, and he spoke of it with regret to his friends where he boarded. They informed him that the place assigned him in the class was according to the standing regulations of the school, and that by diligence he might rise above it. They also advised him to take no notice of the laughter of the city boys, for after a while they would become weary of it, and would cease. The assistant tutor, Mr. Emery, was informed of the treatment which Webster received. He, therefore, treated him with special consideration, told him to care for nothing but his books, and predicted that all would end well. This kindness had the desired effect. Webster applied himself with increased diligence, and with signal success. He soon met with his reward, which made those who had laughed at him hang their heads with shame. At the end of the first quarter, the assistant tutor called up the class in their usual order. He then walked to the foot of the class, took Webster by the arm, and marched him, in front of the class, to the head, where, as he placed him, he said, "There, sir; that is your proper place." This practical rebuke made those who had delighted to ridicule the country boy feel mortified and chagrined. He had outstripped them. This incident greatly stimulated the successful student. He applied himself with his accustomed industry, and looked forward with some degree of solicitude to the end of the second term, to see whether he would be able to retain his relative rank in the class. Weeks slowly passed away: the end of the term arrived, and the class was again summoned to be newly arranged, according to their scholarship and deportment, as evinced during the preceding term! Whilst they were all standing in silence and suspense, Mr. Emery, their teacher, said, fixing his eye at the same time upon the country boy, "Daniel Webster, gather up your books and take down your cap." Not understanding the design of such an order, Daniel complied with troubled feelings. He knew not that he was about to be expelled from school for his dulness. His teacher perceived the expression of sadness upon his countenance, but soon dispelled it by saying, "Now, sir, you will please pass into another room, and join a higher class; and you, young



gentlemen," addressing the other scholars "will take an affectionate leave of your classmate, for you will never see him again!" As if he had said, "This rustic lad, whom you have made the butt of ridicule, has already so far outstripped you in his studies that, from your stand-point, he is dwarfed in the distance, and will soon be out of sight entirely. He has developed a capacity for study which will prevent you from ever overtaking him. As a classmate, you will never see him again."

It would be interesting to know who those city boys were, who made the young rustic an object of sport. What have they come to?—what have they accomplished?—who has heard of the fame of their attainments? Scholars should be careful how they laugh at a classmate because of his unpolished manners or coarse raiment. Under that rough exterior may be concealed talents that will move a nation and dazzle a world, when they in their turn might justly be made a laughing-stock on account of their inefficiency.

After leaving Exeter Academy, Webster was placed under the care of Rev. Samuel Woods, D. D., of Boscawen. This change was probably made for economical reasons, as Dr. Woods gave instruction and boards to lads for only one dollar per week, which was less than the expenses at Exeter. He was now in his fifteenth year, with a fair knowledge of the English branches, and a considerable acquaintance with the Latin.

On his way to Dr. Woods', an interesting incident occurred, of which Mr. Webster himself has given the account. It seems that his father, through the kind suggestions of others, who had discovered the innate powers of Daniel, had come to the conclusion to send him to college. But this determination he did not reveal to his son till he was on the way to Dr. Woods'. The announcement deeply affected him.

It was in the depth of Winter. The ground was covered with deep snow. Webster and his father were travelling in a New England sleigh, commonly called a *pung*. As they were ascending a hill, Mr. Webster told Daniel that he was going to send him to college. This sudden and unexpected announcement overcame the lad. This was an honor to which, in his most ambitious moments, he had never aspired. To be "college learned," in those days, was a passport to the most intelligent and refined society. It was regarded as a preparation for any of the professions. It at once gave an individual a respectable position in society; and whilst it developed all the capacities which he possessed, it was supposed to impart others, of which he was previously destitute. The relative position of a college graduate, at that time, was far higher in the community than now, when their number is so greatly increased.

A lad of fourteen, who had been acquainted with but very few who had been favored with

a collegiate education, and who regarded them with a veneration above that which he cherished towards other men, could not have been otherwise than deeply moved at such a communication. To use his own language, "I could not speak. How could my father, with so large a family, and in such narrow circumstances, think of incurring so great an expense for me? A warm glow ran all over me, and I laid my head on my father's shoulder, and wept." He wept from excess of joy! How different were his feelings from those of many at the present day, who, when the privilege of a collegiate course of education is offered them, regard the proposition as a great affliction, and cry from sorrow! They are unwilling to avail themselves of benefits which others would highly value. They do not appreciate them; the golden opportunity they throw away; and, probably, at some future period, when it is too late to repair the disaster, they will deeply regret their folly.

If this book should fall into the hands of any such youth, we would say to them, Look forward to the future. Remember, you will not always be boys. You are, in a few years, to take your place amongst men, and, in order to be qualified to exert much influence over them, you must be educated. You are now placed in an enviable position; by rightly improving your advantages, you will qualify yourselves to occupy important stations; you will be fitted to move, and to feel at home, in the most intelligent circles. Your opinions will be respected; they will have weight with others. Your advice will be sought in important matters. You will be looked to to fill places of trust and responsibility. You will honor yourselves and your families. And it is not impossible for you to attain to high distinction in any of the learned professions, or to reach some of the most honorable and responsible positions in the state or national governments. Who would have supposed that, when that puny lad from the backwoods of New Hampshire was made an object of ridicule by the "city boys," that he would ever reach the exalted stations he did, and, after filling the world with the splendor of his eloquence and statesmanship, would be followed to the grave by the regrets of millions? It is no more unlikely, now, that you may acquire distinction, than it was in his case, when he was of your age. But suppose that he had disliked study; suppose that, when his father, as they were ascending that hill in a cold Winter's day, informed him that he might go to college, he had expressed an unwillingness, and had dissuaded his father from his purpose, what would Daniel Webster have been now? He might possibly, by the force of his natural talents, have excelled in any kind of business to which he would have devoted himself; but is it probable that he would ever have been a Senator of the United States, or a member of the President's Cabi-



net? Indeed, on one occasion, his own father assigns as a reason why he was not elected a member of Congress, instead of his successful competitor, was because of his *want of education*.—*Barvard's Life and Character of Daniel Webster.*

### EXAGGERATION; OR, THE HABIT OF FALSIFYING.

Some months since, an individual of this city, who is himself truthful and conscientious, but somewhat credulous, happened to be, by the merest accident, thrown into the society of another, who is exactly the reverse, and who, at the time, was indulging in one of the flights of fancy for which he is somewhat remarkable. He detailed a very miraculous adventure, in which he, of course, was the hero. The other listened with the deepest interest, and at times betrayed considerable astonishment. But he did not know the narrator, and hence, remarkable as was the Munchausenism, he not only believed, but he seized the earliest opportunity to repeat the story to several others. In these cases, however, the name of the author was mentioned, whereupon the unsophisticated was laughed at and derided for his credulity. He proceeded to explain that the story was told in earnest, and with the utmost solemnity, and that the gentleman who detailed it—for he believed him to be a gentleman—pledged his honor for its veracity. All this, however, had no effect. The incident was not only improbable in itself, but it was only one of many that had been put into circulation from time to time by the same imaginative source.

"But," asked the other, "what motive could its author have for uttering so monstrous a fable, especially when, in the natural course of things, its falsity must be detected?"

"Simply," the reply was, "to glorify himself and to excite astonishment. In other words, to gratify a singular kind of vanity, and this, too, sooner or later, at the expense of his own character."

The case mentioned is by no means rare. The habit of exaggeration is indulged to a frightful extent, and by both sexes. It is a habit, too, that grows with wonderful rapidity, and at last becomes so fixed as to be incurable.

Some years ago, a very smooth-tongued foreigner made his appearance in Philadelphia, and for several weeks created quite a sensation. He possessed a wonderful gift of language, was well read and well informed generally, was quite familiar with British statesmen and politics, and was remarkably agreeable in conversation. He professed, moreover, to be related to several distinguished men, and was, indeed,—so he said—once in Parliament himself. As may be supposed, he was taken by the hand by many of his countrymen, and he gratified not a few by tracing their ancestral lineage, and sketching for several the armorial

bearings of some of their early progenitors. He also narrated several remarkable pieces of information that had been communicated to him, and for a time was quite a lion. In one case, he informed a somewhat credulous claimant for an extensive estate in England that he knew all the particulars, that the facts were just as familiar to him as the alphabet, that the property was of immense value, and that the right of the claimant was unquestionable! Becoming more and more confident, by his apparent success, his imagination took bolder wings, and he indulged in stories so startling that he was soon discovered to be little better than an habitual falsifier. It seemed, indeed, almost impossible for him to speak the truth. And yet he was an amiable, kind hearted man, and meant no harm. When remonstrated with, he apologized and explained, and finally admitted that the habit had become so powerful with him that he could not control it. Nay, on more than one occasion, it had been the source of much difficulty, and had involved him in serious dilemmas. Instead of repeating a plain statement in the exact words in which it was communicated to him, he adorned, embellished and magnified it, so that it became quite another affair. He, moreover, derived a sort of gratification from this system, as well, in the first place, because it produced a sensation as, in the second, because it magnified his own importance.

And these, in the great majority of cases are the true causes of exaggeration. The habit is, however, a most unfortunate one, and it cannot be avoided too carefully. Many of the gentler sex are sadly inclined to its indulgence. They employ the most extravagant terms in ordinary conversation, and describe trifling incidents and unimportant scenes with an air so inflated, and in terms so grandiloquent, that the sober-minded hearers at first listen with surprise, then shake their heads in doubt, and finally curl their lips with incredulity and contempt. This practice, moreover, is apt to promote an artificial state of social existence. When once the stilted style of conversation or the exaggerated mode of speech becomes a fixed and settled trait of character, everything else assumes an unnatural air, and it is difficult to see things as they are, and to realize the ordinary occurrences of life.

There are many persons who not only exaggerate their own importance, but who take delight in detailing fables concerning their friends or families, and in relation to their pecuniary means and influence in life and society. All this, too, in so absurd and ridiculous a manner as to be utterly transparent. The effect, therefore, is to deceive no one. These may be regarded as harmless exaggerations. They are themselves the victims, to a certain extent, of an evil and preposterous habit. But when to this, scandal and malice are superadded, when trifles light as air are sought out, perverted, magnified, and circulated

from lip to lip, and with a jealous and malignant motive, the practice is, indeed, a wicked one, and it merits something more than gentle criticism and mild rebuke. The human being who thus delights in darkening reputation and destroying character, who gloats in disturbing the peace of families, weakening or severing the ties of friendship—who mixes just enough of truth with the poison of falsehood, to delude, deceive, and thus secure some degree of confidence, is among the vilest and basest of the race—a pest in society—a curse among men, and entitled not only to hissing scorn, but universal execration. It is bad enough to falsify for a harmless purpose, and in the idle indulgence of a foolish vanity, but when the poison of slander and the foulness of falsehood are combined, and these, too, with the object of wringing hearts and blasting reputation, the crime is one at which all good beings must shudder, and from which even many who regard themselves as far from perfect, must turn away with dismay and horror.—*Pa. Inquirer.*

## RECOLLECTIONS.

I've pleasant thoughts which memory brings,  
In moments free from care,  
Of a fairy-like and laughing girl,  
With roses in her hair:  
Her smile was like the starlight  
Of summer's softest skies,  
And worlds of joyousness there shone  
From out her witching eyes.  
Her looks were looks of melody,  
Her voice was like the swell  
Of sudden music, gentle notes  
That of deep gladness tell:  
She came, like Spring, with pleasant sounds  
Of sweetness and of mirth, [thoughts  
And her thoughts were those wild flow'ry  
That linger not on earth.  
A quiet goodness beam'd amid  
The beauty of her face,  
And all she said and did was with  
Its own instinctive grace.  
She seem'd as if she thought the world  
A good and pleasant one,  
And her lightsome spirit saw no ill  
In aught beneath the sun.  
I've dreamt of just such creatures,  
But they never met my view,  
'Mid the sober dull reality  
In their earthly form and hue;  
And her smile came gently o'er me  
Like Spring's first scented airs,  
And made me think life was not all  
A wilderness of cares.  
I know not of her destiny,  
Or where her smile now strays,  
But the thought of her comes o'er me  
With my own lost sunny days—  
With moonlight hours, and far-off friends,  
And many pleasant things  
That have gone the way of all the earth,  
On Time's resistless wings.

ECCENTRIC BENEVOLENCE.—Edward, sixth Lord Digby, who succeeded to the peerage in 1752, was a man of active benevolence. At Christmas and Easter, he was observed by his friends to be more than usually grave, and then always to have on an old shabby blue coat. Mr. Fox, his uncle, who had great curiosity, wished much to find out his nephew's motive for appearing at times in this manner, as in general he was esteemed more than a well-dressed man. On his expressing an inclination for this purpose, Major Vaughan and another gentleman undertook to watch his lordship's motions. They accordingly set out: and observing him to go to St. George's fields, they followed him at a distance, till they lost sight of him near the Marshalsea Prison. Wondering what could carry a person of his lordship's rank and fortune to such a place, they inquired of the turnkey if a gentleman (describing Lord Digby) had not just entered the prison.

"Yes, masters," exclaimed the fellow, with an oath: "but he is not a man, he is an angel: for he comes here twice a year, sometimes oftener, and sets a number of prisoners free. And he not only does this, but he gives them sufficient to support themselves and their families till they can find employment. This," continued the man, "is one of his extraordinary visits. He has but a few to take out to-day."

"Do you know who the gentleman is?" inquired the Major.

"We none of us know him by any other marks," replied the man, "but by his humanity and his blue coat."

The next time his lordship had on his alms-giving coat, a friend asked him what occasioned his wearing that singular dress. The reply was, by Lord Digby taking the gentleman, shortly after, to the George Inn, in the borough, where, seated at dinner, were thirty individuals whom his lordship had just released from the Marshalsea Prison, by paying their debts in full.

OLD APPLE WOMEN.—The old Apple Women. What queer things. Were they ever young? Were they ever little girls; and if so, were they pretty at all? We guess nobody knows now-a-days. Everybody died long ago, that lived when they were young. Sitting at the corners of the streets, or in some door-way or niche of some sort, she bundles herself up, and there remains all day, almost without moving. How does she live? Nobody ever saw her eat. She has ginger-cakes, perhaps to sell, but she never eats them. Keeps them for to-morrow's sale, if no customer comes to day. Does she eat at all? Odd, isn't it, the apple woman. Nobody either ever knows her name. Nobody knows where she lodges. Nobody knows if she lodges at all. The apple woman is well known, and is yet an entire stranger. We hope she isn't miserable.



## COUNTRYMAN AND NEWS BOYS—A CITY ADVENTURE.

"If you had been beset, as I was afterward," said uncle Philip, warmly, "you would have felt indignant, as I do now, at the very thoughts of it."

"Beset, uncle?"

"Beset by young urchins in a crowded thoroughfare—Chestnut street, I think they call it—half a dozen of them surrounded me, all at once, open-mouthed, with great packages of newspapers under their arms."

"Go away, I don't want any," said I.

"Then a little fellow, in a fur cap, and with his father's coat dangling about his heels, bawled out—

"'Ere's the Sun and 'Erald—ex'trornary news from Europe.'

"'Tribune, Express, or Ledger, which'll you take, sir?' roared out another, from behind."

"'Let me pass, little boys,' said I, 'and don't trouble me.'

"'No trouble at all, sir,' said the first boy, pushing before me; 'all the news, both foreign and domestic.'

"Then uprose a chorus of voices, until I heard nothing but 'Sun,' 'Ledger,' 'Tribune,' 'Herald,' 'Express,' and many other names I have forgotten, all shouted at the top of their lungs; while the little rascals clung about me

—hovered round me—worried me—annoyed me—until, in very desperation, I grasped my cane, and stood on the defensive! I—I never saw such a set of young harpies in my life."

"But you managed to get out of this trouble, sir?"

"Yes; by getting into another—by turning down a street, followed by this crowd of noisy boys, until I came to where the omnibuses stand, when I was instantly surrounded by the drivers, some of whom insisted that I wanted to go to one place, and some to another: and one drew me this way towards his vehicle, and a second blocked the way, saying it was a mistake, and that his own was the proper conveyance. A third smacked his whip close to my ear, and shouted 'Girard College.' A fourth leaned over my shoulder, and bawled 'Kensington.' Nephew, it was terrible—terrible!"

"How did you escape, sir?"

"I broke from them, and run. Think of a man of my years running? But I did actually run until the perspiration streamed down my face; and such a screeching, and shouting, and yelling, and hallooing, as they sent after me, I hope I shall never hear again. And now, let us drop the subject."

## CONVERSATIONS ON AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY E. KENNEDY.

## TAXES, TARIFF, AND EXPENSES OF GOVERNMENT.

*Tommy.* The tax-gatherer has been at the house to-day, papa, but as you were not at home, he said he would call again. I suppose this money he collects goes to pay the President and the Congressmen.

*Papa.* No, not a cent of it.

*T.* Not! That's queer, isn't it?

*P.* You oftentimes say that things are queer, when according to my thinking, the queerness lies in your ignorance, my boy.

*T.* Well, sir, as you have told me before, I must live and learn, and I must also be modest in what I think I know. But if the tax that you and other people pay does not go to the President and to the Congressmen, and to pay the expenses of the army, and to fit out those big ships of war, I'd like to know where it does go to.

*P.* I see your difficulty, and will endeavor to relieve it. I am glad, indeed, that the question has sprung up, and in such a shape, too, as that your interest is awakened in advance, and this is "half the battle," as I think sometimes, in a person's education. Did you ever hear of the tariff?

*T.* Yes; but it may be some strange species of a wild animal, for all the idea that I have about it, as to the real meaning of the word. I suppose it has a *man's* meaning—for man's meaning and boy's meaning are two things, according to my notion.

*P.* I acknowledge that there are many things quite out of the reach of a boy's meaning, as you term it; and so also there are many things equally out of the reach of the meaning and understanding of the great majority of men, and those possessing some education. I suppose not one man in five thousand could have sat down to converse sociably with Sir Isaac Newton, if the latter had been disposed to carry his visitor into deep water. I am sure not one man in a thousand can read Newton's works to understand them. But as to your present trouble, it is not so very great, if only we begin at the beginning, and fetch the subject along up step by step. I think it comes within a boy's meaning, if we will only use a boy's language, and not do as the doctors are said to do sometimes, that is, to look wise and knowing and talk learnedly. Well, to begin. How many forms of Government have we?

*T.* O, I can answer that. Two forms—the State Government and the United States Government.

*P.* Correct; and now we are already approaching the matter. This State of Pennsylvania, in which we live, has its own business to attend to; the United States Government has its affairs also, and they are both kept

separate and distinct. Here for instance, is my family—you and your mother, and your brothers and sisters, and the two servants, are members of the household, and we have certain rules and family regulations which it is altogether necessary to observe. We live in a town made up by a great many families, each household of which has its separate rules and regulations like we have—but then the town has also its own family government, if I might call it so, choosing its own magistrates and town officers, and transacting its own business; such as taking care of the streets, seeing to the public health, looking out for thieves and robbers, and so on. This will illustrate the two cases pretty well, of this State of Pennsylvania, and the thirty other States, who all have their own family business, so to speak, to attend to, but who are yet members of the same government, called the General Government, or the Government of the United States. All these States are so many families in the village, going to make up one corporation or town.

*T.* O, yes, sir. I understand that far, and I always had some sort of a notion of the kind, but your explanation has made it all the better. Now your family can't get along without money. You have bread to buy, and the butcher to pay, and the store-keeper, and the tailor, and the shoemaker, and all these folks to settle with.

*P.* Exactly. Now 'tis the same with the State of Pennsylvania. The Governor at Harrisburg has to be paid, and the members of the Legislature, too—and then there are sometimes very extensive roads which the State constructs; and there are the State Prisons or Penitentiaries to be built, and the bad people who commit crimes are shut up in them, and they have to be clothed and fed; and the Judges of our Courts have to be paid; and the children throughout the Commonwealth have need to be educated at the public schools; and a heap of other matters that I don't think of now—'tis this which occasions the visit of the tax-gatherer whom you spoke of as having been here to-day. Early in the year there comes round a man called the Assessor, and he comes to me and says, How much are you worth? How much land? How much money have you in houses, in cattle, in horses, and how much out at interest? How much in stocks or in bank shares, and so-forth?

*T.* And you have to tell him.

*P.* Yes; I have to tell him. But with me his questions are much sooner answered than with our wealthy neighbor upon the other side of the street there. This is the way, however. Every man in the county is visited in this same manner, and in every other county, and then the calculation is made of how much each man must pay, according to what he is worth.

*T.* That is *ad valorem*, ain't it?

*P.* You are right. You see your Latin can be put to use sometimes. Now, these are our

taxes, and they have to be paid every year; and a part of what is so collected goes for the use of the State, and a part goes for the expenses of the County roads and the County bridges. But it is a tax, a yearly tax, and every man must pay something towards it; and in case he is a rich man, he has to pay so much the more.

T. But about the President, and the Congress at Washington City, and the big ships of war; yes, and about the war with Mexico, that cost so much money:—where does the money come from to pay all these, if the people are not taxed?

P. Oh! I'll relieve you as to that, if that is your trouble. You know the tariff?

T. Y-e-e-s, s-i-r. I've heard tell of the word, but 'tis hardly in the dictionary, I guess.

P. Ha, ha, ha—'tis hardly out of the dictionary, so as to find its way into your head—that's my guess. Now, listen. Have you got a knife in your pocket, or have you lost another one for me? You're such a boy to lose knives!

T. Oh! yes, sir, I have it; here it is; such a fine one! Only see this little blade!

P. Look at the letters on it; what does it say?

T. Why it says, "Rodgers, Sheffield."

P. Very well. Sheffield is in England, and knives come from England.

T. But I can't see what that has to do with paying the President of the United States his twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

P. A good deal to do with it. That pocket knife of yours helped to pay the President his salary.

T. Oh! papa, you're laughing at me, I'm sure; and all because I didn't know what *tariff* meant, and thought it might be some sort of wild animal.

P. No. I'm only beginning to explain that terrible word, *tariff*, so as to bring it down to a boy's comprehension.

T. Well, sir, I'll listen; but I don't know how it will be.

P. Your mamma wears a silk dress?

T. Yes, sir; on Sundays.

P. Where does silk to make ladies' dresses come from?

T. From France and Italy.

P. Very well. I wear a broadcloth coat. Where does broadcloth come from?

T. From England, I suppose, where my pocket knife was made.

P. You eat your dinner off of a plate. Where do plates come from—crochery ware?

T. England; so the geography says.

P. Madeira wine comes from—?

T. The island of Madeira.

P. Havana cigars come from—?

T. The city of Havana, in the island of Cuba.

P. Tea and coffee come from where?

T. Tea comes from China, and coffee is

brought from the West Indies and from South America. I know all that, papa. These are all imports; and our ships bring such things into the country, and that is what ships are for.

P. Did you ever hear of a custom-house officer, Tommy?

T. Yes, sir. One day, I went on board of a ship with uncle John, when I was down to the city with him. The ship had just arrived from Liverpool, and we saw there a man, whom I was told was a custom-house officer, putting a brass padlock, marked "U. S." upon the hatches, and I wondered what it meant; so I asked uncle John, and he said that it was for the *tariff*, and that stopped me at once. I didn't know about this word, *tariff*, and I was ashamed to confess ignorance. A boy that reads *Cæsar* and *Virgil* at school isn't apt to tell folks he doesn't understand plain English.

P. Ah, Tommy! This custom-house man is a United States officer; and it is a part of his duty to see that everything on board of that vessel—whether it be pocket-knives, or dinner-plates, or silks, or broadcloths, or wines, or what not—to see that everything has a tax put upon it, and paid for before the owner of the goods has a right to touch them, or to take them away. This tax is put upon all goods of whatever kind, coming from foreign countries; and this tax is called the *tariff*. Congress that sits in Washington City has a list of the goods that the merchants import; and Congress says, that so much shall be paid as a tax to the Government, on every yard of silk, and upon every yard of broadcloth.

T. And upon every pocket-knife and dinner-plate, too, I suppose.

P. Upon all articles brought by our ships from abroad.

T. I believe I understand it now. The United State Government, that is to say, Congress, puts a tax on the store goods that people buy, and these men at the custom-house are appointed to collect it; but that can't amount to much, I am sure; a few pocket-knives and dinner-plates, what's that going to come to?

P. You forget the silk dresses, and the broadcloths, and the wines, and the hundreds and hundreds of articles that you and I couldn't think of, if we were to try. Go into the store, there, across the street, and look around; see how large a proportion of the articles upon the shelves come from foreign countries, and then think how many stores in every town and neighborhood—how many people there are in this big country of ours to buy the goods out of these stores. Twenty millions and upwards of people, and everybody buys something; and whoever buys is sure to pay a tax to the United States Government, and so helps to swell up the tariff. Why, every baby that has ribbons on its little bonnet, and knit socks upon its tiny feet, and even its string of coral beads around its neck, has helped to pay its due proportion towards our President's salary. Every-



body buys something. Some buy more, and some less, according to people's ability to purchase, and according to their ideas of economy; but you cannot go into the humblest cabin in the land without finding something that has paid a tax to the Government, and has, as I said before, helped to swell up the tariff. And little as it appears, only a few cents to a yard, in the materials for your mother's dress, or perhaps only the fraction of a cent, as in the case of your pocket-knife, yet in such a vast country as ours, and where there is so much commerce, and so much imported and consumed, you may imagine that it runs up rapidly.

T. Twenty-five thousand dollars is a good deal of money?

P. Twenty-five thousand! Why, Tommy, this is scarcely a drop in the bucket of the immense expenses of our United States Government. What would you say if I was to tell you that it was two thousand times that amount?

T. What! every year?

P. Yes, every year. Two thousand times twenty-five thousand dollars is how much?

T. Why it must be fifty millions.

P. Well, the United States Government expenses every year amount to that sum; and what will appear still more marvellous to you is the fact that the tax upon imported goods—this tariff that we speak of—amounts to more than fifty millions of dollars a year. I believe, last year it came to nearly sixty millions of dollars.

T. Sixty millions of dollars! and all collected by the custom-house officers every year off of the different kinds of goods brought into the country by ships!

P. Yes, Tommy. Sixty millions of dollars every year—every cent of it. And now you may begin to open your eyes and enlarge your understanding as to the nature and extent of this term, Commerce—a subject which boys haven't begun to think much about, I suppose.

T. And to get some notion of the tariff, and what it means. Sixty millions of dollars a-year!

P. Could you count a million?

T. Certainly, I should suppose.

P. Not so quickly as you imagine, my boy. It would take you three years and upwards hard work, ten hours every day, except Sundays, simply to count sixty millions—are you disposed to try it?

T. I believe not, sir; but I am sure I am obliged to you for the pains you have taken with me, to give me some understanding of this hard word, the Tariff.

Sir C. Wilkins states, that while he was a resident at Benares, he saw a fakir, the hair of whose head reached the enormous length of twelve feet. The hair tails of the Chinese frequently reach the ground! and their moustaches have been cultivated to the length of eight or nine inches.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF A RECLUSE.

### SECOND EXTRACT.

If I understand your proposition with regard to the nature of sin, I must emphatically disagree with you. Certainly sin is "only a negation."

Falsehood is only a "negation" of truth; deformity of beauty; wretchedness of joy; death of life. Sin of all these—a negation of God. I understand you, however, by "negation" to mean not an opposite, but a mere absence, a vacuum—a nothingness. I pray you consider that from nothing, nothing can proceed. If a man losing his good affections and thoughts, were to receive in their place mere negations or nothingness, he would cease to express anything, either in his face or actions, simply because he would have nothing to express. But if evil loves really do mould the face into certain revolting forms, if they do attune the voice to frightful modulations, if they do seek expression in distinctive and unmistakable actions, they must be the opposites of good affections, not the mere absence of them, which, I repeat, would be nothing, and could do nothing.

It seems to me that he who calls sin "a mere negation," (in the sense in which I understand you to use the term,) can never consciously have sinned; can never have been hard pressed upon by temptations in the wilderness, nor known what wild gusts of passion sweep over the waste places of the soul, and how hard it is to stand against them.

God is the *only* and the *very* Being; and all life, all good and truth, joy and beauty in man, beast and unconscious nature, flow from Him alone.

Man is a free agent, and although like all other created things, a mere receptacle of life from God, (for God only has "life in Himself") he can, if he will, turn all the good gifts which he has received from the Lord, *all* His daily inflowing life, into its opposite evil and false, by reaching *against* Him, instead of in harmony with Him according to Heavenly order.

Again. I cannot at all grant that "wrong-doing is physical, constitutional." Temptation is always—if you take "constitutional" in its broadest sense—but never "wrong doing." To say that sin "arises from peculiar circumstances and temptations," is stating a fact, (which Eve stated when she said "the serpent tempted me, and I did eat,") not excusing it.

It is true that persons by no means bad, but the contrary, are sometimes driven, by great suffering, to outrageous acts: such persons, however, fall to rise and struggle again, and would be the last to lay the blame of their own sin upon circumstances, or to say that it was impossible for them to have resisted temptation.

You say that you are not disposed to speak scornfully of natural good emotions.

All good is the Spirit of God, and may He protect me from speaking impiously of it, even in its least forms. I did not mean to speak scornfully of natural good emotions, but simply to say that if a man feel such promptings, and at the same time deliberately act in direct opposition to all spiritual charity, it is clear that these emotions have not purified his will, and they are therefore rather witnesses against him, than the helps to good which they ought to have been.

Have patience with me awhile. Natural good and evil are born with us; we have them in common with the animals, and deserve no more credit for the one, or blame for the other than they do. Good, in itself, is beautiful and lovable; evil, in itself, is hateful; but that does not prove the man to be responsible for his hereditary good or evil; although, of course, the more natural evil he has, the greater his temptations, and the more natural good, the greater his helps to spiritual good.

There is, it seems to me, neither justice nor sound sense in attaching no blame to a man for the evil propensities into which he is born, and, at the same time, giving him full credit for the good. If he is not accountable for the one, neither is he for the other, but only for the use which he makes of each. Should he overcome his evil with good, the greatness of the victory will be measured by the strength of the temptation. But if, on the contrary, he permit his evil affections to rule him, all his natural impulses to good are but the neglected talents which in the end shall be taken from him; for the acts to which thought and will concert, stamp the man, not those unstable natural emotions which he has in common with the beasts that perish.

### FRAGMENTARY THOUGHTS ON THE INFLUENCES OF ARTISTIC CULTURE.

BY MRS. M. A. WHITAKER.

Author of "Labor and Love," "The Love Spell," etc.

The sacred mission of Art, as one of the great educators and refiners of humanity, has never been universally recognized. Even the creations of those master minds, whose silent language comes to us from the dim, distant Past, will only be fully interpreted when the alphabet of Beauty, traced by God's hand upon the pages of Nature, shall supersede our time-worn "First Lessons" in the world's primer of selfishness.

In the adornment of this glorious world, the pencil of the Divine Artist moves in accordance with the dictates of His own infinite benevolence, while the ardent child of Genius wonders and adores, as ever some new manifestation of grandeur, harmony, loveliness, bursts upon his vision, and he feels the breath of in-

spiration permeating his whole being. He believes himself called to minister before the Lord, in the temple of the Beautiful; but waits for the baptism of the Spirit, ere he enters, to interpret to mankind the wonders of creative power.

He who, under the impulse of selfishness or worldly ambition, assumes the name of artist, bowing before the idol of popular opinion, and embracing its narrow creed, through the medium of a distempered imagination, too often, alas! imposes upon the trusting mind false types and images, which mislead the judgment and corrupt the taste of the uninitiated. But the genuine artist, faithful to the voice within, and conscious of the insufficiency of unaided human effort, looks upon all nature with a religious eye, studies God's works in the light of His Spirit, and then strives to translate them purely and eloquently into the sublime language of art.

To such alone should be committed the high trust of a nation's artistic life, that they may re-create it in new forms of truth and beauty, to be diffused among the people, freely and unreservedly as the common bounties of Providence.

America possesses rich and varied elements for the development of original genius. Her history, how fraught with eventful interest! Her scenery, now wild and majestic—now gentle in its serene beauty as an infant's smile; now sparkling with joyous brilliancy; now calm and solemn as a midnight prayer—offers to the enthusiastic student inexhaustible subjects for his canvas; while the exquisite formation and coloring of leaf and flower, the light grasses and waving corn, even the lowly weeds by the wayside, suggest to the practical designer lessons ever new, every beautiful; they present models for study such as no school but that of Nature can furnish, no teacher but Nature originate.

Perhaps, the great central hope of the American artist is enshrined in those free educational institutions, which are the glory of his country. Let the young heart be early attracted to the contemplation of beauty; let the young mind be taught to comprehend the true principles of art; let the hand be guided in the practise of delineation; then, and then only, will the works of genius be understood and appreciated; then will it be known on whom the divine gift is bestowed, and though there be few high priests in the temple, the worshippers of the Beautiful will all bring an acceptable offering to the altar.

No vain Utopian desire to produce a nation of artists induces this plea for an extension of the privilege of culture. Suffer the taste of the people to be educated aright, and impudent speculators will no longer impose their trashy productions upon unsuspecting ignorance; false teachers and false systems will shrink into insignificance before the judgment of enlightened intellect; deformity and ugliness

must give place to elegance and harmony in the most simple articles of manufacture; and vulgar display be supplanted by that graceful simplicity which should be a distinguishing characteristic of American homes.

The representatives of high art cannot be numerous compared with the multitude before whose judgment their works must stand; but the arts of drawing and ornamental design may, in a greater or less degree, become the property of all who, through a liberal culture, are enabled to pursue them. In domestic and social life, their utility cannot be questioned, and their ennobling influence should secure for them a welcome everywhere. But as opening a delightful occupation to many who have peculiar talents for the work, and thus securing to them an independent livelihood, this department of art has special claims upon public sympathy and support.

The steady progress made by the governmental schools of design, in Europe, stimulated benevolent individuals to the formation of similar institutions in this country, and their efforts appear to have been very successful. It is doubtful, however, whether these schools can attain eminence as promoters of original national design, without aid from the States in which they are severally located. Pecuniary assistance has, in one or two instances, been granted; but unless these establishments are acknowledged and supported as parts of the great educational body, and as such become nationalized by the united endeavors of the people and their representatives, they cannot maintain a firm position against the scepticism of the ignorant and indifferent, who have too little faith in the capacities of the American mind.

The English have been called "a nation of shopkeepers." Titles are often gratuitously conferred, but not as often acknowledged by those whom they are intended to honor. The Americans may with equal justice be spoken of as a nation of imitators, if we take a narrow view of society, looking only upon what is transient and superficial. But the great heart of this republic is stirred by a deeper life than is revealed to the careless observer; and notwithstanding its vanities and weaknesses, which too frequently manifest themselves in a passion for display, and appropriation of the fashionable follies of aristocratic countries, the spirit of the "Fathers" still lives to awaken nobler aspirations, and a better recognition of humanity.

The earnest patriot, who aspires after the mental and spiritual improvement of his countrymen, will reject nothing that is good on account of its antiquity or associations; but, rising above all trifling prejudices, receive with gratitude those noble bequests which link the present to the past, and makes us one with the mighty minds of by-gone ages. Precious to the reverent soul are the treasures they have bequeathed to mankind—may no partition

walls of pride or party influence be reared to hide the rich legacy from the gaze of an admiring world.

But how poorly do they comprehend the spirit of true genius, who would stereotype any one of its manifestations upon the mind of another, to the exclusion of original conceptions. No human productions, however lofty their ideals, and perfect in their details, should be made mere objects of imitation: whenever they are so used, failure and disappointment must be the result.

In our schools of design, and even in our primary school-rooms, where the most simple elements of drawing may be successfully introduced, the power of original thought should be carefully unfolded by the teacher. While the old system of copying is upheld, it is impossible to bring within the grasp of young students those principles which form the basis of the most elaborate and finished specimens of artistic skill—principles which, if thoroughly studied, will enable all not only to understand and compare the works of others, but to originate and execute with true taste, although their attempts may be very simple and unpretending in character.

The development of independent, individual talent should be the aim and end of all artistic culture; and by a well-graduated course of instruction, the faculty of invention common to all, but so commonly neglected, may become the herald of a new birth in national art. Hitherto Europe has chiefly supplied American manufacturers with designs, and these not always suited to their peculiar wants. But why should a people so aspiring and energetic depend upon the old world, when they possess in an eminent degree that native capacity which can mould and adapt to its own purposes these beautiful gifts the hand of Nature has scattered around in rich profusion.

Here is a congenial sphere for the presiding influence of woman. Her fertile imagination, and delicate taste, would work out innumerable forms of grace and beauty to contrast with man's bolder conceptions. A school of art is incomplete without this unity of spirit, and harmonious action; nor can a system of artistic education be matured where either man or woman is excluded from participation in all the benefits it bestows.

A few schools of design have been set apart exclusively for female culture. In others, perhaps, a contrary course may be pursued, but they will only perform half their work till they provide equally for the development of the manly and womanly element in art.

The poor appreciation, the neglect, the untold anguish of disappointed hope, which have so often overshadowed the life of the American artist, are, we trust, passing away, like clouds from a summer heaven. Revived by the warm sunlight of sympathy, he shall labor for humanity beneath brighter skies, rejoicing in the

consciousness that self-devotion to his divine mission will not be in vain.

It is from a generous cultivation of the common gift of taste, among the people at large, that a new life for the artist must come forth. How can the members of a community, where only a few favored individuals are permitted to obtain glimpses of the spirit-land of genius, be inspired by its beauty and glory? How can they be expected to welcome its chosen messengers to man? Only let the republican doctrine of equality and brotherhood have free course through the land, placing within the reach of all, without respect of persons, every noble and exalting privilege; let this advent of a new era in art be a time of joyful, enthusiastic action, so that the great work may go on to perfection—and America, hitherto taunted with neglect of many of her noblest and most gifted sons, shall open to the world a fair garden of beauty, where young Genius may ever find a home, and whereto all who desire may enter, and partake freely of its spiritual blessings.

### QUESTIONS FOR WAYSIDE MEDITATION AND FIRESIDE CONVERSATION.

1.—In educating men for certain arts and professions, the world acts upon the common-sense principle that the learner's attention is to be directed not to knowledge and truth of all kinds, but specially to that kind of knowledge which will best qualify them for the duties and functions of the station they are to occupy, or of the business they are to follow. No such preposterous folly is perpetrated as confining the attention of the future merchant to music or mathematics or Latin and Greek, or of confining a youth to the study of medicine who is intended for the profession of law. And yet there is a folly of daily recurrence which is almost as preposterous, and, perhaps, more injurious, than the above or anything of like kind would be. For every man and woman has something to do besides what their business employment or profession requires of them. Every day they have to do right or wrong—to act from noble or ignoble, worthy or unworthy motives—to advance their characters upwards, or to sink them with a weight of guilt and demerit deeper and deeper downwards. Every day they have to do scores of acts which are either in conformity with the great purposes for which they were sent into the world, or in contradiction and non-conformity thereto; every day they have to obey those laws, physical and moral, which have been ordained for human welfare and happiness, or to disobey them and thus bring degradation and misery upon themselves. In every station and condition of life one or other of these things must be done. Hardly an hour of any person's waking life passes in which something is not desired or purposed or done

which is either right or wrong: either a compliance with the laws of our being or an infringement thereof; either promotive of his dignity, elevation and happiness, or destructive of all of these. Now, it seems a question worthy of consideration, Is not that *education woefully defective and foolishly preposterous* which does not enable every one to decide what is, in every exigency, right and proper to be done; and which does not supply strength or motives powerful enough to secure the doing of what is wisest, noblest and best? Why has all this not been done in the past? How are we to secure its being done in the future?

2.—Are not sordid and mercenary motives too much and too commonly employed to incite children to the love and practice of what is good and excellent? A little girl does something pretty, proper, or meritorious, and the parent praises her and rewards her with a doll. Children are requested to be good, and are promised, if they mind, the recompense of some raisins or some candies. In a multitude of juvenile story-books, the same mercantile notions of rewarding goodness by good fortune are of frequent occurrence. A child does some kindness to another; but, before the story can be *fitly* ended, that child must have something to gratify its palate or its greediness! We remember one story for children, in which a dishonest boy was punished by a broken leg, and honest Harry rewarded with a hatful of apples! The tendency of the story is plainly manifest in the statement with which it is wound up, which is to this effect:—Harry carried the apples to his mother, and told her he was *now* convinced that children were always happiest, that is, always most sure of getting apples, and other good things, when they did right.

Must not such teachings, such material rewards and punishments, implant in the youthful mind the impression, perhaps never to be eradicated, that goodness is valuable only for its rewards, and wickedness and naughtiness all well enough if only one could contrive to escape its punishments. Do not such parental blunders, and such silly stories tend to cultivate a mercenary spirit—a spirit which naturally expresses itself by such a question as this:—If I am good, to-day, pa, or if I do what you want me to do, ma, what will you give me? Do some parents never reflect on the value, or want of value, of that obedience to their wishes or commands which has to be paid for by a gift or reward? Is such obedience either filial or flattering? Does it show either love or respect? Alas! what evil fruit comes of this coaxing or frightening children into obedience! What a *hureling*, what a *slave-like* spirit is produced by it!

"If I were so unlucky," said an officer, "as to have a stupid son, I would certainly make him a parson." A clergyman, who was in the company, calmly replied, "You think differently, sir, from your father."



## STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

## IF YOU WOULD BE HAPPY, DO RIGHT.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

There is in the world a heap of happiness and a heap of misery. Every right action takes from the heap of misery and adds to the heap of happiness; every wrong one takes from the heap of happiness and adds to the heap of misery. The child who refuses to do the reasonable bidding of parents, teachers or guardians, or performs it tardily, and with frowns instead of smiles, takes from the heap of happiness, and adds to the heap of misery. Is it not so, children? Do you not feel it in your own breasts? Are you as happy when in a surly, selfish mood, as when you are gentle and obliging? No, I know by the bright, happy, satisfied expression of your countenances, when you go cheerfully about what you know you ought to perform, that you are much happier when you are doing *right*.

Though sometimes it might seem pleasant to you at the time to do what you know you should not do, you may rest assured, some unhappiness will certainly follow it. You would rather be happy than miserable, would you not? Then always *do right* in little things as well as great, and you will assuredly be so.

Among the many things which children imagine it would be pleasant to do, but which brings unhappiness afterwards, I might mention indulging in eating something which pleases the taste, contrary to the advice of friends, who warn them that they will be sick, or sometimes by stealth, when they know they are eating more than they should do. Do they gain it by indulging in something that is pleasant for a few moments, they suffer pain and sickness for hours, perhaps days.

I knew a little boy not long ago, who, late in the evening, in the absence of his mother, partook heartily of cake and sweetmeats, and even ate oysters and drank coffee. He had sat up beyond his usual bed-time, though his sister had told him he had best go to bed, but she was not positive, so he did not heed her; she also told him that he must not eat anything but some bread and butter, but she was busy with her company, and forgot him—so he stuffed himself with all the good things within his reach, and the consequence was, that the next day he was so sick, they sent for a doctor, and he was obliged to take a great quantity of very disagreeable medicine.

As he lay there rolling on the bed with pain, and heard the merry voices of his playfellows in the yard below. "Oh, dear," he said, for he was a thoughtful little fellow, "what I ate only tasted good for a few moments, and now I have to taste this bitter stuff so long for it."

What a lesson for older and wiser heads was contained in this exclamation of the little fellow! How often, for indulgence in a transient pleasure, or by some apparently slight deviation

from right, we bring on ourselves lasting bitterness!

Remember, children, that "when we do wrong, the pleasure will fade and not the pain; and when we do right, the pain will fade, and the pleasure remain;" and is not this much greater gain? Bear these things in mind, my young friends, if you would be happy—remember, that to be happiest, you must always *do right*.

## JACK FROST'S CIGARS.

BY AUNT LUCY.

The other day, I met two boys in the street, one about twelve, the other perhaps ten years old.

The taller boy had the stump of an old cigar in his mouth, with which he puffed away as vigorously as a locomotive, holding his head very high—to keep the smoke out of his eyes, I suppose—with a very resolute expression upon his face, as if he meant people should understand that he felt himself to be doing something quite agreeable, as well as grand.

The other boy had rather a downcast look, and kept a little behind his companion. As I came nearer, a faint smoke, curling through his fingers, revealed the presence of a piece of a long nine which he was trying to hide, by hanging his hand carelessly beside him. He was very pale, but he did not seem at all anxious to go home, or to meet anybody that knew him.

Some teamsters were standing by their loaded wagons, near the sidewalk. They looked sharp at the boys as they came along, and two of them spoke at once to the younger one:

"Guess ye're learning to smoke, aint ye?"

"Guess ye feel kind o' miserable, don't ye?"

And then both of them burst into a loud laugh that echoed away down the street, and it was a pretty long street, too.

Thinks I to myself, this is rather a bad beginning; I wonder if the little fellow thinks it will pay in the end?

Most boys are not remarkably fond of being laughed at; and this one tried to turn it off with the forlorn ghost of a smile, that curled the corners of his mouth the wrong way, as he stammered out, "There's nothing the matter: I feel well enough."

Worse and worse! Sick and faint, and a lie between his lips, which wasn't half as respectable as the cigar; and that isn't saying much for it, certainly. Is it an *accomplishment* to smoke? Boys seem to think it is. I believe they think it adds more to their height than a beaver hat or high-heeled boots would. When they have succeeded, through qualms and dizziness, in doing what a coal-grate could do as well again, at any time, without having to "get used to it,"—namely, change tobacco-leaves to ashes, they consider themselves no longer boys, but "*young gentlemen*."

For my part, I fancy the world would be



quite as pleasant a place, if all the "young gentlemen" were left out of it. "Boy" and "man" are shorter names, easier to speak and to write; and as good and honorable masculine nouns as there are in the grammar.

At all events, the "young gentlemen" ought to stay boys long enough to ask their mothers (and aunts,) whether the idea of having a miniature Etna or Vesuvius, or an imitation of a steam engine added as an ornament to the sitting-room or parlor, or paraded through the street, with the label, "Belonging to Mrs. Such-a-one,"—is particularly captivating to them.

I am glad to know, however, of a few boys, who are willing to be boys, and well-behaved ones, too, until they are men. But about the smoking.

One cold morning, oh! it was *so* cold, it seemed as if the wind was loaded with invisible pins, and all their points aimed toward the unfortunate cheeks and noses that had ventured out of doors, I saw Louis, a little friend—well, not a very distant relative of mine—walking pretty fast, a little way before me. I knew it was he, because of the bright curls that peeped from beneath his cap, and hung over his ears, and which were the only warm-looking things in sight, except the sun.

But I doubted for a moment if it were really he; for, with every step, a cloud of smoke would pour out of his mouth.

"What!" said I, "our Louis so silly, and so bold-faced too?" For his home was close by, and I saw his mother looking after him out of the window.

Rather oddly it came into my mind just then, that I had seen him with some other boys, carrying a bundle of sweet-fern into a shed, last summer; and somebody told me that *some* boys made cigars out of it, and smoked them. But of course, *our* Louis didn't. No, indeed, he was too sensible a boy to imitate what so many grown-up boys *say* "they are ashamed of, but can't possibly break up the habit of doing."

But there he was, walking on, straight as an arrow, without ever turning his head, and puffing away all the while.

"Well," thought I, "I'll overtake him, and be sure. And if he has one of those ugly things in his mouth, I'll have it out and bury it in a snow bank, before he knows it is gone."

So I walked faster, and just as I came up to him, I laid my hand lightly upon his shoulder. He looked around rather quickly, but without blushing, except with the cold, and I saw that he actually was—smoking—one of Jack Frost's cigars.

I laughed within myself when I saw how it was, but instead of my intended attack, I only gave him a "Good morning!" But I did not tell him my thoughts *then*, for he could have accused me of smoking too.

And as Louis and I have both tried Jack

Frost's cigars, we can assure everybody that they are perfectly agreeable, wholesome, and respectable; which is more than other smokers can say of theirs.

## GRANDMA'S.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Every summer I go to grandma's. It's the dearest old red house, with grape-vines climbing up the corners, and two great butternut trees in front, with their long arms crossed as though they were breathing one eternal benediction over that quiet homestead.

The great shadows trip over the lawn like a band of merry children, and grandma sits of a summer afternoon by the front window, with her white cap, and the brown silk handkerchief pinned over her black dress, and that quiet, sweet smile, that always makes me think of the angels flowing round her lips. I am the youngest of the family, and they all say I am grandma's favorite.

Squire Blanton lives next to grandma's, just down the road, and Harry stops in almost every day, though Betty says he don't come in now more than once a month, when I am not there. Harry's two years older than I am, and going to college next year.

We had a little "falling out," Harry and I, when we went blackberrying last year. I'll tell you how it was; Harry's father let him drive old Fan. Now he knows I'm a terrible coward, not a bit like country-girls—afraid of the cows; afraid of the geese, and afraid of any shadow, Betty says; so, between wanting me to see that he was a skilful driver, and having a little fun at my expense, Harry whipped up old Fan into a regular run. Wasn't I frightened! I begged and screamed, and almost cried, but Harry only looked at me with those great roguish eyes of his, and a smile pulling the corners of his mouth; at last, I said, Harry, I will never go to ride with you again." He did not say anything, but there was a look came over his face, which made me very sorry for the words I had spoken. Fan went slow enough after that. I did not pick many blackberries, and Harry and I hardly spoke while we were in the woods.

It was sunset when we returned; but I did not enjoy the ride at all, and I don't think Harry did, though we tried to talk.

When we drew up to the gate, those words of grandma's, which she had spoken that very morning, came into my mind, "Never, my child, part from a friend in anger." Harry assisted me to alight; then sprang into the buggy with a bow, and I could stand it no longer. I turned straight round. "Harry," I said, though there was a choking in my throat, "I do mean to go to ride with you again, if you'll let me, and I'm sorry for what I said."

He turned straight round, with such a smile on his face, and such a light in his eyes:

"God bless you, Annie," he said, and then

we both hurried away, just as fast as we could.

Now I am back again to the great city, with the stars looking down on me between two rows of brick houses, but I never think of Henry Blanton, without remembering the tones of his voice, and the light of his look when he said, "God bless you, Annie!" and my heart always grows warm when I think of it.

## INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

### QUICK-WITTED.

Willis, in his letters from "Idlewild," tells the following:—

Dull-witted, the people of this region certainly are not, if one may judge by their children. A little way back among the hills, we had ridden up to a very secluded farm-house; and, while my friend was making some inquiry, I opened conversation with a little, puny-looking chap, of eight or ten years of age, who sat astride a log, disemboweling a gray squirrel. A younger sister sat also astride the log, facing him, and still a younger one looked on from a little distance. As he took no notice of our approach, but went on, spreading the skin out to nail it to the log, I was compelled to force myself upon his polite attention.

"Where did you get that squirrel, my boy?"

"Shot him," he said, without looking up.

"Yourself?"

"Myself."

"And what are you going to do with the skin?"

"Nothing."

"But," said I, "why not make a fur glove of it? There are four legs for your four fingers, and then you can run your thumb out at the mouth and use those little teeth to scratch your head with."

The boy quietly puckered up his little mouth and cocked his eyes sharply up to me, as I sat high over his head on horseback.

"Suppose," said he, "that you just come and scratch *your* head with it, first!"

By the hearty laugh of my friend the blacksmith, I saw that I was not as triumphantly facetious as I had expected.

But, it is only where hickory-trees grow, that a boy of eight or nine years of age, who does not see a stranger once a year, would think of measuring wit with any stray horse-man who may try to crack a joke upon him.

### GOOD WORDS, BY MRS. KIRKLAND.

"Woman," says Mrs. Kirkland, "is the natural and God-appointed aid of woman in her needs; the woman that feels not this, has yet to learn her mission aright. Among the most precious of woman's rights is the right to do good to her own sex; 'against such there is no law,' but in its favor, every law of fellow-feeling, of liberal kindness, of modesty and

propriety. Sad it is that *fallen woman* hopes less from his sisters than from her brothers—that it is more difficult to convince her of woman's forgiveness than of man's or God's. It is time this were altered; it is time that woman—excused from many of the severer duties assumed by the other sex—should consider themselves as a community having special common needs and common obligations, which it is a shame to them to turn aside from, under the plea of inability or distaste. *Every woman in misfortune or disgrace is the proper object of care to the happier and safer part of her sex.* Not to stretch forth to her the helping hand—not to labor for her restoration to respectability—not to defend her against wrong and shield her from temptation—is to consent to her degradation, and to become, in some sense, *party to her ruin.* Because, from the very nature of the case, if women deny her claim, she has no natural friend; none who can fully sympathize with her, or whose countenance and aid will incline the world in her favor."

### SCOTTISH JUSTICE.

A poor man, half a century ago or more, was attempting to violate the game laws by shooting a deer, the penalty for the offence being a fine of five pounds, or, in default of funds, thirty lashes. He gave half the deer to a neighbor, who had the meanness afterwards to complain of him, in order that half must go to the informer and half to the king. The offender was convicted and fined accordingly, but pleaded that he had no money. "Weel, mon," said the magistrate, "we maun ha'e the lashes then." The poor man was submissive. The magistrate then said to the Sheriff, "Tak that mon, the informer, tie him till yon tree, and gie him fifteen lashes, which will be his half; and when King George comes over, we will gie him his half. Half till the informer and half till the King."

### "I'LL DO IT WELL."

There lives in New England a gentleman who gave me the following interesting account of his own life. He was an apprentice in a *tin manufactory*. When twenty-one years old he had lost his health, so that he was entirely unable to work at his trade. Wholly destitute of means, he was thrown out upon the world, to seek any employment for which he had strength.

"He said he went out to find employment, with the determination, that whatever he did, he would do it *well*. The first and only thing he found that he could do, was to black boots and scour knives in a hotel. This he did, and did it well, as the gentleman now living would testify. Though the business was low and servile, he did not lay aside his self-respect, or allow himself to be made mean by his business. The respect and confidence of his employers

were soon secured, and he was advanced to a more lucrative and less laborious position.

"At length his health was restored, and he returned to his legitimate business, which he now carries on very extensively. He has accumulated an ample fortune, and is training an interesting family by giving them the best advantages for moral and mental cultivation. He now holds an elevated place in the community where he lives.

"Young men who may chance to read the above statement of facts, should mark the secret of success. The man's *whole* character, of whom I have spoken, was *formed and directed* by the determination to do whatever he did, well.

"Do the thing you are doing so well that you will be respected in your place, and you may be sure it will be said to you, '*Go up higher.*'"

#### LITTLE TOMMY.

Does not this simple story remind the reader of some other little Tommy, who has sanctified a trifle by the magic of his touch, and left it to be cherished as a priceless thing? It is from the Charleston News:—

Whilst passing rapidly up King street, we saw a little boy seated on the curbstone. He was apparently about five or six years old, and his well-combed hair, clean hands and face, bright, though well-patched apron, and whole appearance, indicated that he was the child of a loving, though indigent mother. As we looked at him closely, we were struck with the heart-broken expression of his countenance, and the marks of recent tears on his cheek. So, yielding to an impulse which always leads us to sympathize with the joys or sorrows of the little ones, we stopped, and putting a hand upon his head, asked him what was the matter. He replied by holding up his open hand, in which we beheld the fragments of a broken tin toy—a figure of a cow.

"O, is that all? Well, never mind it. Step into the nearest toy-shop and buy another"—and we dropped a fourpence into his hand—"that will buy another, will it not?"

"O, yes," replied he bursting into a paroxysm of grief, "*but this was little Tommy's, and he's dead!*"

We gave him the last piece of silver we possessed, but had it been gold, we doubt if he would have noticed it more than he did the silver. The wealth of the world could not have supplied the vacancy that the breaking of that toy had left in his little unsophisticated heart.

#### THE THOROUGHLY EDUCATED.

A man entering into life, says Mr. Ruskin, ought accurately to know three things,—First, where he is; secondly, where he is going; thirdly, what he had best do under these circumstances. First, Where he is—that is to say, what sort of a world he has got into; how large it is; what kind of creatures live in it, and how; what is it made

of, and what may be made of it? Secondly, Where he is going—that is to say, what chances or reports there are of any other world besides this; and, whether, for information respecting it, he had better consult the Bible, Koran, or Council of Trent? Thirdly, What he had best do under these circumstances—that is to say, what kind of faculties he possesses; what are the present state and wants of mankind; what is his place in society; and what are the readiest means in his power of attaining happiness and diffusing it. The man who knows these things, and who has had his will so subdued in the learning them, that he is ready to do what he knows he ought, I should call educated, and the man who knows them not, uneducated, though he could talk all the tongues of Babel.

#### BABY MAY.

[Delicious little tit-bits of poetry sometimes go the round of the papers, which need only the prefix of a distinguished author's name to make them universally admired. As it is, they are just glanced over, with the remark, "I wonder who wrote that?" and forgotten. Of this sort is the following:—]

When the charming month of flowers

Lit her earliest ray,  
Came one from the angel bowers  
To this pleasant home of ours,

For a while to stay:  
So, acknowledging the favor,  
We would think of nothing graver,  
And the month's own name we gave her—  
Baby May!

Fitter name was never given—

So we fondly say,  
Who have found the light of heaven  
In her smile from morn to even,

Through the live-long day;  
For the sweet month's incarnation  
Is this Eden exhalation,  
With her Spring-time appellation,  
Baby May!

All the sweets of earliest roses

On the dew-bent spray;  
All the beauty that reposes  
In the blossom when it closes

At the shut of day,  
All the music that is ringing  
Where the birds and brooks are singing,  
She to us is fondly bringing—  
Baby May!

Loud their dismal stories telling

Round us all the day,  
Rude December winds are swelling;  
But upon our peaceful dwelling

Sunshine smiles for aye;  
For, within this home of ours,  
Though the bleak December lowers,  
Dwells the light of all the flowers—  
Baby May!

## THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

*Continued from page 214.*

## CHAPTER X.

One day, a few weeks later in the course of events we are recording, Miss Gimp was a little fluttered by seeing a handsome carriage draw up before her humble dwelling. She looked, of course, for a richly dressed lady to emerge from so elegant a vehicle; but, instead, a plainly attired girl, evidently a domestic in some family, stepped upon the ground. The dress-maker was already in the door.

"Does Miss Gimp live here?" asked the girl.

"That is my name. Will you walk in?" said the dress-maker.

The girl entered, and took the chair that was proffered.

"Are you very busy at this time?" she enquired.

"Not very," answered Miss Gimp.

"Have you a week to spare?"

"I don't know about that," replied the dress-maker; "who wants me for a week?"

"Mrs. Barclay."

"Mrs. Barclay, over at Beechwood?"

"Yes. You made a dress for her last fall, I believe."

"Yes. When does she want me?"

"Right away, if you can come?"

Miss Gimp considered a little while.

"I have two dresses to finish," said she; "after that, I can go to Mrs. Barclay."

"How long will it take you to finish these dresses?" asked the girl.

"To-day and to-morrow."

"Then you can come day after to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I'll say so to Mrs. Barclay. At what time in the morning will you be ready?"

"As early as you please."

"Say nine o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Very well," said the girl; "I will be over for you, in the carriage, by that time."

Miss Gimp was very good at promising, and at performing also, when it suited her to keep her engagements. In the present case, she meant to be as good as her word, even though in keeping her word to Mrs. Barclay, she broke it to her very particular friends, Mrs. Jarvis and the store-keeper's wife, for both of whom she had promised to make dresses, as soon as the work on hand was finished. The Barclays were wealthy people, and she could afford to disappoint her less pretending neighbors, for the sake of making favor with them.

According to appointment, the handsome carriage drew up before the dress-maker's door exactly at nine o'clock on the day agreed upon,

and Miss Gimp, conscious of having acquired a new importance, was soon reposing among its luxurious cushions. Past the dwelling of Mrs. Willits, drove the elegant vehicle, and Miss Gimp did not fail to lean from the window, to throw a smile at the store-keeper's wife, who exclaimed to herself—

"Why, bless us! What does all this mean?"

A brisk drive of half an hour brought them to the stately residence of the Barclays—the finest within a circle of twenty miles. Mrs. Barclay, a handsome, but dignified woman—her age was not over thirty-five—received the dress-maker kindly, but, with a manner that at once repelled all gossiping familiarity. She had sent for her as a workwoman, to perform a needed service, and wished for nothing beyond; and it was but a little while before Miss Gimp understood this clearly. Two or three times during the first day, she tried to draw Mrs. Barclay out; but it was of no use—the lady wanted her skill as a dress-maker; but, beyond this, neither asked nor received anything.

"Proud—haughty—stuck up!" Many times did Miss Gimp repeat these words to herself, by way of consolation in her disappointment at not being questioned by Mrs. Barclay about people for whom she had worked. There were the Wilsons and the Mayfields—she had made dresses for them, and quietly intimated the fact—of whom, considering their position, Mrs. Barclay must want to hear the dress-maker's opinion. But, not the slightest sign of interest was manifested by the lady. Once or twice Miss Gimp alluded to them, in a way that she believed would draw Mrs. Barclay out—but the allusion was met by a frigid silence.

Mrs. Barclay had a daughter in her fifteenth year, who, though but a child, was as reserved to the dress-maker as her mother. Miss Gimp tried hard to win her confidence by a chatty familiarity, but Florence repelled all these advances—politely, yet effectually.

On the second day of Miss Gimp's rather uncomfortable sojourn in this family, where she was appreciated only for her skill in mantua-making, she heard Mrs. Barclay remark to her daughter in a low voice—

"Your aunt Edith Beaufort will be here to-morrow."

"She will!" There was a tone of surprise in the voice of Florence that instantly quickened the ears of Miss Gimp, who bent closer to her work in order to seem entirely absorbed therein.

"Yes. I got a note from her a little while ago. Jacob brought it over," answered the mother.

"I thought she was going back to Clifton, after finishing her visit to Mrs. Larch."

"She intended doing so when she left here; but, she wants to see your father about some business matters that she says needs his attention."

"How long is she going to stay?" enquired Florence.

"A week, she says."

"I don't like aunt Edith; and I can't help it," remarked Florence. "I never feel pleasant when she is here; and am always relieved from a kind of pressure on my feelings when she goes."

"You should try to overcome this," said Mrs. Barclay. "Your aunt is always kind, and, I think, much attached to you. She has her peculiarities, as we all have—and toleration of individual peculiarities, as I have often said to you, is a common duty we owe to each other."

"I often wish, mother," replied the girl in a gentler tone, "that I were more like you. That I could forget and deny myself for the sake of others, as much as you do."

"It is not in our power," answered Mrs. Barclay, "to love others and seek their good by a mere effort of the mind. Desire is fruitless, unless it flows into action. What we have to do, is to be externally kind and forbearing; to do that good for others which reason and religion enjoin upon us. This may require some effort and self-denial in the beginning; but acts, from right principles, form vessels in the mind, into which affections can flow and find a permanent abiding place. What is mere duty at first, becomes ultimately a delight."

Florence bent her head, listening attentively, and seeking to find in her mother's earnestly spoken words, the power to overcome. And she did receive strength.

Miss Gimp, whose ears had taken in every word of this conversation, was puzzled to comprehend its entire meaning. The words she understood; but to hear such words from the lips of Mrs. Barclay, whom she had regarded only as a proud woman of the world, bewildered her. Could they be spoken sincerely? Yet there was no room for doubt. They were the utterances of a mother—made only for the ears of a beloved and confiding child. In spite of her wounded self-love, Miss Gimp could not but feel respect for Mrs. Barclay. From that time, she was subdued and reserved in her presence.

On the next day, aunt Edith Beaufort came. She was a woman past the middle age: tall and dignified in person—somewhat proud and stately in her carriage—and with an eye that, when it looked at any one steadily, seemed to reach inward to the very thoughts. A close observer would not fail to detect a certain cloak-ing of her own purposes. While she sought to penetrate every one, she as sedulously kept herself impenetrable.

Mrs. Beaufort had none of the high-minded scruples that prevented her sister-in-law, Mrs. Barclay, from listening to the idle or malicious gossip of the dress-maker. On the other hand, she rather encouraged Miss Gimp to talk. On the morning after her arrival, Mrs. Barclay and her daughter rode out. They were gone a couple of hours, and a portion of this time was

spent by Mrs. Beaufort in the department where the dress-maker was at work.

"What kind of a man," said she, during a pause in Miss Gimp's tittle-tattle, "is your carpenter? Harding, I believe, is his name."

"Oh, a very bad sort of a man," promptly answered Miss Gimp. "The worst man I ever knew."

A slight shadow flitted over the countenance of Mrs. Beaufort, and there was a perceptible huskiness in her voice, as she said—

"Bad in what way?"

"Why, in every way."

"Bad tempered?" enquired Mrs. Beaufort.

"You'd think so, if you'd ever seen him among his children. He came near killing his oldest boy two or three weeks ago."

"How?"

"He stole money, and lied, and played truant into the bargain. His father beat him almost to death."

"He did!"

"Yes, indeed! The poor little fellow is only eight years old, and if he did do wrong, wasn't to be treated like a dog or a vicious horse."

Mrs. Beaufort sighed, and fell into a state of mental abstraction, from which the dress-maker soon aroused her, by saying—

"The strangest and saddest thing of all is, somebody left a little helpless infant at their door not long since."

Mrs. Beaufort started.

"Well, what of it?" she said, partially averting her face.

"What of it? They might as well have placed a lamb among wolves."

"You speak strongly, Miss Gimp," Mrs. Beaufort now fixed her eyes upon her with a searching look. "Have you heard of their ill-treating the child?"

"Not particularly," answered Miss Gimp. "The fact is, nobody hardly ever goes there. But, what are you to expect of people who treat their own children as if they were wild animals instead of human beings?"

"Have you seen the stranger baby of whom you speak?" enquired the lady.

"O yes."

"What kind of a baby is it?"

"One born for a better lot than that which has been so cruelly assigned to it. The mother who could desert that child, had a heart of stone. It is the sweetest, loveliest little darling that ever I saw; and everybody says the same."

"Does no one suspect from whence it came?"

Miss Gimp look knowing, as she answered—  
"Every one has the liberty of guessing, you know, madam."

"True. But what ground for guessing is there in the present case?"

"We know one thing for certain," replied Miss Gimp. "It came not a hundred miles from Beechwood."

"Ah!"

Mrs. Beaufort manifested some surprise.



"What reason have you for saying this?"

"The woman who left it at Harding's was seen."

"Who saw her?"

There was, on the part of Mrs. Beaufort, an evident desire to conceal the interest she felt in the subject, which did not escape the quick penetration of Miss Gimp.

"Harry Wilkins, a neighbor of mine, saw her. He met her carrying a basket, as he was going over to Beechwood. She acted strangely, and this caused him to notice her. As he was returning home, he met her again, without the basket. It was on the very evening the babe was found."

"And that is all you know about it?" said Mrs. Beaufort, the earnestness of manner, shown a little while before, all gone.

"All I know now, certainly, but not all I expect to know," replied Mrs. Gimp. "Harry Wilkins says that he got a good look at the young woman's face, and that he would know it again among thousands. He thought he saw her about two weeks ago; and, if it hadn't been just where it was, he would have been sure of it."

The interest of Mrs. Beaufort re-awakened.

"Where did he think he saw her?" she enquired.

"Over at Clifton."

Mrs. Beaufort started. The eyes of Miss Gimp were fixed intently upon the lady, in whose face she read much more than Mrs. Beaufort wished to reveal. The two looked earnestly at each other for some moments, and then their eyes fell to the floor. Nearly a minute of silence followed. Mrs. Beaufort then said, with apparent indifference—

"Over at Clifton?"

"Yes, ma'am. He was riding over there to see a man on some business, when, just as he came in sight of the village, a carriage drove by, having in it two ladies. One of them, he is almost sure, was the woman he saw on the night the child was found. If her veil hadn't been partly over her face, he would have been in no doubt. He says he turned his horse, and rode after the carriage until he saw where it stopped."

"He did?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did he describe the house?"

"Yes. It was a large, old-fashioned stone house, with beautiful grounds about it."

"Didn't he ask who lived there?"

"Yes; but he forgot the name. He's going over there in a few weeks, and then he will learn all he can about the people who live in the house. So you see, ma'am, we're likely to find out something."

Mrs. Beaufort made no answer, but sat lost in the tangled maze of her own thoughts for a long time. Ever and anon the dress-maker would cast stealthy glances towards her, but the lady seemed all unconscious of observation. Her face, now in repose, and taking its

hue from the tenor of her thoughts, was one to puzzle a wiser physiognomist than Miss Gimp. Its expression, even she could see, was bad—bad, as indicating the long predominance of selfish purposes and an overmastering self will. And yet it contained traces of an old beauty. The lines were sharpened by pride and passion, not rounded by a debasing sensuality. Yet was not all bad. A softness about the delicately formed mouth and gently receding chin, showed that all the true woman in her had not suffered obliteration. Without speaking, she at length arose, and went from the apartment with a slow, stately step.

"I'll read that riddle before I'm done with it," said the dress-maker, letting her hands fall into her lap, the moment she was alone, and raising her body into an erect position.

"My lady knows all about this matter, or I'm mistaken. Let me see. Clifton? Didn't Florence Barclay say something about her aunt's going back to Clifton? Be sure, she did! I remember it, now, distinctly."

What a light came into the shrivelled face of Miss Gimp!

"And then," she continued, "what interest, I wonder, could a woman like her feel in a man like Harding, if there were not something behind the curtain? How did *she* know there *was* such a man? It's all clear as daylight. I see it as plain as I do that butterfly on the window. I'll call at Harry Wilkins', as soon as I go home, and tell him to be sure and find out the name of them people the next time he goes over to Clifton. I wouldn't be much afraid to bet—"

The door opened, and Mrs. Beaufort re-entered. She had a silk dress in her hand, one of the breadths of which had received an ugly fracture.

"Can you mend that neatly, for me?" said she, as she held the dress towards Miss Gimp.

The latter examined the rent.

"The edges are very much frayed out; but I will do the best I can."

"I would like you to do it now. I wish to wear the dress this afternoon."

Miss Gimp laid aside the work on which she was engaged, and commenced repairing the damaged silk, while Mrs. Beaufort sat by, looking on.

"You think," said the latter, speaking as if she were continuing a conversation, "that your neighbors will ill-treat the babe?"

"If they ill-treat their own children, what can you hope for other people's, that fall into their hands? It's my opinion that the neighbors ought to take it away from them, and send it to the poor-house; and I've said so from the beginning. But what is everybody's business is nobody's business."

"Is Harding getting along pretty well?" Mrs. Beaufort enquired, after a pause.

"Men like him never get along well," answered the uncompromising dress-maker.

"Isn't he a good workman?"

"The best in twenty miles around, I've heard it said. But what does that signify?"

"Does he drink?"

"He's seen too often at Stark's tavern, if that indicates anything. I can't say that he gets drunk. But you know to what tavern-going leads."

"Is he at all beforehand in the world?" enquired the lady.

"He's in debt at the store. Mrs. Willits told me this herself, and that her husband was going to stop trusting him. That doesn't look very much to me as if he was beforehand."

Mrs. Beaufort sighed gently, as if some unpleasant thought had flitted across her mind. Then she changed the subject, and did not once again allude to it, even remotely. After the torn dress was mended, she thanked Miss Gimp, with a reserved and dignified air, and withdrew from the room. The dress-maker did not see her again, and only learned, incidentally, that she left for her home on the next morning.

#### CHAPTER XI.

The feeble aspirations for a better life, which had been awakened in the breast of Jacob Harding, struggled not towards activity without frequent assaults from the tempter. Too deeply interwoven, in the very texture of his moral nature, were evil inclinations, made strong by long indulgence, for good to gain an easy victory. His life, for years, had been one of disorder, internal as well as external; and now, when there came to him faint and far-off glimpses of the beauty and desirableness of order, virtue, and religion, the new creation—it could be nothing less—seemed so near to an impossibility, that his heart bowed, at times, hopeless—almost despairing.

External causes of disturbance were added to the awakening conflict within. On some days, everything would go wrong with him, and he would return to his home, when evening closed, in so fretted a state of mind, that his coming fell upon his household like a shadow. But the shadow darkened only for a little while. The presence of Grace was a perpetual sunshine; and even the dense clouds that gathered, at times, around the carpenter's stormy spirit, could not shut out the light and warmth diffused so genially around her. With the babe in his arms, or lying against his breast, the enemies of his spirit assailed him in vain. Deeply disturbed though he might have been by the conflicts of the day, peace now folded her wings in his heart. However much doubt and despondency, arising from worldly disappointments, had overshadowed him with gloom, the soft cheek of the little one was never laid against his own without his feeling a tranquil confidence that, even as God was providing for the helpless innocent, so would He provide for him. In the clear depths of her beautiful eyes, he always saw a

light that seemed to make plainer the way before him.

But, had not the babe's influence been felt by others of his household, as well as by himself, Harding would have struggled for self-conquest in vain. Happily, over all, the silent power of her beauty and innocence continued to prevail; and, in a marked degree, over Mrs. Harding. Thus, in the better life, up to which all were voluntarily or involuntarily aspiring, a kind of equipoise was established. The disturbed forces had received a new and better adjustment. One great gain on the part of both Harding and his wife was this—each had learned to repress the utterance of captious or ill-natured words. In former times, unkindness of thought found ever a quick outbirth in harsh, exciting language, that never failed to produce a storm of passion. These storms, and their often fearful ravages, each remembered too well; and in the mind of each was a sufficient dread of their recurrence to induce a watchful self-control.

Since the fearful night in which Andrew suffered so many terrors, there had been a marked change in this wayward boy. Mr. Long, the school-master, seeing the impression that remained, and feeling for him a kind interest, made it a point to notice him, and, as carefully and judiciously as was in his power, awaken and foster his self-respect. At least once a week, he would drop in at the carpenter's, and never failed, on these occasions, to speak a word in praise of Andrew's good conduct and studiousness. The lad's gratified look, whenever this was done, gave him broad ground of hope for the future.

The change in Andrew was another readjusted weight in the balancing of moral forces to which we have referred. Without this particular readjustment, the new equipoise, seen in the carpenter's family, could hardly have been maintained. Little trouble was required in the management of the younger children, now that Andrew's baleful influence over them was, in a great measure, withdrawn; and this left a diminished evil pressure on the temper of Mrs. Harding.

A man like Jacob Harding is never popular man. He is sure to offend in his business intercourse with others, and to make enemies. Of the carpenter, there were few to speak a good word, beyond the fact that no better workman than he was to be found. This reputation had insured him work that otherwise would have found its way to the shop of a better-natured, but in no way so reliable, a mechanic, who lived in Beechwood. But there are men who will sacrifice their interests quicker than their feelings. Two of this class, who had employed the carpenter for some years, and given him a good deal of work in that time, becoming offended in consequence of some hasty words on the part of Harding, withdrew their patronage and influence, and

gave both to a young beginner in a neighboring village. One of these men was about erecting a handsome dwelling, for which Harding had furnished a part of the plans, and in the building of which he had expected to make a better profit than usually fell to his share. On learning the decision that had been made in favor of a rival workman, the carpenter was oppressed with a sense of discouragement so great that it seemed to him as if a high mountain were suddenly thrown across his path. Not as had been usual with him, when things went wrong, did he give way to a burst of passion when the fact was announced that his old customers had withdrawn their work—

"All right," he answered, in a voice of forced calmness, and the messenger who brought the intelligence left his shop, little dreaming that the seemingly unmoved carpenter had well nigh staggered under his words as if they had been heavy blows. Upon these two customers, Harding had depended for the best of his season's work. All his other engagements were of minor importance, and the profit to accrue therefrom scarcely sufficed to provide food for his table. Of the causes leading to this result he was by no means ignorant. In his last interview with both of the parties, he had suffered himself to get very much annoyed at certain propositions which he thought involved a question of his honesty. Rough, and plain spoken, he flung back upon them the fancied imputation in so offensive a manner as to make them angry, and they left him under a good deal of excitement. This, he doubted not, would pass off, and leave them ready to complete arrangements with him as before. But the sequel showed his error.

Never before had the carpenter's way seemed so closely hedged—never had he felt such an oppressive sense of doubt and fear as he looked into the future. Work he had usually had in plenty. It came crowding in upon him from all sides, and he was oftener worried on account of its superabundance, than concerned for its continuance. He had not always executed with promptness, and to this fact might be traced one of the causes of his want of thrift.

It was nearly half an hour after this unpleasant intelligence had been received, and Harding stood leaning on his work-bench, the chisel with which he had been cutting a morrice resting idly in his hand, when a form darkened his shop door, and a familiar voice, said—

"Good afternoon, friend Harding!"

The carpenter lifted his eyes, and met the pleasant, always cheerful face of Mr. Long, the schoolmaster, who was on his way home after the close of his afternoon session.

"You seem troubled," said the latter. Harding had looked at him, without replying. "There's nothing wrong with you, I hope. I thought I'd just drop in to say that Andrew is getting on finely."

"I'm glad to hear it." There was a huskiness in the carpenter's voice, that betrayed his unhappy state.

"None of your family sick, I hope," said Mr. Long, with a kind interest that won upon the carpenter's feelings.

"All reasonably well, I thank you."

"Anything wrong in your business?"

"I'm sorry to say that there is," replied Harding; "I have just lost my whole season's work."

"How comes that?" said Mr. Long.

"Two buildings that I had engaged, have gone into the hands of another carpenter, and I am left without a single contract of any importance."

"This is bad," remarked the school-master.

"It is bad for a man in my situation, with a large family on his hands. What I am to do, Heaven only knows!"

Mr. Long was struck with the tone of despondency in which these words were uttered. Obeying the prompting impulse of the moment, he answered—

"You may trust in Heaven, Mr. Harding. He that feedeth the ravens, will not suffer you to want."

The words of the school-master produced a momentary disturbance in the mind of Harding, who replied, with some bitterness of manner—

"Oh, as for me, I don't pretend to have any claims on Heaven."

"All men," replied Mr. Long, "have claims on their Maker for things needful to sustain life, and give them the ability to perform useful service in the world. For these you may look with confidence. Providence never hedges up a man's way in one direction, without seeing that it is opened in another. All will come out right, neighbor Harding—never fear."

"But I do fear," was the desponding answer. "To my knowledge, no one else is going to build this summer. Unless there comes a hurricane, unroofing half a dozen barns and houses, I see no chance for a sufficiency of work during the season."

Harding said this with affected humor; yet his tones failed to conceal the bitterness and distrust within.

"Not a good direction for any one's thoughts to flow," said Mr. Long, seriously. "Providence will open the way before you, I trust, without the aid of hurricanes, or any other ministers of destruction."

"I hope so; but I see little to encourage me."

Even while the carpenter said this a neighboring farmer entered his shop, and asked the question—

"Are you very busy just now, Mr. Harding?"

"Not particularly so," was answered.

"Will you call over, and see me in the morning? I wish to talk with you about putting a new roof on my barn. I did think of trusting it until next Spring, but I've been ex-

amining it rather closely to-day, and don't think it will be safe to run the risk, especially as there is every prospect of large crops this summer. In fact, I've decided to have a new roof. So, if you'll call over to-morrow morning, we will arrange to have it done."

Harding promised to see the farmer bright and early on the next morning. Receiving this assurance, the latter departed. The school-master had remained during this brief interview, and when the farmer left, remarked, with a smile—

"It is true as I said, neighbor Harding. Providence never hedges up a man's way in one direction, without opening it in another."

"But what's the use of it all?" replied the carpenter. "I would call this kind of business mere child's play. Smith's money is just as good as Jones's, and will buy as much pork and corn meal. And as for the work, one job is about as easy as another."

"Did it never occur to you," said Mr. Long, "that, in the dealings of Providence with men, something beyond the provision of mere food and raiment was involved. Have your thoughts never reached beyond the question of pork and corn meal?"

"I don't understand you." The carpenter looked slightly bewildered.

"Man has two lives," said Mr. Long. "A life of the body and a life of the mind. To one of these lives has been appointed a comparatively short duration. The other is unending."

The carpenter leaned his head in an attitude of attention; seeing which, Mr. Long continued.

"God is an eternal being, and it is plain, from the fact that He has given to the spirit of man an eternal existence, that He must regard the wants and destiny of the spirit as in every way of primary account, when compared with the wants and destiny of the body. Let this thought find a distinct resting place in your mind, neighbor Harding, and then you will begin to have some glimpses of higher truths."

The school-master paused for some moments, in order to let his words make their due impression.

"From which have you suffered most in life?" resumed Mr. Long. "From sickness of the body, or sickness of the mind?"

"Sickness of the mind?" Harding did not clearly apprehend the question; and the school-master modified it thus—

"I should have said, from pain of body, or pain of mind?"

"I've never had much sickness," said Harding, beginning to have a dim perception of the school-master's meaning.

"And yet, you have suffered deeply. Mentally—or in your spirit—you were in great pain only a little while ago."

"True—very true." The carpenter spoke partly to himself, as if new thoughts were coming into distinct perception. "Yes, indeed; I have suffered pain of mind; I always suffer pain of

mind. As for bodily suffering—I can bear that; but mental suffering drives me, at times, almost beside myself."

"Did you never think of this before?" asked the school-master—"That is, did you never separate so distinctly in thought, your mind from your body, and see in each a distinct capacity for pleasure and pain?"

"Never. And yet it seems strange how I could have failed to do so."

"If pain of mind is more acute than pain of body," said Mr. Long, "is it not fair to conclude that the mind, or spirit, is capable of far higher pleasures than the body?"

"Yes, I suppose that it is."

"Let us take it for granted—and this is no difficult matter—that God, our Creator, Preserver and Redeemer, is a Being of infinite benevolence—that love is His essential nature. It will follow as a consequence, that He not only desires, but seeks the good of His creatures. You are one of this number; and one towards whom His heart must be moved with pity, for your spirit has suffered much. Thus far in life, you have known little of the true enjoyment that God desires for all the children of men. Vainly have you sought for pleasure in sensual delights—they have proved only serpents to sting you. What a dark, weary way it has been to you!"

"Yes, dark as Egypt at times," muttered the carpenter.

"Let us go back a little," said the school-master. "It is plain, that in the way you have been going, matters have not improved much. You are no happier now than you were six months ago."

"I don't know about that," answered Harding. "I don't know about that. Maybe you may think me foolish, but I can't help it. Since that strange baby came into our family, I have felt like another man. I don't know how it is, but the dear little thing has crept right into my heart, and brought with it something of its pure and gentle nature. The truth is, Mr. Long, I'm not the same man I was before Heaven sent that child to my door."

"Heaven sent it. You have used the right words, neighbor Harding. All good gifts are from Heaven. In love to you, God bestowed this blessing. Not to give ease or comfort, or pleasure to your body, but for the health and joy of your spirit. Ah! I am glad to hear this confession from your lips. And now let me suggest a thought. May not the disappointment you have suffered to-day, and which was for a time so bitter, be productive of higher benefits than any you could have received, had all things gone according to your wishes."

"I do not see your meaning clearly," said the carpenter.

"Our present conversation would otherwise hardly have occurred," suggested Mr. Long.

"No, I think not."

"Is it not clear, then? Think."

"Perhaps you are right," said Harding, in a



thoughtful manner. "You have certainly filled my mind with new ideas. Come over and see me in the evening sometimes, won't you? I'd like to talk with you again of these things. They sound strangely—and yet my mind assents to them as true."

"Nothing is truer," replied the school-master, "than that the eyes of God are over all His works, and that He leadeth His erring creatures by ways that they know not, ever seeking to bring them from the darkness of natural evil into the pure light of His truth. And thus He is seeking to lead you, neighbor Harding. Ah! Resist not, but gently yield yourself to the Divine guidance. But I have said enough for the present. Yes, I will call over and see you, and if you still find interest in these subjects, we will talk of them again."

What a change had taken place with the carpenter in the brief space of half an hour! A change from deep agitation of mind, and a paralyzing distrust, to a calm and hopeful spirit. Not to the fact of work having come from an unexpected quarter, was this chiefly to be ascribed. That was but the foundation, so to speak, on which a higher and juster conception of Providence had been erected. His step was firmer, his head more elevated, and his countenance marred by fewer lines of care, as he took his way homeward. No shadow fell across the threshold as he entered; and no heart shrank with fear at the sound of his voice, that seemed to have found new tones and gentler modulations.

## CHAPTER XII.

The school-master's words, only dimly apprehended at first, lingered in the mind of Harding; and, as he pondered them, new suggestions came, and new light seemed to break in upon him. There was a higher and better life than the life of the body—wants that no natural sources could supply—sufferings that no earthly physician could alleviate. How clear all this became the longer his mind rested on what his neighbor had said; and he half wondered that, until now, no perception of such important truths had come to him.

Happily, all things at home harmonized with the carpenter's state of mind on that evening. Andrew he found, on his return, busy over his lesson; Lucy had dear little Grace in her arms, and Lotty and Philip, who rarely disagreed if no one interfered with them, were playing together, and singing to themselves as happily as if nothing had ever ruffled the quiet surface of their feelings. The influence of Mr. Long over Andrew, since his particular interest in him had been awakened, and since he had discovered the right avenue by which to reach his feelings, was remarkable. Having secured the good opinion of Mr. Long—to have the good opinion of any one was a new experience for the lad—Andrew was particularly desirous to retain it. A kind look—an approving word—

what ample rewards were they for all effort and self-denial! In these, he found a pleasure far above anything that evil indulgence or wrong-doing gave; and, best of all, they left no sad, painful after-consequences.

"That's right, Andrew," said Mr. Harding, approvingly, as he came in and saw how the boy was occupied. "It gives me real pleasure to see you studying your lessons."

What a glow of delight did these words send to the heart of the boy! What a beaming smile irradiated his countenance as he looked up, gratefully, into his father's face!

Mr. Harding laid his hand, gently, upon Andrew's head. The act was involuntary, and sprang from a passing mood of gentler feeling. How the touch thrilled along every nerve in the child's being! Memory was at fault in her efforts to recall the time when that hand rested upon him in affectionate approval before. Lower bent his head, and closer to his face was the book lifted. None saw that his eyes were suddenly dimmed, and none but he knew that the page before him was wetted by a tear.

A cry of pleasure from the babe now greeted the ears of Harding; and, in the next moment, Grace was in his arms, and hugged tightly to his heart. At this instant, a shadow fell across the threshold—the twilight was already gathering—and the strange woman, who had visited them a few weeks previously, stood in the door. Her dark, keen eyes took in the whole scene presented to her at a glance.

"Good evening, friends," she said—half familiarly, half respectfully—and, without invitation, she entered.

"Good evening, madam," returned Harding, approaching her by a step or two. Grace had laid her head close against his breast, and was nestling there with a happy, confiding look on her sweet young face.

"Will you take a chair, madam?"

The chair was proffered and accepted. At the same time, the woman laid off her bonnet.

"You were so kind, at my last visit, that I hardly feel like a stranger," said she, as she adjusted her cap, and pushed back under it a portion of her black hair in which gray lines were visible.

"That dear babe, again," she added, as she fixed her eyes intently on Grace. "I never saw a lovelier creature."

Mrs. Harding entered, at this moment, from the kitchen, where she had been preparing supper. At sight of the woman, she started, and looked disturbed.

"Good evening, ma'am."

The stranger fixed her eyes penetratingly upon her.

"Good evening," was coldly replied.

"In passing this way, again, I could not resist the inclination to call, if for no other reason than to thank you for your former kindness and to apologize for my abrupt departure. It was necessary for me to be at Beechwood at

a very early hour, and I did not wish to disturb you or tax your hospitality for an early breakfast."

The blandness and easy self-possession with which this was said, in a measure overcame the instinctive repugnance of Mrs. Harding. Still, she did not like the woman, and felt ill at ease in her presence. With as good a grace as possible, she bade her welcome. From the woman's manner, it was evidently her intention to remain to supper, and, in all probability, through the night. Indeed, she soon intimated this to the carpenter and his wife, who could do no less than invite her to remain with as much show of cordiality as possible. The object of her visit was matter of little question to them. Too distinct was their remembrance of her conduct on a previous occasion—and of the intimations then given by her—to leave any room to doubt that she had a personal interest in Grace, and now came solely on this account.

All eye and all ear was the stranger to everything that passed in the family of Jacob Harding. The carpenter's face she scanned with so close a scrutiny that he often found his eyes drooping beneath the singular gaze that was fixed upon him. The movements of Mrs. Harding were also closely observed; and not a word passed between the children that she did not weigh its meaning.

Whether it were from the presence of this dignified stranger, or from the subduing effects of better states of mind, the children were unusually well-behaved and orderly during supper-time. Lucy proposed to wait and be the nurse of Grace during the meal, although her mother said that she could hold the babe and attend the table, well enough.

After supper, the woman succeeded, after many ineffectual attempts, in alluring Grace from Mr. Harding. The little one looked half frightened as she passed to the arms of the stranger, and then immediately reached out her hands to go back. But, being retained, her lips began to curve, and a low murmur of fear was audible.

"Come back, then, darling!" said the carpenter, lovingly, and he took her from the woman almost by force. What a happy change was seen, instantly, in the sweet young face, and with what a manifest joy did the little one shrink to the manly breast, and cling there as if it had found a home of safety.

"You love that child?" said the woman. Her tones were grave, and her proud lips firm. "Yes; better than anything in this world."  
"It is not your own child," added the woman.

"It is mine by the gift of God," said the carpenter, with a depth of feeling in his voice that surprised his auditor. "Some one—I do not think she is worthy the name of woman—deserted it at our door."

The woman moved uneasily, and partly averted her face.

"Abandoned," continued the carpenter, "by her to whom God had given a precious gift, the guardianship was transferred to us. We have accepted it gladly—thankfully. And who will now dare say the child is not ours? Such words must not be spoken here!"

The natural warmth of Harding's temperament betrayed him into an indignant vehemence, which caused the woman to shrink back from him a little way, and to look surprised, almost fearful.

"We cannot bear such words spoken," repeated the carpenter, in a gentler voice. "God sent an angel to our household when He sent this babe; and we have made room for her—room for her in our home, and room for her in our hearts."

The woman sat for some time with her eyes upon the floor. She was evidently in deep thought.

"Rather say"—thus she spoke in a low voice—"that God *lent* her to you—lent her, it may be, only for a little while. It is not well to fix the heart too idolizingly upon a child. What if her real mother were to come and claim her at your hands?"

"There is her *true* mother," said the carpenter firmly, and he pointed towards his wife. "A woman gave her life, but *she* gave her *love*—a mother's love. Her *real* mother! Madam! I would spurn from the door the wretch who dared say that she brought into existence this sweet young cherub, and then abandoned her to perish; or, mayhap, find an unwelcome home among strangers."

"Can an evil tree produce good fruit?" asked the woman, looking at the excited carpenter almost sternly.

"It is said not," he replied.

"Could an evil-hearted mother give birth to so angelic a babe? Think, Mr. Harding!"

"Could a good-hearted mother abandon her nursing infant? Think, madam!"

The woman's glance cowered beneath the steady eyes of the carpenter.

"Can a sweet fountain send forth bitter waters?" The man spoke half to himself. "No—no—no."

"State the case as you will," said the woman, "and the difficulty is the same. Here is a babe, in which all goodness seems concentrated—I cannot believe, nor can you, that the mother who gave it birth was all evil."

"Why did she abandon it?" replied the carpenter.

"Ah! There lies the question. Do you know?"

"You need not ask."

"She may not have acted freely. There may have been an array of circumstances that crushed out, for a time, her true life. I can more easily believe this, than that her heart was all evil. The baby in your arms contradicts that assumption."

"Mercy!"

This was the startled exclamation of Mrs.

Harding, as she arose quickly to her feet. Her eyes were fixed on the door, which had swung slowly open. Every glance followed her own. A beautiful young woman, with face as white as marble, stood there, motionless—statue-like. That face, the carpenter's wife remembered but too well! She had seen it once before, as it stood out on the back ground of darkness, and every feature was daguerreotyped on her memory.

"Edith! You here! What madness. Go! go!"

The woman started up, and raising both hands, motioned her energetically to be gone.

"Baby! Baby! O, my sweet baby!"

And the young creature bounded forward. Ere the bewildered carpenter had time to recover his self-possession, she had lifted Grace from his arms, and was hugging her wildly to her heart.

"Oh, baby! Grace! Darling!" What a passionate tenderness was in her voice. "I was wicked, wicked, wicked to give you up! But you are once more against my heart, and we will live or die together. Baby! Sweet one! Oh! Darling! Darling!"

She had moved about the room like one half crazed; but now, as a shower of tears fell over her face, she dropped into a chair, and leaning over the child, which she held close to her bosom, she mingled kisses, sobs and tears for some minutes in a very tempest of emotion.

Meantime, the elder of the two women showed strong agitation, that was repressed only by a vigorous effort. Now her face was dark with struggling passion; and now so pale and ghastly, that it seemed as if her very life's love were suffering its final assault. As soon as the first bewildering excitement was over, she went up to the young woman, and laying her hand upon her with a firm grasp, said in a tone of remonstrance—

"What madness has come over you, Edith? Give back the child and come away. It is as well cared for as you or I could desire."

The other waived her hand with an imperative gesture as she replied—

"It is useless, mother! My resolve is taken. I will not part with my child. Mine it is—mine, born in lawful wedlock, and there is no earthly power strong enough to drag it from my arms. You may turn from me, if you will. You may shut up your heart against me; but mine shall be open to my child—my darling, darling child! Sweet, sweet baby!"

And she again hugged it to her heart.

"The fountain is not dry yet, love," she murmured in a low, tender voice, as she bared her bosom and drew the babe's soft face against it. "Drink again—drink! I have kept it open for this hour—this hour that my heart told me would come—must come! There—there. Drink baby—drink. Drink and God bless you!"

And as the babe commenced drawing sweet life from this fountain of life, the mother's eyes were lifted Heavenward. Her cheeks glowed,

and a thrill of exquisite joy trembled along every fibre of her soul.

"Father," she sobbed, "let my tears and thankfulness for this hour of restoration, obliterate the record that darkens one page of my life's sad history."

This scene was more than the woman she called her mother, could witness unshaken. Hitherto her imperious will had ruled her complying child. But nature—free nature—had now asserted her right, and swept aside all opposing forces. In Edith's heart, the mother's love was stronger than the daughter's fear.

"Edith—what am I to understand by all this?" said the woman speaking with a resolute calmness.

"That I am ready to give up all for my child?"

"Give up me?"

The woman held her breath for an answer. Edith did not reply, but bent lower over her babe, and drew it closer to her heart.

"Give up me?" repeated the woman.

"Mother! As God liveth, I will keep this child. If you turn from me—if you cast me off—well; but, as God liveth, I will keep my child!"

For a little while, the frame of the other quivered, as if attacked by a sudden ague fit. Then stepping back a pace or two, she stood a few moments irresolute. The door of the adjoining room was partly open. Into this she now passed with a quick movement. A struggle had commenced that she wished to sustain all apart from observation. Nearly ten minutes elapsed before her reappearance. Scarcely a change of position or relation had occurred during her brief absence. Her face was very calm, her step deliberate, and her manner self-possessed, like one who has passed from doubtful questionings to a certainty.

Going up to her daughter, she laid her hand again upon her, saying as she did so—

"Edith—my child—"

The voice was low, calm, and even tender.

"Mother."

It was the bowed creature's simple response. She did not look up.

"Edith—I may have erred—I know not. If so, it has been for your sake. Love and pride have both been strong. But we will contend no longer. In the future, your own heart must lead you; I will oppose nothing."

An electric thrill seemed suddenly to awaken the half dormant sensibilities of the young mother. She looked up with a blending of joy and surprise in her countenance.

"What do I hear! Speak the words again."

"We will contend no longer, Edith. In the future your own heart must lead you; I will oppose nothing."

The eyes of Edith closed as she leaned her head back against her mother, whose arm now clasped her. How placid was her pale young face—how soft and tender, and loving the sweet lips just parting with a smile.

"You have made me happy. Can a mother ask more for her child?"

It was all she said; but the words went trembling down into the agitated heart of that strong, self-willed woman of the world, and accomplished their mission.

A kiss—long and fervent—sealed the reconciliation and new compact.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

While this scene was passing, little Lotty had crept into her mother's lap, and was lying with her head close against her bosom. Since Grace came among them, Lotty had found a new pleasure. She never tired of being with the babe, and the babe never seemed happier than when Lotty was bending over her and talking to her in a language that only they understood.

"Is she going to take Grace away from us?" she whispered two or three times to her mother, as she looked on wonderingly, yet with an instinct of the truth.

Mrs. Harding did not reply, for she could not; but, at each renewal of the question, her arm drew, with an involuntary pressure, the little one closer to her breast.

"I'll be your little Grace, mother."

These words, so unexpected, thrilled a new chord in her heart.

"Grace is so sweet and so good," she answered more from impulse than thought. The words were scarcely uttered, ere she felt that they were spoken unwisely.

"I will try to be good."

There was a pleading softness in Lotty's tones that touched the mother's sensibilities. She was asking for a love, deeper, purer, truer than she had ever known—such a love as she had seen given to another.

"I will try to be good, mother. I will try to be like Grace. But they won't take her away, will they, mother?"

"I hope not, dear."

"If they do, mother, shan't I be your little Grace?"

"Yes, if you will be good, like Grace."

"I can't be good, just like her. But, I'll try, mother. And you won't scold me so, will you, mother? Talk to me sweet and good, just as you talk to Grace—won't you, mother?"

And now the child's arms were stealing around the neck of Mrs. Harding, and her eyes were looking up into her face, pleading and filled with tears.

What language could have been more rebuking, more softening, more subduing? It penetrated to the very inmost of her consciousness. Her only answer was a strong embrace. How her heart enlarged toward Lotty!

"You will love me, mother, if I'm good?"

The child was not satisfied with mere dumb show.

"Oh, yes, my dear one!" answered Mrs. Harding, in a voice whose tenderness satisfied the heart of Lotty. "I will love you. Be a

good little girl, and I will love you just as well as I love Grace."

"I will be so good, mother," murmured the happy little one, as she hid her face and wept for very joy.

Thus she was lying, when the elder of the two strangers, turning from her daughter, between whom and herself so singular a reconciliation had taken place, said, addressing Mr. Harding in a calm voice—

"My friend, there was a meaning in the words I spoke a little while ago, that went beyond my own thoughts. This young woman—the mother of Grace—is my child. I did not expect her here this evening—nothing could have been farther from my anticipations. I knew that she was almost dying to see her child—to have it again in her arms, and I feared that its restoration might become necessary. Why she abandoned it at your door, cannot now be explained. Neither can we reveal who we are, or where we came from. That secret, for the present, must remain with ourselves. Enough, that the child is ours, and now returns to its true home and its true mother. You and your excellent wife will never be forgotten. My daughter has a heart that can feel gratitude—bad as you have pronounced her—and this you will, ere long, know. Let me ask of you one thing, and that is, silence as to the occurrences of this evening."

The carpenter sat with his eyes upon the floor, during all the time that the woman was speaking.

As she ceased, he arose, and crossing the room, stood before the young woman, who still held Grace in her arms.

Reaching out his hands and smiling, he said, in a voice of tender persuasion—

"Come, Grace—come love—come."

The little one lifted her head from the woman's breast, bent towards the carpenter and smiled in return, one of her sweetest, most loving smiles. The woman instantly drew the child back, while a shade of fear went over her countenance.

"Don't be alarmed, madam," said the carpenter in a respectful voice. "If she will come—let her come. You may take her again. Grace, darling! Sweet one! Come!"

Again the babe raised herself up and leaned towards the carpenter. Again she smiled sweetly—fluttered her tiny hands, and seemed anxious to get into his arms. He reached out for her, but just as she seemed ready to spring to him, her eyes wandered up to the loving face, so full of unutterable tenderness, that bent over her; and then she fell back upon the bosom she knew to be her mother's.

A shadow darkened on the carpenter's face.

"Come, darling!" he repeated, extending his hands.

She lifted her head again, stretched out her arms, and in the next instant was tightly clasped to the carpenter's bosom.

"Heaven bless you, sweet one! Bless you!"



Bless you! An angel of love you have been to us all! How can we give you up? Oh, no—no. It must not be! God gave you to us; and shall we let any but the Death-angel take you away?"

The mother had started to her feet, and was now moving by the side of Harding, as he paced about the room, her face full of alarm and anxiety.

"O, sir! Give me back my babe," she cried, in a voice of deep supplication—"Grace! Darling! Come to your mother!"

Harding paused, and by an effort, repressed the strong upheaving of emotion. As he relaxed the tight clasp of his arms, the little one raised her head, and now reached out her hands towards her mother.

"Go back, then," he said, kissing her tenderly. "Go back. I cannot say nay, if it is in both your hearts."

As Grace returned, with a baby murmur of joy to her mother's arms, the carpenter's strength seemed to leave him, and he sunk into a chair, where for some time he remained with his head drooped upon his breast. From this state he was aroused by hearing the elder of the two women say, addressing her daughter—

"You came in the carriage?"

"Yes."

"How far is it away?"

"About a quarter of a mile, on the road to Beechwood."

"It is growing late. We must leave here."

"You will not leave to-night," said Harding, as he arose and came forward.

"O, yes. We must go," was answered.

"To that I cannot consent." The carpenter spoke firmly—"unless you go alone."

"Alone!"

The mother of Grace looked frightened.

"Yes—alone. Did you think, for an instant, that I would stand passive and see her taken away by strangers, no matter what their claim? If so, you have mistaken Jacob Harding. Who are you? Where do you live? These are questions that must be fully answered."

There was a manly dignity about the carpenter that compelled respect, and a firmness of manner that showed him to be entirely in earnest.

The two women looked at each other with troubled glances.

"You shall know all in good time," said the elder.

"Now is the good time," was answered.

"Believe me, when I say, that I love that babe too well to trust her even with her mother, when all the past is considered, unless I know where to find that mother. I must hold you both to a higher responsibility than your own consciences."

"What is to be done?" almost sobbed the distressed young woman. "Oh, that I were once more at home with my babe. Kind sir"—and she turned to the carpenter with a pleading look—"do let us go. I have the means of

being generous to you, and I will be generous. Gratitude for your kindness to my child has already suggested ample benefits. O, sir, withdraw your opposition. There are reasons why we desire to remain for the present unknown. Say that we may leave, and I will never cease to ask for you Heaven's choicest blessings."

"It cannot be," said the carpenter, with unwavering firmness. "That child never leaves here unless I know all about those who take her away. Rely upon it, nothing will turn me from this purpose."

The two women now communed with each other, apart, for some minutes. The elder then approached Harding and said—

"My name is Hartley; and I live in Overton."

There was an unsteadiness of voice and eye as she spoke, that did not escape the carpenter's notice.

"It will not do," replied Harding, shaking his head.

"What will do then?" exclaimed the woman, in a quick demanding voice.

Her whole manner changed. The fretted will, so used to reaching its purpose in spite of all hindrances, could tamely brook this opposition no longer.

Fives times did Jacob Harding pace the room backwards and forwards before answering. Then pausing before the woman, who had remained standing, he said—

"One thing I have fully decided."

"What?"

The woman spoke eagerly.

"That Grace does not leave here to-night."

"O, sir! Don't say that!" cried the younger of the two strangers. Her pale face blanched whiter.

"I have said it, and will not change," answered the carpenter. "You can both remain if you will. We will give you the best accommodations our poor abode can offer. As for me, I want time to consider this matter. It is far too weighty to receive a hurried decision. I must have a night's sleep upon it."

"Oh! for patience," exclaimed the elder of the women. "You may repent this, sir! You know not whose will you are thwarting."

"I confess my ignorance," said Harding, with a shade of irony in his voice. "And, therefore, it is that I hesitate and chose to act with circumspection."

"We cannot remain here to-night. Impossible!"

"Very well. You will find us all here to-morrow, or the day after."

Seeing that Harding was not to be moved, the two women drew together in a distant part of the room, and remained in whispered conversation for a long time.

"My daughter cannot be induced to leave her child," said the mother, as she left Edith, and came forward to where Harding was now seated by his wife. "She will, therefore, remain; at least, until to-morrow. Then, I

trust, you will permit her to depart with her babe. Further hindrance on your part will be cruelty. Think of what she has already suffered, and spare her further anguish. As for me, I will go to-night."

"You are welcome to stay, if it so please you," returned the carpenter.

"My daughter's health has been feeble for some time," said the woman, "and she is now quite overcome by fatigue and excitement. If you will let her retire early, she will take it as a kindness."

Mrs. Harding arose at this, and laying the now sleeping Lotty in her father's arms, passed from the room. In a few minutes, she returned and said the chamber was ready, if the lady wished to retire. The mother and her daughter went in together, and shut the door behind them. Mrs. Harding intended to enter the room, also, but the door closed so quickly that she was left without. For a moment or two she stood confused and undecided. Then turning to her husband, she said—

"Jacob, what is to be done? How can we give her up?"

"We will not, unless we know more of these persons than we now do," replied Harding.

"It is her mother," said Mrs. Harding.

"Yes; that is plain. But who and what is she?"

"If we only knew."

"We must know," Harding spoke firmly. "Not until I have the fullest intelligence in regard to them, will I consent to let them have the child. Hark! what is that?"

The carpenter listened.

"What do you hear?"

Mrs. Harding was startled by her husband's manner.

"I thought I heard a noise."

"What was it like?"

"I don't know."

Both listened for some moments.

"Where was it?"

"I can't tell whether it was in the house or out doors. It was nothing, probably. I'm excited."

Still they listened in a kind of breathless suspense.

"I wonder if they have fastened that door. They are very still," said the carpenter.

Mrs. Harding stepped lightly to the door, and tried the lock.

"It is fastened," she whispered back.

"They must have turned the bolt very silently," remarked Harding. "Suppose you knock, and ask if they want anything."

Mrs. Harding tapped gently. There was no answer. She tapped again, but louder. Still all remained silent within. She now rattled the lock, and called to the inmates. The effort was fruitless; no answer to her summons was returned.

"I don't like this," said Harding, starting up and advancing to the door, against which he threw his body with a force that broke

the fastenings within. As the door swung open, his eyes rested upon the open window. In an instant, all was comprehended. Flung the sleeping child he held in his arms upon the untumbled bed, he sprang through the open window, and disappeared in the darkness.

"A quarter of a mile from here, on the road to Beechwood." He remembered these words, and ran swiftly in that direction, hoping to overtake the fugitives. The sky was overclouded, and the night intensely dark. In vain the eye sought to penetrate the thick veil of shadows. For more than half a mile, Harding pursued his way towards Beechwood, and then stopped, with a heart-sickening consciousness that longer search in that direction was hopeless. Returning with rapid steps, he swept around in a wide circle, vainly seeking for the two women who had disappeared so noiselessly, taking with them the dear angel of his household. But all was of no avail. Under cover of the darkness, they had effected their escape. After an hour spent in fruitless search, he came back, looking pale and distressed. To the eager questionings of his tearful wife, he only answered—

"Gone! gone! and not a trace of them left behind!" dropping into a chair, as he spoke, and trembling from exhaustion of body and mind.

"Oh! Jacob! Jacob!" It was all the heart-stricken wife could say, as she leaned over him, and wept bitterly.

"Mary," said the carpenter, after he had grown calmer, "I have never had anything to hurt me like this. It seems almost as if a hand were grasping my heart, and striving to tear it from my breast. Dear baby! And to lose her thus! I cannot bear it, Mary!"

"If we only knew where she was. If we could go to her sometimes," sobbed Mrs. Harding.

"If she had died and passed up into Heaven," said the carpenter. "But to be stolen from us, and taken, we know not where, perhaps to be abandoned again, and to suffer, who can tell, what cruel treatment! Oh! the thought drives me half distracted."

"I do not think, Jacob, that her mother will part with her again. She loves her child too deeply. My heart ached as I looked at her, to think of what she must have borne since she tore it from her bosom, and left it at our door. I wonder that she was not bereft of reason. For her sake, I will try to bear the pain I feel. Oh! if I only knew that all would be well with the babe."

"That I must know, Mary," replied the carpenter, with regained firmness. "The woman said her name was Hartley, and that they lived at Overton. This may be true or false—but to Overton I will go early in the morning. If the statement prove false, so much is settled, and I can turn with more confidence my eyes in another direction. Of one thing I am

certain—they do not live very far from Beechwood."

As best they could, the carpenter and his wife sought to console each other, and, in the act, drew closer together in heart, and felt a mutual sympathy. How deserted the house seemed to them; and their chamber, when they retired for the night, felt lonely and cheerless. If the baby had died, and, a little while before, been carried forth from that room to its mortal resting place, the feeling of sadness and desolation that oppressed them could not have been stronger. Sleep did not visit their pillows early. They were kept awake by thoughts of the sweet babe that had so grown into their hearts that it seemed a part of their life. But, at last, their heavy eyelids closed, and then this dream came to Mrs. Harding—

She was sitting in her own chamber, with an infant lying close against her bosom. It had soft, brown, silken hair, curling in glossy circles about its forehead and temples, and eyes down into whose blue depths she gazed until it seemed that Heaven was opening to her vision. It was not Grace—not the angel babe whose coming and going were shrouded in mystery—but a new gift to her mother's heart. Full of love and joy she bent over the lovely innocent, while her spirit uplifted itself in thankfulness for a boon so precious. As she sat thus, a pale, sweet-faced woman entered, also clasping an infant in her arms. She knew them both at a glance—the mother of Grace, with her newly-regained treasure in her arms. Coming up slowly to Mrs. Harding, she stood, for some moments, gazing upon her with a tender smile. Then her lips parted with the words—

"Our household angels."

A thrill of such exquisite pleasure went through the sleeper's mind that she awoke. Lotty was in her arms, and she drew her to her heart with a feeling of maternal tenderness deeper than she had ever known for her child.

"I'll be your little Grace, mother."

The words seemed spoken in her ears again, and she raised herself up to see if Lotty were not really waking. But no—Lotty was in the world of dreams.

"Bless you, my baby!" murmured Mrs. Harding, as she laid her lips against the warm cheek of the sleeper. "You shall be my little Grace."

"Dear mother! I will be good if you will love me."

She was dreaming.

Gathering her little one closer in her arms, Mrs. Harding lifted her voice to Heaven, and prayed that she might be to her children a true mother. And her prayer, rising from an earnest, yearning heart, did not return to her fruitless.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

"Quick!" ejaculated the elder of the two women, as she closed the door of the little chamber into which the carpenter's wife had

shown them, and slipped the bolt silently. Gliding past her half-bewildered daughter, she raised the window, which opened only a few feet from the ground, and springing out with the agility of a girl, was ready to help Edith through the narrow way of egress they had chosen.

"Quick! Quick! Step lightly."

And the mother drew her arm around the slender form of Edith, and bore her onward as if she had been only a child. Sweeping around the house, the two women gained the road that passed only at a short distance from the door, and then pressed forward as fast as the darkness would permit, in the direction of Beechwood. They were only a short distance away from the carpenter's dwelling, when the young woman said, in a voice of alarm—

"Hark! What is that?"

Both paused to listen and instantly became aware, by the sound of swiftly approaching footsteps, that they were pursued.

"O, mother! What shall we do?" said Edith, in a frightened voice.

Her companion answered not, but passing an arm around her waist, drew her off from the road to a clump of bushes that opportunely offered a place of concealment. Behind this they crouched just in time to hide their figures, which, from portions of white in their garments, would, in all probability, have attracted the eyes of Harding, whom they doubted not to be the individual approaching with such hasty speed. He passed within only a few feet of them—so near that his muttered words reached their ears.

"Come!" said the elder of the women, as soon as Harding's heavy footsteps sounded faint in the distance.

"Not that way," objected her daughter.

"Why not?" was sharply enquired.

"He has just passed."

"Is not the carriage in this direction?"

"Yes."

"Concealed in the woods?"

"Yes."

"He will not find it, but we must. Come! In this deep darkness lies our safety. Here—give me the child."

"No—no."

And Edith resisted the attempts of her mother to get possession of Grace.

"Why don't you give her to me? foolish girl! I am stronger than you," said the woman.

"She is as light as a feather in my arms," replied Edith, who still kept hold of the babe.

"You lead the way, and I will follow as fast as you desire."

The woman, with a slight murmur of impatience, gave up the brief contest, and moved on again in the direction taken by the carpenter, her daughter following close in her footsteps. Stopping every little while to listen, and then pressing on, the two fugitives continued their way for about ten minutes, when Edith said—

"This is the place, mother. I told Mark to wait for me in the woods, off to the left."

Leaving the road, the two women sought for the carriage, but, to their dismay, it was nowhere to be found.

"Are you certain about the place, Edith?"

Edith was very certain in the beginning, but the darkness was so bewildering that her mind began to waver.

"I think it was here, mother."

"Oh, Edith! And so much at stake!" exclaimed her companion, rebukingly. "When will you learn to rightly guard the future?"

"The darkness is so deep," said Edith.

"You should have thought of that, and taken a closer observation. What are we to do?"

"Mark!" called Edith.

"Hush! Mad girl! Your voice may reach other ears than his."

"Listen!" Edith spoke in a quick, eager tone.

"What is that?"

"It is the carriage, thank God!"

And the excited young creature leaned her head against her mother, and sobbed violently. Her voice had reached the coachman, who was only a short distance from where they were standing, and his horses were in motion. But a few moments elapsed before the two women were in the carriage.

"Home, Mark—home!" whispered the mother, "and as swift as our horses' feet will take us."

"It is very dark, ma'am," answered the coachman.

"You know the road, Mark," was the brief and significant answer.

For a few minutes the carriage crept along almost noiselessly, until the road was fairly gained, then, at a word from Mark, the horses sprung away at a speed that satisfied even the impatient riders.

For nearly two hours this speed was maintained, and then the foaming horses were turned into a wooded lane that wound up to a fine old mansion, around which clustered many evidences of wealth, taste and aristocratic pride. Into this the two women passed, and here, for the present, we will leave them.

The morning that broke after that eventful night, found Mr. and Mrs. Harding in trouble, grief, and great perplexity of mind. A tearful veil was over their whole household. Not one of the inmates but grieved after dear little Grace with a sorrow that knew no words of comfort—no ray of consolation. All questioned, but there was none who could answer.

"What shall we do?"

That was the doubtful enquiry of the carpenter and his wife, asked often of each other, and answered only by troubled looks.

"Shall we at once make it known to the neighborhood?" asked Harding. "This it is necessary for us speedily to determine. The child will be missed, sooner or later, when we

shall have to account satisfactorily for its absence."

"Suppose you see Mr. Long, and ask his advice," said Mrs. Harding. "He is a good man, and discreet."

"Well suggested, Mary," said the carpenter. "I will see him without a moment's delay."

But even the school-master failed to see the matter clearly on its first presentation. To bruit the whole thing abroad, might prove a serious error; but, in what way, a total ignorance of the parties concerned left altogether in doubt. It was plain that they had acted with a desperation which only the gravest considerations could justify. The crime of having abandoned an infant, involved the deepest disgrace, and it was no cause of wonder that they sought to escape the penalty. On the other hand, the absence of the babe from the family of Harding would not fail to attract attention, and the neighbors would have a clear right to demand an explanation of the fact.

"What had we best do, Mr. Long?"

This was the earnest question of Harding, at the conclusion of his conference with the school-master.

"Say nothing to any one else, at least for to-day," was the answer. "I will testify, if necessary, to the fact that you came to me, and related the whole of the strange circumstance, and that I advised you to keep silent for a day or two, while you made earnest search for the parties who had carried off the child. My word, I am sure, will be all that is needed to screen you from suspicion of wrong."

"I am very sure of that, Mr. Long, and will do as you suggest," replied the carpenter. "And, now, my first search must be made in the neighborhood of Overton, although I have little hope of finding them there. I saw deception in the woman's unsteady eyes, when she mentioned this as her place of residence. One step brings us to the point from which the next can be taken. I will regard this as the first step in a search that must not be fruitless."

"And it will not be fruitless, I trust," said the school-master, as Harding turned from him, and went back home to advise his wife of the conclusion to which he had arrived, after consulting with Mr. Long.

Mounted on a good horse, the carpenter was soon on his way to Overton, a small town some two miles beyond Beechwood. A widow lady, with whom he had some acquaintance, resided there, and at her house he alighted on reaching the village. After the customary greetings, and brief questions about family matters, Harding said—

"Do you know a lady, in Overton, by the name of Hartley?"

"Oh! yes; very well," was the answer.

With what a strong throb did the heart



the carpenter bound at this reply, so little expected.

"Is she an elderly lady?" he next enquired.

"She is past the middle age; yet no one would call her old."

"Where does she live?"

The woman took him to the door, and pointed to a fine old mansion, almost hidden by majestic elms, that stood not far from her dwelling.

"Has she a daughter?"

"Yes; an only daughter."

"Grown up?"

"Yes."

"The person I wish to see," said the carpenter, "and, as my business is somewhat urgent, I must bid you good morning."

Turning almost abruptly from the woman, he sprung into his saddle, and galloped away in the direction of Mrs. Hartley's, his mind already strongly excited in anticipation of an interview, the termination of which involved so much, and was yet so full of uncertainty. Passing from the public road into a gravelled lane, lined on each side by tastefully cut cedars, he advanced towards a beautiful dwelling, around which was everything to indicate the possession of a cultivated taste by the owner, and wealth for its gratification. But at these external beauties he scarcely glanced. Too deeply was he absorbed by thoughts of the approaching interview.

Dismounting and fastening his horse, Harding advanced to the hall-door, and lifting the heavy knocker brought it down with a strong hand. The sound reverberated loudly within. In a few moments, a servant answered his summons.

"Is Mrs. Hartley at home?" asked the carpenter. The suspense from which he was now suffering made his voice falter.

"She is," was the quiet answer.

"Can I see her?"

"Will you walk in?" said the servant, politely.

The carpenter entered, and was shown into one of the elegantly furnished parlors.

"What name shall I say?"

Harding was about to give a wrong name, but his quickened moral sense instantly objected, and he said—

"No matter. Say that I wish particularly to see her."

The servant hesitated for a few moments, and then left the apartment. Soon the rustle of a lady's garments was heard on the stairs. Harding arose to his feet, involuntarily, and stood almost holding his breath. A tall, dignified, middle-aged woman, with a mild countenance, presented herself. It was not her of whom the excited man was in search! The lady bowed, as she entered, and said—

"My name is Mrs. Hartley."

"Not the Mrs. Hartley I wish to see," replied the carpenter, in a tone that betrayed the depth of his disappointment.

"I know no other by my name," the lady answered. "You seem to be under some mistake, sir. Perhaps, if you explain yourself, I may be able to set you right. Will you not be seated?"

As Harding resumed his chair, he said—

"A woman has at my house, last night—it is the second time she has called there—who told me that she lived in Overton, and that her name was Mrs. Hartley."

"Ah?" The lady was surprised. "What kind of a looking woman was she?"

"In person, near your size, and, to all appearance, near your age."

The lady's face flushed.

"Near my size and age?"

"Yes, ma'am; but, in countenance, your bear no resemblance," said the carpenter.

"And she said her name was Hartley, and that she resided at Overton?"

"She did; but I questioned, in my own mind, her truthfulness at the time. Ah! how cruelly have I been deceived!"

"Deceived! In what way, sir?" asked the lady.

"Pardon me," said the carpenter, "if I decline an explanation. The reasons are imperative."

"You are the best judge of that. And yet, as my name has been used in so strange a manner, it seems only right that I should be made acquainted, at least in some degree, with the occasion of such an unwarrantable liberty. Can you describe the woman to me?"

Harding gave as accurate a description as possible of the person, for whom he was in search.

"Did you observe a mole on her right cheek?" asked the lady.

"O yes, madam! I remember that distinctly," said the carpenter, starting to his feet.

"Tell me! Do you know her?"

"And she said her name was Hartley?"

"Yes."

"And that she lived at Overton?"

"Her words, as my visit here attests."

"A very singular statement," said the lady.

"O, madam! Tell me if you know her. Do not keep me in suspense," urged the carpenter, growing more excited.

"I cannot imagine the reason of such singular conduct." The lady spoke to herself. "Gave her name as Mrs. Hartley! What does it mean? There is some mystery here," she added, addressing the carpenter: "and as my name has become connected with it, I have a right to ask for explanations. For what purpose did this woman come to your house?"

"From the description I have given, do you identify her?" asked Harding.

"I do, clearly."

The carpenter struck his hands together, exclaiming—

"So much gained! so much gained! O, madam! tell me where I can find her?"

"Not unless I know why you are in search

of her. If you will not trust me, neither will I trust you," replied the lady, firmly.

Deeply perplexed was the carpenter again. He saw that the woman was right; and yet he was as much in doubt respecting her, as she was respecting him. It was plain that she knew the persons who had carried off the child; but what good or evil might flow from a revelation of the strange facts connected with them, he was unable to divine.

"Does she live in Overton?" he asked, hoping to gain some admission.

"I shall communicate nothing," said Mrs. Hartley, "unless I know the ground of your enquiries. If, as I said before, you will not trust me, I will not trust you."

"We never know how far it is safe to trust an entire stranger," remarked Harding.

"Very true; and that is my reason for not giving information to a stranger, of whose objects I am entirely ignorant."

"Will you answer me these questions?" The carpenter spoke in an anxious tone. "Is the lady in good social standing? And is she known as virtuous and honorable?"

"I can answer you freely. She is in good standing, and I have never heard anything against her of so grave a nature as this that you now allege—the assumption of my name. This, sir, is a most serious allegation. The wherefore must involve something more serious still."

"That it certainly does," said the carpenter. "And, this being so, it is but just towards her, that I should keep my own counsel, until I see her face to face. That she desires secrecy, is apparent in the fact, that she has misled me by assuming a name that belongs to another. Ah, madam, if you would only give me the information I seek."

The lady mused for some time. Then, shaking her head, she answered—

"I cannot meet your wishes."

Harding sighed deeply. Rising, he moved towards the door of the apartment, his face strongly marked by disappointment.

"May I ask your address?" said Mrs. Hartley.

It was given without hesitation.

"Your errand here this morning, is a very singular one, Mr. Harding," remarked the lady, evidently unwilling to have him depart, without some disclosure of facts about which her curiosity was in no small degree excited. "Is it not possible for us so far to trust each other, as to impart the information each desires?"

"Not at present, I fear," answered the carpenter. "Too many grave considerations force themselves upon my mind, and enjoin circumspection. But of one thing I can assure you; I shall not long remain in this suspense. Should the search of to-day not prove successful, you will see me in the morning—perhaps this evening, when, to gain the information I desire, I will disclose what now discretion warns me to conceal."

Bowing to the lady, who made no further effort to retain him, Harding withdrew, and, mounting his horse, rode off at a quick pace. It was not his purpose, now, to make further search in this direction. First, he wished to consult with Mr. Long, and get his advice as to the propriety of disclosing to Mrs. Hartley the facts of the previous evening in order to get the information so much desired. And so, turning his horse's head homeward, he pressed the animal to his utmost speed.

#### CHAPTER XV.

Immediately on his return from Overton, the carpenter went to see Mr. Long.

"One step taken in the right direction," said the school-master, after Harding had finished his narration of what passed between him and Mrs. Hartley.

"But, what of the next?" asked Harding. "That is the question I am unable to answer. A wrong step may involve most serious consequences. The parties in this strange and disgraceful business, evidently occupy a high social position, and are exceedingly anxious to remain unknown. If I reveal all to Mrs. Hartley, in order to gain the information I seek, it may be the cause of an irreparable injury. The mother of Grace has, it is plain, acted under an influence from her imperious mother, that she was unable to resist; and the latter, moved by family pride, or some other strong consideration, has taken an extreme step, the knowledge of which, if it get on the wings of common report, must ruin her in the good opinion of every one."

"It is but just," remarked the school-master, "to weigh everything with the nicest care, where so much is involved. I think you were altogether right in withholding from Mrs. Hartley the information she asked, and I cannot blame her for being equally discreet."

"But what step can next be taken? I have not a single clue by which to trace out the fugitives. They escaped in the darkness, and left no sign of their departure."

"Did not the young woman say something about her carriage being near at hand, on the road to Beechwood?"

"Yes. She said it was a quarter of a mile away."

"It might be worth your while," said the school-master, "to examine the ground, a little off from the road, and see if you can find the mark of wheels. The carriage, most probably, was withdrawn from the public way, in order to escape observation."

"Of what use will it be?" said the carpenter.

"Possibly, the direction taken may be ascertained."

Harding shook his head, doubtfully.

"Very small indications are sufficient often to lead to important results," remarked the school-master. "When we are altogether in the dark, we accept the feeblest ray, and hail it gladly, as the harbinger of approaching light."

But some other course may have suggested itself to your mind."

Harding shook his head, saying—

"I am, to use your own words, altogether in the dark. Not a single beam of light is on the way before me."

"Then do as I suggest, my friend."

"I very seriously doubt," said the carpenter, "the truth of what they said about the carriage being in the direction of Beechwood. I followed them quickly, but saw nothing of either them or the carriage, although I kept on for at least half a mile."

"The carriage was, of course, withdrawn from the road, and concealed from view. I do not wonder at your not seeing it. The women, most probably, heard you coming after them, and hid behind some sheltering object, until you passed. The distance you went gave them an opportunity to gain the vehicle, and make their escape. As you did not meet the carriage, on returning, the inference is plain, that the direction taken was not towards Beechwood. Now, if you can only find where it turned off from the road, and can thence follow the wheel-marks to the place of concealment, you may be able to trace them still farther, and thus determine, with more or less certainty, the course taken. It will be something gained, to know that they did, or did not go towards Beechwood."

"I will act at once upon your suggestion," said the carpenter. "No time is to be lost."

Just about the place which had been indicated, Harding found the deep impression of wheels in the soft turf, turning off abruptly from the beaten road. Following these, he discovered the spot where a carriage had been standing for some time, as was clear from the hoof marks on the ground. It was behind a clump of trees. Beyond this, he could follow the tracks, until they were again lost in the road. One thing he was able to determine clearly—the carriage neither came from, nor returned towards Beechwood. Between the place at which it had been stationed, and the little settlement where the carpenter lived, a road leading to the town of Clifton branched off. He tried to follow the wheel-marks in the road, in order to be sure that the vehicle actually went towards Clifton: but, the hard, beaten surface, and the mingling of other wheel-tracks, made this impossible.

It was now midday, and Harding returned home, intending, immediately after dinner, to start for Clifton, and devote the remainder of the day to searches in that direction. He found his wife awaiting him in troubled suspense. A few words sufficed to give her the meagre result of his efforts to discover their visitors of the previous evening. Her sad face and red eyes told but too plainly, how she had spent the hours since his departure. The children were subdued in manner, and their sober faces showed how sincerely they were grieving for the loss of their sweet little play-

mate. Lotty had kept close beside her mother during all the morning; and whenever the latter sat down, overcome by her feelings, to weep, the child would come and lean against her, or draw her tiny arms about her neck, and say—

"If they don't bring her back, I will be your little Grace, mother."

How the words went thrilling to the mother's heart, going deeper and deeper every time they were repeated, until at last she could not help clasping the little one passionately to her bosom.

Harding, after eating a few mouthfuls of the dinner which he found awaiting his return, had left the table and was preparing to leave the house, when Miss Gimp, the dress-maker, who had only half an hour before got home from Beechwood, came in with a look of importance on her thin face. In that particular crisis, she was far from being a welcome visitor; the more especially as it was inferred by them from her manner that she had by some means gained intelligence of what had occurred. She felt the reserve with which they treated her, and was somewhat piqued thereat; nevertheless, she could not keep back from them all that was in her mind, and said soon after she came in, in order to introduce the subject—

"How is that dear little babe?" Glancing around the room. "Asleep, I suppose?"

Was this a ruse to bring them out? Both Mr. and Mrs. Harding thought so; and therefore made no reply.

"I met a lady over at Beechwood," said Miss Gimp, "who asked about you and that babe, with a good deal of interest."

"Indeed!"

Both Mr. and Mrs. Harding's indifference was gone.

"Who was she?"

Miss Gimp looked mysterious.

"I don't feel at liberty to mention her name," she answered with affected gravity.

"Was she an elderly lady?" enquired the carpenter.

"She was neither very old nor very young," said Miss Gimp.

"Though somewhat past middle age," remarked the carpenter, who saw that it was necessary to excite a little the dress-maker's curiosity, by appearing to have some knowledge of the person to whom she referred.

"Yes," said Miss Gimp, looking at the carpenter rather warily.

"With dark, penetrating eyes and a peculiarly dignified, almost commanding manner."

"I found her pleasant and affable enough," said Miss Gimp.

"She can be so when it suits her purpose."

"Ah, you know her then?" remarked the dress-maker, thrown off her guard.

"I have met her, I presume."

"She did not intimate this."

Miss Gimp looked a little puzzled.

"It was not necessary, I presume. Did you meet her in her own house?"

"Me? No indeed. I haven't been to Clifton."

"Ah! True enough. You were at Beechwood."

"Yes. At Mrs. Barclay's. Mrs. Beaufort—"

The dress-maker stopped suddenly; for she saw by the eager manner with which the carpenter bent towards her, that he was merely leading her on to tell what she knew about the lady to whom she had referred.

"Mrs. Beaufort, of Clifton—the widow of General Beaufort," said Harding, pressing on to the dress-maker so closely, that she could only answer in the affirmative.

"Yes, it was Mrs. Beaufort," she replied. "She is a sister of Mrs. Barclay, and was making a short visit at Beechwood while I was there."

"Did she leave yesterday?"

The carpenter asked the question in so indifferent a tone, that Miss Gimp was altogether deceived as to the amount of interest he felt.

"Yes. She went away some time in the afternoon, I believe. Her going was thought rather sudden by the family. In fact, I heard Mrs. Barclay say to her daughter—the words were not meant for my ears—that she couldn't conceive what motive Mrs. Beaufort had for leaving so abruptly, and at so late an hour in the day."

"You will excuse me, Miss Gimp," said the carpenter, partly turning away and taking up his hat from a chair.

"Men are always excusable," returned Miss Gimp. "Business has the first claim. So make no apologies."

"Mary!"

Harding looked at his wife, and she arose and followed him to the door.

"I am going over to Clifton," said he, "and will come back as early as possible. In the meantime, be on your guard with Miss Gimp; and do not, on any account, let her know what happened last night."

"Never fear, Jacob. she will learn nothing from me," returned Mrs. Harding. "But do you think that woman was Mrs. Beaufort, of Clifton?"

"I am sure of it."

"Don't be too certain, Jacob. The disappointment, should the supposition prove untrue, will only be the greater."

"There is not a shadow of doubt on my mind, Mary—not a shadow. Good by! I will be back as early as possible."

And the carpenter hurried away.

"You know then, all about this Mrs. Beaufort?" said Miss Gimp, in the most insinuating way, as Mrs. Harding came back into the room.

"The lady about whom you were speaking to my husband. just now?"

The utter indifference with which Mrs. Hard-

ing said this, surprised in no small degree the dress-maker.

"Yes. Mrs. Beaufort, who resides at Clifton."

Mrs. Harding shook her head. "On the contrary, I know nothing about her."

"Nothing? Well, that's strange! I'm sure your husband does, if you don't."

Miss Gimp was puzzled, disappointed, and a little fretted.

"That may all be," answered Mrs. Harding. "He sees a great many people who never come in my way."

"But, really, now, Mrs. Harding, just in confidence," Miss Gimp leaned towards the carpenter's wife, and put on her most insinuating look. "Don't you know something about Mrs. Beaufort? I'm sure you do. She had a great deal to say about you?"

"Had she?"

"Yes, indeed, and about the baby in particular. Where is it?" and Miss Gimp's eyes looked around, searchingly.

"What about the baby?" said Mrs. Harding.

"And you don't know her at all?"

Mrs. Harding shook her head.

"It's my opinion, then, that she knows a great deal more about that baby than you do."

Almost impossible did Mrs. Harding find it to repress the strong desire she felt to question Miss Gimp closely, and to gain all she knew at the price of entire confidence, but her better judgment gave her self-control.

"That may be," she answered: "for we know nothing of its history. All I can say is, that I hope she may have as clear a conscience about the child as we have."

"Clear a conscience! How?"

And Miss Gimp's eyes went searching about the room again, and even tried to penetrate the adjoining chamber, through a small opening in the door.

"We have done our duty by the babe."

Miss Gimp was puzzled.

"How is the sweet little cherub?" she asked.

"Well," was the brief answer.

"Asleep, I suppose?"

"When did you leave Beechwood?" asked Mrs. Harding, not appearing to notice the dress-maker's question.

"This morning."

"How long were you there?"

"Several days."

"At Mrs. Barclay's, you said, I believe?"

"Yes. She sent her carriage for me, and took me over."

"And returned you in the same way?"

"Of course. She's very much of a lady; only so cold and reserved. Mrs. Beaufort, her husband's sister, is a very different kind of a woman."

"In what respect?"

"Oh! she's so pleasant and talkative."

"What kind of a looking person is she?" asked Mrs. Harding.



"Tall, and very dignified. I never saw such a penetrating pair of black eyes in my life. They seem to look right through you, sometimes. She takes a great deal of interest in you, let me tell you."

"Does she, indeed? I wonder why?"

How hard was it for the carpenter's wife to maintain her ex erior indifference.

"No, you don't wonder," said Miss Gimp, whose close observation detected the hidden excitement the other was so anxious to conceal. "You know that you are dying, this minute, to hear all I can tell about Mrs. Beaufort."

"If you really think so," remarked Mrs. Harding, forcing a smile, "pray have compassion on me, and relieve my great suspense."

The dress-maker was at fault again.

"Oh!" she replied, with ill-concealed vexation, "if you are so indifferent about the matter, I shall not trouble myself to enlighten you. I thought you would naturally feel an interest in learning something about a person who evidently knows a good deal more than you do about little Grace, and who, it is plain, has her eyes pretty closely fixed on you."

Saying this, Miss Gimp arose, and made a movement towards the door. She was very confident that this act would break down, at once, the assumed indifference of Mrs. Harding. But she erred. The latter was too clearly aware of how much was at stake to suffer herself to be thrown from her guard. All the information, of any value, possessed by Miss Gimp, had been communicated. She saw this, as her mind grew calm and clear, and she was pleased that the prying gossip was about to depart. It was in vain that the dress-maker lingered, and tried to strike some new chord of interest. Nothing vibrated to her touch; and she withdrew, utterly disappointed in the object of her visit, and in a very bad humor with both the carpenter and his wife, whom she failed not to abuse, in round terms, during three neighborly visits paid by her ere reaching her own dwelling.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

In a large chamber, the costly furniture of which was in the fashion of an earlier day, sat a pale but beautiful young woman, gazing fondly upon the lovely face of a sleeping child. She had no eye, no ear, no thought for anything but the babe, for, as she sat thus, an elderly woman entered, and moved across the room, without attracting observation, until she stood close beside her.

"Edith!"

The young woman started, and her face slightly flushed.

"I did not hear you come in, mother," she said.

"You can neither hear nor see anything, now, but that child."

The mother spoke with some harshness of manner.

Edith raised her eyes—they were not tearful, but calm and resolute—and fixing them on the face of her mother, she said, speaking slowly, yet firmly—

"Have I not said, mother, that this babe is dearer to me than life? Believe me, they were no idle words, uttered under excitement. For her sweet sake, I am prepared to give up everything—to endure everything. Let us, then, contend no longer."

"Think of the consequences, Edith! Cannot you think of these? Remember that Colonel D'Arcy will be here next week."

"Well?"

"And that he comes to claim your hand."

"Claim my hand?"

"It is promised," said Mrs. Beaufort.

"By whom?"

"By yourself. He has your written acceptance of his marriage offer."

"My written acceptance?"

"Yes. But why need you be reminded of this?"

Edith raised one hand, and clasping it tightly against her forehead, sat for some moments with a bewildered look.

"My written acceptance of Colonel D'Arcy's hand! Why do you say that, mother?"

"Because it is the truth. You wrote the letter of acceptance yourself."

"I did! When?"

Edith looked more surprised than ever.

"Scarcely two months have passed," was the firm answer.

"Ah!" A gleam of light shot across the young woman's face. "That, too," she added, with a sigh, "is becoming clear. By what dark spirit was I possessed? Mother! I have been on the very brink of insanity. The extorted pledges then made, I now repudiate, as I have already repudiated the cruel act of abandoning my precious babe. Had I been in my right mind, I dare not now pray for forgiveness. The act of accepting Colonel D'Arcy is yours, mother, not mine. Your thought—your purpose—guided my hand when I wrote the letter—as it guided and controlled my actions on that day, of all days the darkest in the calendar of my unhappy life. But, I have returned into my own proper self. I am clothed and in my right mind again; and Heaven helping me, from this day forth I yield to no influence but that of my own sense of right and duty! I can work and suffer, mother. I can bend to any hard necessity that may come; but false to my woman's heart I will not be! The widow's tears are not yet dry on my cheeks, and shall I turn my heart from all its pure love? You need not scowl at me, mother—I did love him with a full heart, tenderly. He was my husband; my excellent, true, noble-minded husband, poor and in humble station though he was—and the duty of public acknowledgment that I owe to his memory, to myself and to his child, I am resolved to make, and that right speedily. My

first great error was the concealment of our marriage from the world—the second, was suffering him to go away alone. Oh! that I could have been with him in his last extremity! My hand should have been the one that smoothed his pillow—my voice the last that sounded in his ears. Ah, mother!—hard, proud, exacting mother! With what memories have you cursed your child!"

Gradually had voice and manner deepened, until both displayed an almost fierce energy, before which Mrs. Beaufort—for she it was—felt herself cowering. Hitherto her imperious will had ruled her daughter; but now, her power over her was at an end, and she felt that it was so. The darling scheme, to compass which she had trampled the most sacred obligations under foot—making her suffering child a participator, even at the risk of dethroning her reason—had come to naught; and in its hopeless failure, other ruin was involved. Gone, for ever—she saw, in this second strong encounter with Edith, that it was so—gone for ever was all power to bend that young spirit to her will. But, what next? Could she turn from her child in proud anger, and go forward on her life-path alone? She asked herself the question—and the very thought caused a quick gasping for breath, as if she were about to suffocate. A little while she remained standing near Edith—then, without replying, she went slowly from the room.

An hour afterwards she returned, entering the chamber of her daughter as noiselessly as before. A low, sweet cooing voice stole into her ears as she passed through the door, and thrilled her whole being with a strange emotion—a mingling of exquisite pleasure and pain. It was the baby's voice. Little Grace was lying on the bed, and over her bent Edith.

"Darling! Sweet one! Darling!"

Thus her mother spoke to her, and at each tenderly uttered word, she answered with a loving response.

"My sweet baby!"

And a shower of kisses followed the words.

The babe still answered, with its sweet, low murmur, every word, and every act of endearment. She lay, partly elevated on a pillow, and in such a position that Mrs. Beaufort could see her face, while she remained unobserved by her daughter. The hour passed alone had been one of strong self-conflict—ending with self-conviction of wrong. The proud, unscrupulous woman of the world chafed for a time against the iron bars of necessity with which she found herself enclosed, and then gave up the vain struggle.

"Hard, proud, exacting mother! With what memories have you cursed your child!" How the words continued to ring in her ears, until chords were thrilled which had given forth no sound for years. Calmness succeeded to powerful emotion—and with this subsiding of the storm, came touches of gentler feeling.

"My poor child!" she sighed to herself, as some vivid realizations of what Edith had suffered, startled her into a new consciousness.

This was Mrs. Beaufort's state of mind when she entered Edith's chamber. It was not the first time that the voice of Grace had awakened echoes in her heart. None but she knew the struggle that it cost to part with the babe, when cruel pride and worldly interests demanded its abandonment. Angry as she had been at her daughter's secret marriage with a young man, in humble life, when the fact was made known to her; and almost driven to madness when the babe came to mar all the well-schemed future—still, in its lovely innocence that babe had glided into her heart, and made for itself a place there in spite of all her efforts to keep it out, and to cast it out. Witness her two visits at the carpenter's, in venturing which, so much was endangered.

In full view was the babe's face, as she entered the room of Edith. What a heavenly beauty radiated therefrom. What a winning sweetness was in her murmured replies, as she answered to the voice of her mother.

"Edith," said Mrs. Beaufort.

Edith started, as before, and a shadow fell on her countenance, as she turned towards her parent.

"Edith—my daughter." There was a tremulousness in the tones of Mrs. Beaufort, that betrayed her softened feelings. A few moments Edith looked into her face, doubtfully. Then she saw that her eyes were dimmed by gathering tears.

"Oh, my mother! my mother!" she exclaimed, in a voice of passionate entreaty; "will you not take this precious darling to your heart, as once you took me?" And she lifted Grace quickly from the bed, and held her towards her mother. "Her hands are outstretched, mother! She asks for a place in your heart—will you not let her in? A Heaven-sent blessing to us both she will prove—an angel in our home to smile away the darkness that has overshadowed it so long. Dear mother! Gather us both in your arms! Mother! mother!"

The last brief struggle was over. Around them both the arms of Mrs. Beaufort were flung, and, with a strong compression, she drew them to her heart.

"My child! my child!" she sobbed, as her tears fell over the face of Edith and the babe. "Even so let it be. There is room enough for both. I will take her in. Nay—she is there already."

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

A divine of our acquaintance, says the Portland Eclectic, in reading Paul's well known advice to Timothy, slightly modified the text without improving it, in our opinion. He read—"A little wine for thy stomach's ache, and thine often infirmities." The fault might have been in our ears.

## A FIDDDE WI' A HAVENLY CROAK.

A correspondent of the New York Musical Review is responsible for the following story:—

Prejudices founded on religious or conscientious scruples are among the most inveterate, and not unfrequently among the most unreasonable. Such are the prejudices formerly existing—and not yet by any means entirely extinct—chiefly among the descendants of the Puritans and the early reformers, respecting the use of instrumental music, and its introduction into the worship of the sanctuary. Sometimes they extend only to instruments of a certain character. Wind instruments, such as the flute, &c., are tolerated, while all such as owe their efficacy to cat-gut and hair are banished from the church, and their use deemed scarcely reputable in the family circle.

There is a hamlet—no matter where—inhabited mainly by the descendants of the Scottish Covenanters, who have inherited from their fathers not only their sturdy, unbending integrity and whole-souled piety, but all their bitter hostility to “the sinfu’ practices” of the men who wield the fiddle-bow or who join the dance.

A young minister had come to settle among them. With a smile ever upon his countenance, and a kind word for everybody, while zeal for his Master’s work shone out in every action, he soon drew around him the sympathies and the love of his humble parishioners. But ere long he perceived a change: friendly greetings were coldly returned; mysterious hints of the awful guilt of ministerial backslidings occasionally reached his ear; knots of men were seen gathered at the corners of the streets, engaged in earnest conversation, indicating by their looks and gestures that the occupant of the humble parsonage, that stood full in view, supplied the theme.

A vague rumor had begun to float through the hamlet, deeply affecting, in the estimation of the stern old Scotchmen, the moral character of their minister. It was heard with incredulity, and indignantly repelled; but it gathered strength; doubt succeeded to confidence until the most stubborn incredulity could resist no longer; the unmistakable sounds of “tortured cat-gut,” proceeding from the parsonage itself, reached the ears of that knot of men, and the awful fact stood revealed that their minister “played the fiddle.” Such an enormity could not be tolerated. The elders of the church came together, in secret conclave, to consult upon the course to be pursued in such an emergency, and, as the consummation of their deliberations, a committee was appointed to wait forthwith upon the minister at his home, “and deal wi’ him in a’ faithfulness,” and bring back a report of the result of their mission to the remaining elders, who would in the meantime anxiously await their return.

During all this time, the pastor himself had not been an unconcerned observer of what was going on among his people; neither was he ignorant of its cause. Conscious, however, of rectitude, he did not think that duty required of him the sacrifice of an exquisite and holy gratification, to satisfy unreasonable prejudices that he believed would be removed by a judicious course. From the window of his study, he saw the committee of the elders approaching with unwilling steps, and immediately conjecturing the object of their visit, he determined at once to meet the question in a way that they little expected. Meeting them with his usual cordiality, he ushered them into his snug study, and without giving them an opportunity to enter upon the subject of their mission, he commenced an animated conversation upon a subject that immediately arrested their attention. Music was his theme. He spoke of it as an aid to devotion—of its power to subdue the soul—to elevate it above the earth—to bring it into almost immediate communication with its Creator. He described the venerable Psalmist of Israel pouring forth with the enthusiasm of inspiration those glorious songs of Zion, that ever since have been the comfort and delight of the people of God, and sweeping with his trembling hand the strings of his harp, until the swelling sound was echoed back from the surrounding hill-tops. Carried away with the ardor of his own feelings, he rose from his seat, and taking from a case that stood in one corner of the room a well-worn violoncello, he sang to its accompaniment one of those immortal chorals, so dear to every Christian heart, and especially to every Scotchman. Possessing a rich, full voice, and no little skill in the management of his favorite instrument, he poured out such a flood of harmony as had seldom greeted the ears of his spell-bound listeners. The stern old men were conquered—conquered by the very weapon that they had come to condemn. As the pastor returned the instrument to its accustomed place, the elders arose and grasped his hand, and, without alluding to the object of their visit, they bade him “good-bye.”

Meanwhile, as time wore away, the remaining elders, who were anxiously awaiting the return of their committee—somewhat doubtful, perhaps, of the result—became impatient at their protracted delay—drawing no very favorable augury therefrom. At length, they entered and resumed their place in the august circle. Somewhat embarrassed at the novelty of their position, as envoys who had failed even to speak of that for which they had been sent, they sat for a time in silence, until one more impatient than the rest exclaimed—

“Hae ye dealt wi’ the minister, and hae ye destroyed the deil’s weapon?”

“Hout awa, mon, wi’ your dealin’,” indignantly replied one of the committee; “it’s nane o’ your wee bit sinfu’ dancin’ fiddles, but it’s a great, big fiddle wi’ a ha-ven-ly croak.”

## F L O W N .

Inscribed to Mrs. Mary Hesse, of Jersey City.

BY FANNY FALES.

"Death is a flight, and no fall."

Wearily, oh! wearily, the long night wore away  
To one who, tossing on his couch, yearned for  
the coming day;  
And oft his white lips moved in prayer, his blue  
eyes out were cast  
Upon his pale and gentle wife, with looks of  
love, the last.

The tall palms felt the touch of dawn, and  
orange blossoms threw  
Sweet incense at the Day-god's feet, as if his  
step they knew;  
Among the dark green aloe boughs, a flood of  
music born  
With light, stole softly to his ear, and whis-  
pered—"It is morn."

"Oh! darling, ope the shutters wide, let in the  
day," he said,  
"In vain the *punkas*, to and fro, are waving o'er  
my head;  
I long to feel the cooling wind lift soothingly  
my hair,  
I faint! let in the breath of morn—let in the  
blessed air.

"A little while, a few brief hours, these life-  
links will be riven,  
And I shall wear the robes *they* wear, who love  
and are forgiven;  
And at the golden portal meet our little daugh-  
ter fair—  
Christ suffers me to come to Him, will bid me  
enter there.

"My Mary, dear one, when this heart beats not  
against thine own,  
And thou dost turn the way we came, and wan-  
der back alone;  
Oh! leave me not in this strange land, but bear  
me home, to lie  
Beside our little Hattie's grave, beneath our  
Northern sky."

The birds sang in the aloe boughs, that grew  
anear the door,  
Sang on, although to breaking hearts he listened  
never more;  
Another strain than theirs had burst upon his  
raptured ear,  
The "Holy—holy—holy" song, that only angels  
hear.

Then sank the worn, devoted wife, as if by  
lightning stroke,  
Hours, days, her heart scorched up the tears,  
till God the fount awoke;  
Life saved, tho' now a weariness, she nursed its  
feeble ray,  
For him, her boy, the fatherless, and sought a  
homeward way.

Oh! days of peril on the sea! Oh! dreary months  
alone!  
The voice that cheered when outward-bound,  
she listened not its tone;

Yet, sometimes in the midnight hours, it whis-  
pered in her ear,  
"Peace, dear one, to thy broken heart, my spirit  
hovers near."

Ah! he is near her everywhere, to comfort  
when she weeps—  
His spirit floats upon her dreams, a watch anear  
her keeps;  
The angels minister to those whom Jesus calls  
His own,  
There's but a fragile veil between—then where-  
fore are we lone!

A little veil, like that which hid the Prophet's  
shining brow,  
Too glorious for mortal eyes, we could not bear  
it now;  
The Heavenly Shepherd in His arms the  
wounded lamb will bear,  
Till, with her darlings, in the fold of upper  
meadows fair.

EATING AND DRINKING—I believe that un-  
warranted and monstrous errors are propa-  
gated, by different writers, on the subject of  
food and drink. Each man has a whim or  
hobby, so that it has at length come to the point  
that if a man will live healthfully to a great  
age, say a hundred years, he must eat nothing  
but grapes and drink nothing but rain-water.  
The gentleman who advocates the grape diet,  
contends that wheat bread ought not to be  
eaten, that it has too much earth in it, and  
tends to stiffen a man's joints and muscles half  
a century sooner than if he subsisted on grapes.

There are certain districts in the United  
States where new notions of every description  
flourish with amazing vigor, as far as the num-  
ber of converts are concerned; among these  
mere notions are the injurious effects of tea and  
coffee as a daily drink.

I think that it is demonstrable that a single  
cup of weak tea or coffee at a meal, especially  
in cold weather, and most especially in persons  
of a weakly habit or constitution, is far more  
healthful than a glass of cold water.

Tea and coffee doubtless do injure some  
people—that is, some persons may not be able  
to drink them without its being followed by  
some discomfort; so will even water, if used  
too freely; and I think it will be found that, in  
nearly every such case of uncomfortableness  
after a cup of tea or coffee, this condition of  
things has been brought about by the too free  
use of these articles, or that the tone of the  
stomach has been impaired by improper eating.  
—*Halt's Journal of Health.*

Everybody's in debt. We don't care how  
often he settles up, nor how many receipts he  
can show, nor how religiously he has gone  
upon the "cash principles." There's one re-  
ceipt he cannot show, and for the best reason  
in the world—he never received it, viz., a re-  
ceipt in full for "good will unto men."



# ANTHEMIS.

As I pensive lie, and weary,  
In this lonely twilight hour,  
Gazing on the snowy hill-sides,  
Where the frost hath spent its power,  
On mine eye an image rises,  
That attracts me—and surprises.

As the drifts are slowly melted  
By soft tear-drops from the skies,  
'Tis a shadowy cross I see there,  
Which doth waken this surprise;  
And the earth, all brown and hoary,  
Readeth me a touching story.

For I see there, latent verdure—  
Blossoming May-flowers grace the sod,  
And the crystal flakes, slow melting,  
Seem the smiles—not frowns—of God—  
As my soul with sorrow rifted,  
By the crucifix is lifted.

So the harp, when Spring shall open,  
May be wreathed with chamomile—  
And the heart, now deeply broken,  
Yet may learn anew to smile;  
For the cross, though dark it seemeth,  
Holds the virtue that redeemeth.

A. P. C.

## SILENT INFLUENCE.

BY MRS H. E. G. AREY.

"How finely she looks," said Margaret Winne, as a lady swept by them in the crowd; "I do not see that time wears upon her beauty at all."

"What, Bell Walters!" exclaimed her companion. "Are you one of those who think her such a beauty?"

"I think her a very fine-looking woman, certainly," returned Mrs. Winne; "and, what is more, I think her a very fine woman."

"Indeed," exclaimed Mrs. Hall; "I thought you were no friends?"

"No," replied the first speaker; "but that does not make us enemies."

"But I tell you she positively dislikes you, Margaret," said Mrs. Hall. "It is only a few days since I knew of her saying that you were a bold, impudent woman, and she did not like you at all."

"That is bad," said Margaret, with a smile, "for I must confess that I like her."

"Well," said her companion, "I am sure I could never like any one who made such unkind speeches about me."

"I presume she said no more than she thought," said Margaret, quietly.

"Well, so much the worse," exclaimed Mrs. Hall, in surprise. "I hope you do not think that excuses the matter at all."

"Certainly, I do. I presume she has some reason for thinking as she does; and, if so, it was very natural she should express her opinion."

"Well, you are very cool and candid about

it, I must say. What reason have you given her, pray, for thinking you were bold and impudent?"

"None that I am aware of," replied Mrs. Winne, "but I presume she thinks I have. I always claim her acquaintance, when we meet, and I have no doubt she would much rather I would let it drop."

"Why don't you then? I never knew her, and never had any desire for her acquaintance. She was no better than you when you were girls, and I don't think her present good fortune need make her so very scornful."

"I do not think she exhibits any more haughtiness than most people would under the same circumstances. Some would have dropt the acquaintance, at once, without waiting for me to do it. Her social position is higher than mine, and it annoys her to have me meet her as an equal, just as I used to do."

"You do it to annoy her, then?"

"Not by any means. I would much rather she would feel, as I do, that the difference between us is merely conventional, and might bear to be forgotten on the few occasions when accident throws us together. But she does not, and I presume it is natural. I do not know how my head might be turned, if I had climbed up in the world as rapidly as she has done. As it is, however, I admire her too much to drop her acquaintance just yet, as long as she leaves it to me."

"Really, Margaret, I should have supposed you had too much spirit to intrude yourself upon a person that you knew wished to shake you off; and I do not see how you can admire one that you know to be so proud."

"I do not admire her on account of her pride, certainly, though it is a quality that sits very gracefully upon her," said Margaret Winne, and she introduced another topic of conversation, for she did not hope to make her companion understand the motives that influenced her.

"Bold and impudent," said Margaret to herself, as she sat alone in her own apartment. "I knew she thought it, for I have seen it in her looks; but she always treats me well externally, and I hardly thought she would say it. I know she was vexed with herself for speaking to me, one day, when she was in the midst of a circle of her fashionable acquaintances. I was particularly ill-dressed, and I noticed that they stared at me; but I had no intention, then, of throwing myself in her way. Well," she continued, musingly, "I am not to be foiled with one rebuff. I know her better than she knows me, for the busy world has canvassed her life, while they have never meddled with my own: and I think there are points of contact enough between us for us to understand each other, if we once found an opportunity. She stands in a position which I shall never occupy, and she has more power

and strength than I; else she had never stood where she does, for she has shaped her fortunes by her own unaided will. Her face was not her fortune, as most people suppose, but her mind. She has accomplished whatever she has undertaken, and she can accomplish much more, for her resources are far from being developed. Those around her may remember, yet, that she was not always on a footing with them; but they will not do so long. She will be their leader, for she was born to rule. Yes; and she queens it most proudly among them. It were a pity to lose sight of her stately, graceful dignity. I regard her very much as I would some beautiful exotic, and her opinion of me affects me about as much as if she were the flower, and not the mortal. And yet I can never see her without wishing that the influence she exerts might be turned into a better channel. She has much of good about her, and I think that it needs but a few hints to make life and its responsibilities appear to her as they do to me. I have a message for her ear, but she must not know that it was intended for her. She has too much pride of place to receive it from me, and too much self-confidence to listen knowingly to the suggestions of any other mind than her own. Therefore, I will seek the society of Isabel Walters, whenever I can, without appearing intrusive, until she thinks me worthy her notice, or drops me altogether. My talent lies in thinking, but she has all the life and energy I lack, and would make an excellent actor to my thought, and would need no mentor when her attention was once aroused. My usefulness must lie in an humble sphere, but hers—she can carry it wherever she will. It will be enough for my single life to accomplish if, beyond the careful training of my own family, I can incite her to a development of her powers of usefulness. People will listen to her who will pay no attention to me; and, besides, she has the time and means to spare, which I have not."

"Everywhere in Europe they were talking of you, Mrs. Walters," said a lady, who had spent many years abroad, "and adopting your plans for vagrant and industrial schools, and for the management of hospitals and asylums. I have seen your name in the memorials laid before government in various foreign countries. You have certainly achieved a world-wide reputation. Do tell me how your attention came first to be turned to that sort of thing. I supposed you were one of our fashionable women, who sought simply to know how much care and responsibility they could lawfully avoid, and how high a social station it was possible to attain. I am sure something must have happened to turn your life into so different a channel."

"Nothing in particular, I assure you," returned Mrs. Walters. "I came gradually to perceive the necessity there was that some

one should take personal and decisive action in those things that it was so customary to neglect. Fond as men are of money, it was far easier to reach their purses than their minds. Our public charities were quite well endowed, but no one gave them that attention that they needed, and thus evils had crept in that were of the highest importance. My attention was attracted to it in my own vicinity, at first; and others saw it as well as I, but it was so much of everybody's business that everybody let it alone. I followed the example for awhile, but it seemed as much my duty to act as that of any other person; and though it is little I have done, I think that, in that little, I have filled the place designed for me by Providence."

"Well, really, Mrs. Walters, you were one of the last persons I should have imagined to be nicely balancing a point of duty, or searching out the place designed for them by Providence. I must confess myself at fault in my judgment of character for once."

"Indeed, madam," replied Mrs. Walters, "I have no doubt you judged me very correctly at the time you knew me. My first ideas of the duties and responsibilities of life were aroused by Margaret Winne; and I recollect that my intimacy with her commenced after you left the country."

"Margaret Winne? Who was she? Not the wife of that little Dr. Winne we used to hear of occasionally? They attended the same church with us, I believe?"

"Yes; she was the one. We grew up together, and were familiar with each other's faces from childhood; but this was about all. She was always in humble circumstances, as I had myself been in early life; and, after my marriage, I used positively to dislike her, and to dread meeting her, for she was the only one of my former acquaintances who met me on the same terms as she had always done. I thought she wished to remind me that we were once equals in station; but I learned, when I came to know her well, how far she was above so mean a thought. I hardly know how I came first to appreciate her, but we were occasionally thrown in contact, and her sentiments were so beautiful—so much above the common stamp—that I could not fail to be attracted by her. She was a noble woman. The world knows few like her. So modest and retiring—with an earnest desire to do all the good in the world of which she was capable, but with no ambition to shine. Well fitted, as she was, to be an ornament in any station of society, she seemed perfectly content to be the idol of her own family, and known to few besides. There were few subjects on which she had not thought, and her clear perceptions went at once to the bottom of a subject, so that she solved simply many a question on which astute philosophers had found themselves at fault. I came at last to regard her opinion almost as an oracle. I have often

thought, since her death, that it was her object to turn my life into that channel to which it has since been devoted, but I do not know. I had never thought of the work that has since occupied me at the time of her death, but I can see now how cautiously and gradually she led me among the poor, and taught me to sympathise with their sufferings, and gave me, little by little, a clue to the evils that had sprung up in the management of our public charities. She was called from her family in the prime of life, but they who come after her do assuredly rise up and call her blessed. She has left a fine family, who will not soon forget the instructions of their mother."

"Ah! yes, there it is, Mrs. Walters. A woman's sphere, after all, is at home. One may do a great deal of good in public, no doubt, as you have done; but don't you think that, while you have devoted yourself so untiringly to other affairs, you have been obliged to neglect your own family, in order to gain time for this? One cannot live two lives at once, you know."

"No, madam, certainly we cannot live two lives at once, but we can glean a much larger harvest from the one which is bestowed upon us than we are accustomed to think. I do not, by any means, think that I have ever neglected my own family in the performance of other duties, and I trust my children are proving, by their hearty co-operation with me, that I am not mistaken. Our first duty, certainly, is at home, and I determined, at the outset, that nothing should call me from the performance of this first charge. I do not think anything can excuse a mother from devoting a large portion of her life in personal attention to the children God has given her. But I can assure you that, to those things which I have done of which the world could take cognizance, I have given far less time than I used once to devote to dress and amusement. I found, by systematizing everything, that my time was more than doubled; and, certainly, I was far better fitted to attend properly to my own family, when my eyes were opened to the responsibilities of life, than when my thoughts were wholly occupied by fashion and display."

**PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.**—Nothing more clearly indicates the imperfection of medical science, than the multitude of deaths constantly taking place from pulmonary consumption. Because these are frequent, no alarm is excited; but that by no means lessens the melancholy catalogue of those who are perpetually going down to a premature grave. Is it not possible to rouse a spirit of further investigation in this direction? While manifest progress is making in the treatment of most other diseases, little is achieved in regard to this slowly developed, but fatal malady. The scientific use of a stethoscope does not cure patients. There is

no difficulty in predicting very nearly the exact condition of each and every part of the respiratory apparatus; but that does not constitute a remedy. Not a single advance, of real value, has been made in the treatment, beyond the employment of cod-liver oil, for a long period. Either there is no disposition to undergo the fatigues of experimenting, or the resources of medicine and art are exhausted, so far as that uncontrolled disease is concerned. A better opening for bold researches was never presented, than while the expression is nearly universal, "physicians cannot arrest or subdue pulmonary disorganization." A distinct chair in some or all of the colleges, for the study of the thoracic viscera, and the lungs in particular, in health and disease, would be an important movement, and we doubt not would lead to the happiest results.—*Boston Medical Journal.*

## ANECDOTES OF ARTISTS.

[From Spooner's "Anecdotes of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors and Architects," published by Putnam & Co., we make a few pleasant selections.]

**TITIAN'S LAST SUPPER AND EL MUDO**—Palomino says that when Titian's famous painting of the Last Supper arrived at the Escurial, it was found too large to fit the panel in the refectory, where it was designed to hang. The king, Philip II., proposed to cut it to the proper size. El Mudo, (the dumb painter), who was present, to prevent the mutilation of so capital a work, made earnest signs of intercession with the king, to be permitted to copy it, offering to do it in the space of six months. The king expressed some hesitation, on account of the length of time required for the work, and was proceeding to put his design in execution, when El Mudo repeated his supplications in behalf of his favorite master with more fervency than ever, offering to complete the copy in less time than he at first demanded, tendering at the same time his head as the punishment if he failed. The offer was not accepted, and execution was performed on Titian, accompanied with the most distressing attitudes and distortions of El Mudo.

**FUSELI'S METHOD OF GIVING VENT TO HIS PASSION.**—When thwarted in the Academy (which happened not unfrequently), his wrath aired itself in a polyglott. "It is a pleasant thing, and advantageous," said the painter, on one of these occasions, "to be learned. I can speak Greek, Latin, French, English, German, Danish, Dutch, and Spanish, and so let my folly or my fury get vent through eight different avenues."

**FUSELI'S RETORT IN MR. COUTTS' BANKING HOUSE**—During the exhibition of his Milton pictures, he called at the banking house of Mr. Coutts, saying that he was going out of town

for a few days, and wished to have some money in his pockets. "How much?" said one of the firm. "How much!" said Fuseli, "why, as much as twenty pounds; and as it is a large sum, and I don't wish to take your establishment by surprise, I have called to give you a day's notice of it!" "I thank you, sir," said the cashier, imitating Fuseli's own tone of irony, "we shall be ready for you—but as the town is thin and money scarce with us, you will oblige me greatly by giving us a few orders to see your Milton Gallery—it will keep cash in our drawers, and hinder your exhibition from being empty." Fuseli shook him heartily by the hand, and cried, "Blastation! you shall have the tickets with all my heart; I have had the opinion of the virtuosi, the dilettanti, the cognoscenti, and the nobles and gentry on my pictures, and I want now the opinion of the blackguards. I shall send you and your friends a score of tickets, and thank you, too, for taking them."

**BUFFALMACCO AND THE COUNTRYMAN.**—While Buonamico was employed at Florence, a countryman came and engaged him to paint a picture of St. Christopher, for his parish church; the contract was, that the figure should be twelve braccia in length,\* and the price eight florins. But when the painter proceeded to look at the church for which the picture was ordered, he found it but nine braccia high, and the same in length; therefore, as he was unable to paint the saint in an upright position, he represented him reclining, bent the legs at the knees, and turned them up against the opposite wall. When the work was completed, the countryman declared that he had been cheated, and refused to pay for it. The matter was then referred to the authorities, who decided that Buffalmacco had performed his contract, and ordered the stipulated payment to be made.

The writer of these pages, in his intercourse with artists, has met with incidents as comical as that just related of Buonamico. Some artists proceed to paint without having previously designed, or even sketched out their subject on the canvas. We know an artist, who painted a fancy portrait of a child, in a landscape, reclining on a bank beside a stream; but when he had executed the landscape, and the greater part of the figure, he found he had not room in his canvas to get the feet in; so he turned the legs up in such a manner, as to give the child the appearance of being in great danger of sliding into the water. We greatly offended the painter by advising him to drive a couple of stakes into the bank to prevent such a catastrophe. Another artist, engaged in painting a

full-length portrait, found, when he had got his picture nearly finished, that his canvas was at least four inches too short. "What shall I do?" said the painter to a friend; "I have not room for the feet." "Cover them up with green grass," was the reply. "But my background represents an interior." "Well, hay will do as well." "Confound your jokes: a barn is a fine place to be sure for fine carpets, fine furniture, and a fine gentleman. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll place one foot on this stool, and hide the other beneath this chair." He did so, but the figure looked all body and no legs, and the sitter refused to take the portrait.

**ANECDOTE OF THE ENGLISH PAINTER, JAMES SEYMOUR.**—He was employed by the Duke of Somerset, commonly called "the Proud Duke," to paint the portraits of his horses at Petworth, who condescended to sit with Seymour (his namesake) at table. One day at dinner, the Duke filled his glass, and saying with a sneer, "Cousin Seymour, your health," drank it off. "My lord," said the artist, "I believe I have the honor of being related to your grace." The proud peer rose from the table, and ordered his steward to dismiss the presumptuous painter, and employ an humbler brother of the brush. This was accordingly done; but when the new painter saw the spirited works of his predecessor, he shook his head, and retiring said, "No man in England can compete with James Seymour." The Duke now condescended to recall his discarded cousin. "My lord," was the answer of Seymour, "I will now prove to the world that I am of your blood—I *won't come*." Upon receiving this laconic reply, the Duke sent his steward to demand a former loan of £100. Seymour briefly replied that "he would write to his Grace." He did so, but directed his letter, "Northumberland House, opposite the Trunk-maker's, Charing Cross." Enraged at this additional insult, the Duke threw the letter into the fire without opening it, and immediately ordered the steward to have him arrested. But Seymour, struck with an opportunity of evasion, carelessly observed that "it was hasty in his Grace to burn his letter, because it contained a bank note for £100, and that, therefore, they were now quits."

**FUSELI'S WIFE'S METHOD OF CURING HIS FITS OF DESPENDENCY.**—He was subject to fits of despondency, and during the continuance of such moods, he sat with his beloved book on entomology upon his knee—touched now and then the breakfast cup with his lips, and seemed resolutely bent on being unhappy. In periods such as these, it was difficult to rouse him, and even dangerous. Mrs. Fuseli, on such occasions, ventured to become his monitress. "I know him well," she said one morning to a friend who found him in one of his dark moods, "he will not come to himself till he is put into a passion—the storm then clears off, and the man looks out serene." "Oh, no," said her

\*The braccio, (arm, cubit) is an Italian measure, which varies in length, not only in different parts of Italy, but also according to the thing measured. In Parma, for example, the braccio for measuring silk is 23 inches, for woollens and cottons 25 and a fraction, while that for roads and buildings is 21 only. In Siena, the braccio for cloth is 14 inches, while in Florence it is 23, and in Milan it is 30 inches, English measure.



visitor, "let him alone for a while—he will soon think rightly." He was spared till next morning—he came to the breakfast table in the same mood of mind. "Now I must try what I can do," said his wife to the same friend whom she had consulted the day before; she now began to reason with her husband, and soothe and persuade him; he answered only by a forbidding look and a shrug of the shoulder. She then boldly snatched away his book, and dauntlessly abode the storm. The storm was not long in coming—his own fiend rises up not more furiously from the side of Eve than did the painter. He glared on his friend and on his wife—uttered a deep imprecation—rushed up stairs and strode about his room in great agitation. In a little while his steps grew more regular—he soon opened the door and descended to his labor all smiles and good humor.

Fuseli's method of curing his wife's anger was not less original and characteristic. She was a spirited woman, and one day, when she had wrought herself into a towering passion, her sarcastic husband said, "Sophia, my love, why don't you swear? You don't know how much it would ease your mind."

**SALVATOR ROSA'S OPINION OF HIS OWN WORKS.**—While a Roman nobleman was one day endeavoring to drive a hard bargain with Salvator Rosa, he coolly interrupted him, saying that, till the picture was finished, he himself did not know its value: "I never bargain, sir, with my pencil; for it knows not the value of its own labor before the work is finished. When the picture is done, I will let you know what it costs, and you may then take it or not, as you please."

**SALVATOR ROSA'S HARPSICHOORD.**—Salvator Rosa's confidence in his own powers was as frankly confessed as it was justified by success. Happening one day to be found by a friend in Florence, in the act of modulating on a very indifferent old harpsichord, he was asked how he could keep such an instrument in his house. "Why," said his friend, "it is not worth a scudo." "I will wager what you please," said Salvator, "that it shall be worth a thousand before you see it again." A bet was made, and Rosa immediately painted a landscape with figures on the lid, which was not only sold for a thousand scudi, but was esteemed a capital performance. On one end of the harpsichord he also painted a skull and music-books. Both these pictures were exhibited in the year 1823 at the British Institution.

**SINGULAR PICTORIAL ILLUSIONS.**—Over a certain fountain in Rome, there was a cornice so skilfully painted, that the birds were deceived, and trying to alight on it, frequently fell into the water beneath. Annibale Caracci painted some ornaments on a ceiling of the Farnese palace, which the Duke of Sessa, Spanish Ambassador to the Pope, took for sculptures, and would not believe they were painted

on a flat ground, until he had touched them with a lance. Agostino Caracci painted a horse which deceived the living animal—a triumph so celebrated in Apelles. Juan Sanchez Cotan painted at Granada a "Crucifixion," on the cross of which Palomino says birds often attempted to perch, and which at first sight the keen-eyed Cean Bermudez mistook for a piece of sculpture. The reputation of this painter stood so high, that Vincenzo Carducci travelled from Madrid to Granada on purpose to see him; and he is said to have recognized him among the white-robed fraternity of which he was a member, by observing in the expression of his countenance a certain affinity to the spirit of his works.

It is related of Murillo's picture of St. Anthony of Padua, that the birds, wandering up and down the aisles of the cathedral at Seville, have often attempted to perch upon a vase of white lilies painted on a table in the picture, and to peck at the flowers. The pre-eminent modern Zeuxis, however, was Pierre Mignard, whose portrait of the Marquis de Gouvernet was accosted by that lady's pet parrot, with an affectionate "*Baise moi, ma maitresse!*"

**FRANK HALS AND VANDYKE.**—In the early part of Frank Hals' life, to accommodate his countrymen, who were sparing both of their time and money, he painted portraits for a low price at one sitting in a single hour. Vandyke in his way to Rome, passing through the place, sat his hour as a stranger to the rapid portrait painter. Hals had seen some of the works of Vandyke, but was unacquainted with his person. When the picture was finished, Vandyke, assuming a silly manner, said it appeared to be easy work, and that he thought he could do it. Hals, thinking to have some fun, consented to sit an hour precisely by the clock, and not to rise or look at what he fully expected to find a laughable daub. Vandyke began his work; Hals looked like a sitter. At the close, the wag rose with all his risible muscles prepared for a hearty laugh; but when he saw the splendid sketch, he started, looked and exclaimed, "You must be either Vandyke or the devil!"

**INFUSION OF COFFEE LEAVES.**—We are promised an addition to our list of beverages that cheer but not inebriate. The leaves of the coffee-plant possess caffeine (which is identical with theine in tea) as well as the berry, and are used in preference by the natives of Sumatra. Specimens of the prepared leaves were shewn in the Great Exhibition by Dr. Gardner, with the caffeine extracted from them, and the consequence has been that the planters of Ceylon are now soliciting tenders for coffee-leaves by the ton. "With a little boiled rice," says an English gentleman, writing from Padang, "and the infusion of the coffee-leaf, a man will support the labors of the field in rice-planting for days and weeks successively, up to the knees in mud, under a burning sun or drench-

ing rains, which he could not do by the use of simple water, or by the aid of spirituous or fermented liquors. I have had opportunity of observing for twenty years the comparative use of the coffee-leaf in one class of natives, and of spirituous liquors in another—the native Sumatrans using the former, and the natives of British India settled here the latter; and I find, that while the former expose themselves with impunity for any period to every degree of heat, cold, and wet, the latter can endure neither wet nor cold for even a short period, without danger to their health. . . . My own constant practice has been to take a couple of cups of strong infusion with milk in the evening, as a restorative after the business of the day. I find from it immediate relief from hunger and fatigue, the bodily strength increased, and the mind left for the evening clear and in full possession of all its faculties. . . . The price here of the leaves prepared for use is generally about 1 1-2d. a pound; and I suppose it may be prepared and packed for the European market of good quality for 2d., affording sufficient profit to the planter, and bringing it within the reach of the poorest classes of Europe." The whole subject has been brought before the public in the *Pharmaceutical Journal* by Daniel Hanbury, and we hope that a fair trial will be given in Europe to this cheap and exhilarating beverage.

## THE WIFE.

BY FANNY FALES.

Wrong her by petulances, suspicion, all  
That makes her cup a bitterness—yet give  
One evidence of love, and earth has not  
An emblem of devotedness like hers.—WILLIS.

I love him—I love him, and cling to him yet,  
The wrong he hath done me my heart would  
forget;

His penitent, tear-blotted letter I ope—  
A leaf from the deluge, that whispers of hope.

I love him—I love him! Oh! chide not, my  
friends,  
Though justly you blame him, each word my  
heart rends;

I wooed Pride and Anger, they came at my call,  
Wooed Scorn, but Love, mighty Love, con-  
quered them all.

You bid me forget him—thro' good, and thro' ill,  
I vowed at the altar to cherish him still;  
I trusted him, nestled beside him for years,  
Unchanged by the coldness that stung me to  
tears.

And, now, if I fly like the moth to the flame,  
And draw near him tenderly—reckless of blame;  
While he pleads for forgiveness, I cannot deny—  
I may suffer beside him, afar from him—die.

There's calm on the sea when the storm hath  
swept by,  
The black night in passing leaves dawn in the  
sky;

The moss groweth green o'er the lightning rest  
tree;

Oh! Father! deal gently—give solace to me.

## CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

It is not long since a gentleman was travelling in one of the counties of Virginia, and, about the close of the day, stopped at a public house to obtain refreshments, and spend the night. He had been there but a short time before an old man alighted from his gig, with the apparent intention of becoming his fellow guest at the same house. As the old man drove up, he observed that both of the shafts of his gig were broken, and that they were held together by withes formed from the bark of a hickory sapling. Our traveller observed, further, that he was plainly clad, that his knee buckles were loosened, and that something like negligence pervaded his dress. Conceiving him to be one of the honest yeomanry of our land, the courtesies of strangers passed between them, and they entered the tavern. It was about the same time that an addition of three or four young gentlemen was made to their number, some, if not all, of them members of the legal profession. As soon as they became conveniently accommodated, the conversation was turned by one of the latter on an eloquent harangue that had that day been displayed at the bar. It was replied by the other that he had witnessed, the same day, a degree of eloquence, no doubt equal; but it was from the pulpit. Something like a sarcastic rejoinder was made to the eloquence of the pulpit, and an able and warm altercation ensued, in which the merits of the Christian religion became the subject of discussion. From six o'clock until eleven, the young champion wielded the sword of argument, adducing with ingenuity and ability everything that could be said pro or con. During this protracted period, the old gentleman sat with all the meekness and modesty of a child, as if he was adding new information to the stock of his own mind; or, perhaps, he was observing, with a philosophic eye, the faculties of the youthful mind, and how new energies are revolved by repeated action; or, perhaps, with patriotic emotion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation upon whom these future destinies must devolve; or, most probably, with a sentiment of moral and religious feeling, he was collecting an argument which (characteristic of himself) no art would be "able to check, and no force to resist." At one of the young men remarking that it was impossible to combat with long established prejudices, he whirled around, and, with some familiarity, exclaimed—

"Well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?"

"If," said the traveller, "a streak of vivid lightning had at that moment crossed the room, the amazement could not have been greater than it was with what followed."

The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal was made, for nearly an hour, by the old gen-

tleman, that he ever heard. So perfect was his recollection, that every argument urged against the Christian religion, was met in the order in which it was advanced. Hume's sophistry on the subject of miracles, was, if possible, more perfectly answered than it had already been done by Campbell. And in the whole lecture, there was so much simplicity and energy, pathos, and sublimity, that not another word was uttered.

"An attempt to describe it," said the traveller, "would be an attempt to paint the sunbeams." It was now a matter of curiosity and inquiry who the old gentleman was. The traveller concluded that it was the preacher from whom the pulpit eloquence was heard—but no, it was Chief Justice Marshall.—*Winchester Republican.*

## A YOUTHFUL ROBBER RECLAIMED.

BY ALLEN M. SCOTT, A. M.

Many a reader, whose eye may rest on these lines, and who first saw the "sweet light" in Tennessee or Kentucky, will remember the Rev. John Craig. This gentleman was of the Methodist persuasion, of the original Asbury school, and he, like most others of that denomination at the time to which we allude, was noted alike for his plainness of dress and a strict and open reproof of sin in what form soever it made its appearance, and under any and all circumstances.

Mr. Craig was one of the first preachers to visit the section called Middle Tennessee, now so populous and powerful, but then, (in 1801,) a mere wilderness. He was an itinerant preacher. His circuit extended from Powell's Valley, east of the mountains, to the extreme Western settlements on the Cumberland and Duck rivers. The settlements of the white man were "few and far between;" no public roads had been established—those distant neighborhoods were connected only by faint traces, which were but seldom travelled.

Mr. C. was exposed to many hardships. He lay down on hard beds, slept in open cabins, and shared many a scanty repast. But he was a man of energy, and his zeal never fagged nor grew weary. He felt the importance of his mission, and urged on by his zeal in his Master's cause, and the good of souls, he waded snows and floods, braved the fury of the winds, surmounted all difficulties, and carried the glad tidings of salvation to the new settlers.

The writer was born in Middle Tennessee, and though a mere child when he last saw Mr. Craig, his image is as fresh in his mind as the events of yesterday.

In 1830, Rev. Mr. C. came, late one evening, to my father's, and slept the night at our house. During the evening, after family prayers had been offered up by him, before retiring to bed, he gave to my father, in my presence,

a narrative, which was in substance, the following:—

Many years before, Mr. Craig was passing from East Tennessee to the Duck river country. His way led him along a dim path through a mountain pass, amid craggy rocks, near awful precipices and frightful chasms. Suddenly a young man sprang from a huge rock, and with a heavy rifle presented at Mr. Craig, demanded his money.

Mr. C. regarded the robber with a look of discrimination peculiar to himself, as he reined up his horse and said, "Young man, you never robbed before. What has brought you to this?"

The robber again demanded his money, threatening instant death if the other did not comply.

Mr. Craig answered, "This is your first attempt. You have been better raised! Your mother——"

Instantly the young man dashed down his gun and burst into tears, saying that he had indeed been taught better things. And he cried most bitterly.

Mr. Craig tied his horse to a limb, alighted and invited the trembling youth to be seated near him on a flat rock. The young man instantly complied, when Mr. Craig, in a mild and engaging manner, asked him how he had happened to become a robber.

The other told him that he had been raised in Virginia—his parents were in easy circumstances in life, and members of the Presbyterian church—that they had educated him religiously, and lavished on him all the affections characteristic of parental love. About eighteen months since, he had married against their will, and with his young and lovely wife, he had made his way into this new and unsettled country. His parents had given him no assistance, and having but little on which to commence life, and falling sick, without money, friends or credit, both he and his wife had well nigh starved. In the depths of his distress, he had, as a last alternative, resolved to make one robbery, only one, and afterwards live honestly.

Mr. Craig, in the spirit of love, pointed out his error. He told him, that he should have gone to his Heavenly Father, and made known his wants—that His tender mercies are over all His works, and none that trust in Him shall ever want. The young man was all tears—all penitence.

Mr. Craig arose, went to his horse, and taking off his saddle-bags, said—"I too am poor. I own no foot of land—no cottage in the wilderness is mine. I have but thirty-one dollars in the world, and reserving one dollar only, in the name of the 'Giver of all good,' I present you with thirty dollars. Take this little sum, as one sent you from Heaven, and God and His angels are witnesses that you promise amendment in future life."

Mr. Craig then prayed with and for the as-

tonished young man, and took an affectionate leave.

Thirty long years have elapsed. West Tennessee is a wilderness no more. The pale face had felled the forest. The red man had quitted his hunting grounds, and they were chequered off into a thousand furrowed fields. Mr. Craig was now an old man. His locks were white as wool. His children and grandchildren had grown up around him, and children of his spiritual charge surrounded him, like waving wheat-heads in the harvest field.

One sunny eve in Autumn, as the old preacher sat in the midst of the family group, it was told him that a gentleman was at the gate, who wished to speak with him. He went out, and saw an elderly man, neatly dressed, riding a fine horse. The stranger asked for accommodations for the night. This being granted, he dismounted, and with Mr. Craig he entered the house.

Little beyond the common civilities of life passed between them, until supper had been served. The elderly gentleman asked Mr. Craig to show him a private apartment, and when they were alone, he said,

"Mr. Craig, I think that you do not know me?"

"I do not," replied Mr. Craig.

"And yet I tried to rob you. I am that same poor, wicked wretch that demanded your money with a rifle presented at your bosom, thirty years ago, among the mountains."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the other.

"Yes," rejoined the first, "I am the same. I took the money you gave me home to my poor starving wife, and told her how I had obtained it. We counted it out on a wooden stool, and knelt down and covenanted with God and each other, to live honestly in His sight, and to walk uprightly before Him. We have prospered. Want has long since been a stranger to us; riches have flowed in upon us, and our children and children's children have risen up around us, to call us blessed. We have years ago become members of the Church of Christ. I have long and ardently desired to find you, but not knowing your name, I knew not how to make inquiry. Last Sabbath, at the camp-meeting, when you arose to preach, I at once recognized in you the man that had saved me from a felon's fate. I then learned your name, and now I have come to pay you the thirty dollars with thirty years' interest."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

Mr. Craig added, that the name he had never mentioned in connexion with these circumstances, nor would he ever.

"But," said he, "I have since visited them at their own house, and found them people of respectability, refinement and piety, and one son now occupies a high place, both in Church and State."

Mine Creek College, Ark., 1854.

## THERE'S WORK ENOUGH TO DO.

The blackbird early leaves its nest  
To meet the smiling morn,  
And gather fragments for its nest  
From upland, wood and lawn.  
The busy bee that wings its way  
Mid sweets of varied hue,  
At every flower would seem to say—  
"There's work enough to do."

The cowslip and the spreading vine,  
The daisy in the grass,  
The snow-drop and the eglantine,  
Preach sermons as we pass.  
The ant, within its cavern deep,  
Would bid us labor, too,  
And writes upon its tiny heap—  
"There's work enough to do."

The planets, at their Maker's will,  
Move onward in their cars,  
For Nature's wheel is never still—  
Progressive as the stars!  
The leaves that flutter in the air,  
And Summer's breezes woo,  
One solemn truth to man declare—  
"There's work enough to do."

Who then can sleep when all around  
Is active, fresh, and free!  
Shall man—creation's lord—be found  
Less busy than the bee?  
Our courts and alleys are the field,  
If men would search them through,  
That best the sweets of labor yield,  
And "work enough to do."

To have a heart for those who weep,  
The sottish drunkard win;  
To rescue all the children, deep  
In ignorance and sin.  
To help the poor, the hungry feed,  
To give him coat and shoe,  
To see that all can write and read—  
Is "work enough to do."

The time is short—the world is wide,  
And much has to be done;  
This wondrous earth, and all its pride,  
Will vanish with the sun!  
The moments fly on lightning's wings,  
And life's uncertain, too;  
We've none to waste on foolish things—  
"There's work enough to do."

PETER, THE HERMIT.—A wonderful man was this Peter the Hermit—slight and low in stature, mean in person, but with flashing eye; feeble, too, as clad in hood and tunic of unbleached wool, a coarse cloak scarcely covering his arms, and barefoot, he made his way among camps and courts; among crowded cities and unfrequented uplands, swaying all Europe by the might of his resistless eloquence. Marvellous must this have been. Would that some fragment of even one of his addresses—even a mere sentence or two of his burning words, had been preserved to us.



We have many a speech of many a prelate recorded in the monkish annals of these times: we still have that of Urban at the council of Placentia, formal and prosy enough, but, the rude eloquence of the soldier-hermit was, most likely, not of a kind for the learned convent writer to waste his glossy ink and choice velum upon; and so, like the mighty effect that followed, all has passed away. The way, indeed, in which Peter the Hermit is spoken of by cotemporary writers, seems to us to be very peculiar. No miracles are assigned to him, although at this period every abbey could boast of some half dozen: no labored eulogies redolent of superlatives, follow the account of his labors. Even whilst the highest praises are bestowed on Tancred, Baldwin, and Godfrey, the originator of the enterprise, in which they took part, is contemplated rather as though the writers marvelled that a man so mean and low should have wielded so mighty a power, than with admiration and love.—*British Quarterly.*

## LITTLE MOLLY.

BY MARTHA ALLEN.

The air was full of sweetness, the tall spire of the village church had just caught the last rays of the descending sun, crimsoning its glittering vane; while in the distance the forest vista, already in shadow, was lit as by enchantment; innumerable fire-flies were there disporting through their brilliant, voluptuous life, with lustre ever burning brighter as darkness deepened. Within the little cottage of Jacob Somers, the table had long been spread for the evening meal: his wife Rachel had displaced and re-arranged at least a dozen times, the brown loaf, the rich looking golden cheese, the plate of berries and the homely milk-jug, seeking thus to wile away the time. She had long ended her household labors, and for an hour and more had been anxiously awaiting the return of her husband. Again she took a seat by the window, and pressing aside the trailing jasmine and wild rose, which afforded so fragrant a shade from the noontide heat, looked eagerly to the hill-side, the path whence he usually returned. Just within sight was the clear lake, so replete with mournful memories, as the blinding tears gathered in her eyes. Jacob, with heavy, listless step, entered the room; he bore the appearance of one utterly regardless of all things; his eye was dull and cold; yet there was a contraction of the brow that spoke of pain, and it might be bitter grief. Carelessly he threw his coat across a chair-back, as he took a seat by the table. No change of countenance betokened interest or affection, as he replied to Rachel's kind words of inquiry. "Yes, the oxen had been long put up; 'twas hours since he had worked." Then, as if the mere utterance of these few words were painful, he buried his

face in his hands, taking no note of the bowl of milk Rachel had pushed towards him. A moment passed: again the hands were withdrawn; while more from habit than necessity, he commenced eating the bread he had broken into the milk. A large Newfoundland dog had crept to his feet, and now sought to win his attention; if possible to engage him in a game of romps as of old; suddenly Jacob grasped the table like one in a fit, whilst closely, shudderingly, he gazed on the dog. Yes, 'twas plain enough, he held in his teeth a stocking—a child's stocking—the sight revived all his grief; the assumed calmness fled: all stoicism was gone; with each sinew strained, each feature working convulsively, the strong man flung himself on the floor, writhing with anguish.

And where was Molly? the farmer's only child—his little darling—she who had made his home a paradise, by her childish prattle and endearing ways—she who had ever welcomed him with kisses; the hidden pearl, that made a blaze of glory in that lowly cot; the little one, who, with voice so sweet, would question him of Heaven, till he, the father, had learnt of his child, "Verily of babes and sucklings hast Thou perfected Thy praise."

*Molly had been drowned.* These few terrible words comprised an eternity of agony. Rachel's memory was no less fond. Her bosom still throbbed with the pressure of that tiny form she had there hushed to sleep but se'enight a week, yet, womanlike, she suppressed her grief to comfort the heart whose sobs were so despairing. No; she had not forgotten how lifelike looked the little one on her funeral couch; a smile playing round the dimpled mouth; the golden curls resting on the fair cheek; the hands folded over a bunch of violets, fitting emblem of such purity and loveliness—all seemed more sleep than death. Her own hands had arranged the robe worn on her birthday festival, and tied up the sleeves with blossom-colored bows, and even whilst thus raying her treasure for the grave—whilst her tears fell fastest—she felt that "God loveth whom He chasteneth," striving submissively to say, "Not my will, but Thine, O Lord! be done."

As all these recollections were stirred afresh by her husband's outburst of sorrow, a shadow seemed to fall from her gaze—her duty plainly revealed was before her, to lead Jacob's mind from the ghastliness and terror of death, which now oppressed, to the hope of a life eternal which comforted her. Kneeling, she raised her husband's face, and kissed the embrowned forehead.

"Be comforted, Jacob, and turn from the cold, wan, dripping form which memory alone presents to you now, to the angel in the bosom of God, that Molly has now become."

Thus, with words of grave tenderness and simple teachings, she strove to lead his mind heavenward—to give another bend to the

images fancy presented. Long it was before the farmer could find consolation; long before he could drive away the torturing thought of the loving farewell in the morn, as she climbed his knee and clung to his neck, with the painful contrast which met him on his return at eve—a dripping, lifeless mass, drawn from the lake which had drunk up her young life, as in innocent play on its brink, she had slipped and fallen in. But the loving wife persevered, telling of the free, immortal spirit, that had exchanged earth for the beauty of Heaven, that death was not a dark spectre but a radiant angel, whose embrace had imparted peace everlasting. An unknown calm descended on the mourners, and, as they knelt in prayer, their spirits recognized the presence, though invisible to outward sense, of the child they had lost. In faith they beheld her in gorgeous white vesture, with star-crowned head, leading them, with tender clasp, upwards, ever upwards.

## TWILIGHT TALK FOR CHILDREN.

BY EMILIE GRAHAM.

### NIGHT.

"Little children, can you tell me what shape night is?"

"Night! Bless us, no! We did not know it had any shape."

"Oh, but it has though; listen, and I will tell you all about it. First, however, what is night, think you?"

"Darkness."

"Very true, so far, but what makes the darkness? Stand up, now, with your back to the bright fire, and tell me what makes that darkness, like the picture of a black giant's baby, on the opposite wall?"

"Your shadow, certainly."

"Well then, cannot you guess what the darkness of night is? Do you suppose your plump little person can cast that terrible looking shadow, and the great, round earth, so thick and so solid, cast none at all, but let the sunlight through it, like a bit of glass or a drop of rain-water? No indeed. The earth casts a mighty shadow of its own, for little children to lie down and sleep in, when they are tired of work and play. It always has its fire—which is the sun—on one side, and its shadow, stretching far, far away, beyond the mountain-tops, and beyond the clouds, and beyond the moon, on the other.

"If the earth stood quite still before the fire—I mean the sun—it would have day on the same side, and night on the same side all the time; so that, after you had eaten your supper, if you wanted to sleep under the cool and quiet curtains of the night, you would have to travel ever so many miles to go to bed; and, when you had had your sleep out, all the way back again, into the bright borders of the busy day.

That would be very inconvenient indeed, but by no means the worst part of it, for nothing could grow on one half the earth if the sun never shone there, because it would not only be dark—and plants cannot live without light—but also colder than the coldest winter night. Other terrible things, too, would come to pass, more than you or I have any idea of.

"The dear, old, motherly earth knows better how to take care of her children, and spins constantly round and round like a huge top, so very, very fast, that in twenty-four hours she has turned quite round, and has given us the whole of one day, and the whole of one night, full of warm sunshine, and sweet, quiet sleep, without our even having to go out of our own homes in search of either.

"If I were to tell you, in figures, just how big the world is, and just how fast it turns round, I am afraid you would not be much the wiser; because you are not used to think of such large numbers, and would not understand at all how great they really are. Perhaps, however, it will give you some idea of the size of the earth if I tell you that the deepest seas, and highest mountains upon it are less, in proportion to its whole bulk, than the little roughnesses on the skin of an orange are to the size of the fruit.

"Oceans and rivers are like the scratches; mountains that pierce the clouds, like the uneven places in your foot ball.

"You can well imagine that such a monstrous top as that must spin pretty fast to turn all the way round in a few hours. If it did not spin faster than your tops and tetotums, our nights would last so many years, that long before one of them was over, we should die of cold and starvation.

"Think, too, what a great, long shadow a ball so large, and at such a vast distance from the sun, must cast! Dear me! If you thought of it all the days of your life you could never think of anything half so long as the shadow of the earth.

"Now, that you know what night is, that it is really only a shadow, you will not be so surprised to learn that it has a distinct form: for I am sure you never, in your life, saw or heard of a shadow that had no shape at all.

"You will wonder, perhaps, how people know so much about the size and form of it when no one has ever been where the whole of it could be seen at once, even if it were possible to see it in that way, which, for reasons that I will explain to you, some day, it is not. But there are always a good many wise men in the world who spend their whole lives in reading and writing, and looking at the stars through telescopes, and ciphering and thinking, and putting this and that together, until they find out a great many wonderful things: and all that little folks, like you and me, can do, is to believe what they tell us, and try to understand as much as we can.

"Let us believe, then, that they have discovered exactly how large the sun, and earth

and moon are, and exactly how far they are apart, and that they are all round like balls—or nearly so—and I think, after we have taken this for granted, we can manage to understand something about the form of the shadow that our earth casts out into space; but you must be very attentive, or you may not hear all I have to say, and learn nothing from it, and that would be a pity.

"If you had a small light behind you—the flame of a lamp, for instance—and a wall before you, at some distance, your shadow, cast by the small light on the wall, would be larger than yourself; if there were another wall, farther off, your shadow on that would be larger still, and if you could have one sufficiently far off you would cast a shadow upon it large enough to cover the whole earth: neither would it stop there, but go on, and on, growing bigger and bigger as it went. So, you see, when you have a light behind you, smaller than yourself, your shadow continues to increase in size the farther it extends.

"If, however, you had a very large light behind you—say as large as the side of a house—and a wall before you, your shadow would be smaller than yourself; on a wall at a greater distance, it would be smaller still, and so on, until it would, at last, come to a point, and vanish. Now, this is exactly the case with the shadow of our world, for the sun is a great deal larger than the earth, so that, although its shadow is very long indeed, it yet grows gradually smaller all the way, and comes, at last, to a point. If you think of it for a minute, you will not find it hard to understand that such a shadow, cast by a round ball, must be what is called cone-shaped, that is, shaped like a sugar-loaf, or the extinguisher of a candle, or the paper cornucopia you had last Christmas, full of sugar-plums.

"It is, then, under this great cone-shaped shadow you sleep every night; and, while you are dreaming, it passes swiftly over your bed, lifting its mighty head up, up, farther than your thoughts can follow it, beyond the pathway of the distant moon.

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teen times as much room on the outside of our world as the little people in the moon—if there are any there—have upon theirs.

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"The moon is the earth's little daughter, and, like her mother, receives daylight from the sun, and has a conical shadow, or night, of her own. Her day lasts for a whole fortnight, and so does her night. That is a very long day and night for such a little world, is it not?

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### "CHEER UP."

Never go gloomily, man with a mind  
 Hope is a better companion than fear;  
 Providence, ever benignant and kind,  
 Gives with a smile what you take with a tear.  
 All will be right,  
 Look to the light,  
 Morning was ever the daughter of night;  
 All that was black will be all that is bright;  
 Cheerily, then! cheer up.  
 Many a foe is a friend in disguise,  
 Many a trouble a blessing most true,  
 Helping the heart to be happy and wise,  
 With love ever precious and joys ever new.  
 Stand in the van,  
 Strike like a man,  
 This is the bravest and cleverest plan;  
 Trusting in God, while you do what you can;  
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Many a trouble a blessing most true,

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Strike like a man,

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Trusting in God, while you do what you can;

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## SIMILITUDES.—No. 6.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

## SNOW UPON THE HILLS.

Through how many long, dreary twilights the hills have awaited the coming of the snow!

December sunsets could not warm them, as they stood, each a forsaken Lear, with his head uncovered to the pitiless wind. The Summer birds long ago flew southward from among the dropping leaves of their summits, and moons have risen and waned since lambs were seen browsing upon their barren sides.

The mild autumnal air that now and then played around them, seemed to come from an unknown land; for it had no fragrance to bring from the dead flowers of the garden, or the gathered fruits of the orchard. It was like fresh and genial emotions that sometimes visit the heart of the old man; too spiritual to be mere gushes from some far-away nook in memory's cave, truly he deems them the whispers of spirits leaning downward to woo him away from loves that have their dwelling in the dust alone.

But at last the snow has come, the soft and stainless snow. And as the hills lift themselves up to put on the bridal robes which the clouds have unrolled for them, and to receive a smiling benediction from the sun, the heavens bend to kiss their pure brows.

Oh! the hills are glad for the snow!

At length, also, the river has gone to sleep beneath a broad, thick sheet of ice. But her slumbers are light, and in her dreams she hums softly the song that she will sing aloud at her Spring-time awakening.

Oh! the river is glad beneath the ice!

And the shrouded heart of Winter throbs with life as deep and healthful as that which gives birth to the full, unchecked utterance of midsummer's most joyful strains.

Fall lightly as the snow-drifts, gentle Death, upon those who have well worn out their youth and manly strength, and have nothing left but to stand in loneliness, waiting for thee!

## CROWNED WITH THISTLES.

Fairest maiden of the palace, are there no camellias in bloom, no roses, nor even a spray of myrtle alive, that thou shouldst wear upon thy head a crown of stinging thistles?

"Ah, stranger, it is not by my present choice, but because of a fatal spell which I have guiltily helped to bind about myself, that I wear this hateful garland.

"In the golden May-days which are now blotted from my calendar, I played with many others, in the fields of the fairy-queen.

"There we were bidden every day to gather fresh garlands for the brows of those who watched over us, or shared our sports. No harder labor was required of us than that we should always select our own flowers; and a merry sight it was—so many young and happy

ones dancing over beds of heart's-ease and violets, lingering beneath bowers of honey-suckle and eglantine, or swinging upon orange-boughs, ambitious to reach their sweet blossoms.

"But some of us bore an evil mind into fairy-land. I, alas! must number myself with them. If we twined a wreath of rose-buds, we would take by preference the stems on which there were many thorns; or would artfully blend with daisies and lilies, the deadly nightshade, the thistle and the nettle.

"When we left those lovely fields, a fairy stood at the outer gate, and said to each, as we passed,

"Of such flowers as have been oftencast seen in the garlands thou hast made for others, shalt thou hereafter daily receive and wear a fresh crown."

"Ah! then I blushed and wept—for well I remembered the white foreheads that thistles of my gathering had so often stung!

"Every morning I feel the prickly coronet pressed anew by unseen fingers upon my head; and I must wear it, though it forces from me bitter murmurings, frowns and tears. I could not take it off if I dared; for woe is me! I have woven for myself the thistle crown!"

## CROWNED WITH ROSES.

Maiden, upon the peaceful light of whose brow rests no cloud save the shadows of softly unfolding roses, art thou not she who lately stood with eyes gloomily cast down beneath a garland of thistles?

"I am the same, stranger; and I will tell thee how I come to wear this rosy crown.

"One morning I awoke from a delightful dream of fairy-land, where methought I sat upon a sunny bank and twined wreaths of lovely and fragrant flowers, in which I mixed not a single weed or thorn.

"Before my senses were unchained from the happy illusion, a fairy stood beside me, holding a crown in either hand; one of roses and the other of thorns.

"For which of these wilt thou change thy wreath of thistles?" she enquired.

"Ah! the roses, the roses!" I replied.

"But, maiden," said the fairy, "these two crowns are sent from our gracious queen, as gifts to thee and to thy fair young sister. She or thou must wear the garland of thorns; and thou, being the elder, art bidden to choose between the two.

"The queen of fairy-land remembers the errors of thy mis-spent May; and if the tears which the thistles have ere now pressed from thine eyes have not proved healing drops to cure the fever of a selfish heart, the crown of thorns may distil for thee a bloody, but more potent balm.

"Or, if thou wilt so choose, she bids thee wear the wreath of roses thou hast not deserved, and see a purer forehead than thine own pierced by the thorns."

"My sister! my dear, innocent sister! must she, can she bear to be so cruelly wounded?" I murmured.

"It rests with thee, maiden," said the fairy.

"Then let me wear it. Give my sister the roses, and let me wear the crown of thorns."

"And as I spoke, the dread of pain was drowned in a thrill of victorious strength.

"She placed the thorny wreath upon my head. One pang I felt, and wondered why I felt no more, as she glided away to my sister with her gift, and bade me look into my mirror.

"Oh, wonder of beauty! the point of every thorn was rounding into the mossy calyx of a rosebud, and velvet leaflets gradually unwound themselves from the prickles on the stocks.

"As I breathed the fragrance of the first half-blown rose, the fairy's voice came to me through the distance, saying,

"For every sweet blossom thou hast denied thyself to add to the wreath of another, a thorn in thine own garland shall be transformed into a rose!"

### THE CORNED BEEF BOARDER.

The following amusing anecdote has been furnished the editor of the "Albany Dutchman," by one of his correspondents:

A few days since, the capitol of one of the New England States boasted of but one public house, which was a very creditable establishment, by the way—and at which, at the present time, you can make sure of very comfortable and satisfactory accommodations, on reasonable terms. Then, as now, this house was the temporary home of the Solons and Lycurguses of the State, when their legislative duties drew them to the capitol.

Mr. F—, the proprietor of the house at the time to which I allude, found that he had all sorts of men to deal with—the State Representatives being composed of farmers, shipbuilders, land speculators, lumber merchants, &c., &c.

Of all men, however, the queerest customer was a Representative who had not certainly been chosen for any remarkable oratorical talents, or for any extensive knowledge of political economy. In fact, his notions of private economy altogether predominated, as the following anecdote will show:

With his constituents, Mr. G— took up his quarters at the public house kept by Mr. F—. He was delighted with the breakfast of venison steak, the dinners of turkeys and moose meat, and other corresponding accommodations; but really the rate of board was more than he felt able to pay. Accordingly, he applied to the landlord to know if he could not board him for less than the usual price.

"I should be very happy to accommodate you," said Mr. F—, politely, "but I should lose by the operation. I have the best of everything on my table, and my expenses are

so large that I could not live if I were to reduce my prices."

"No way at all—in my case?" inquired the representative, ruefully.

"No—I don't see how I can. I have to pay uncommonly high, this season, for my turkeys, venison, eggs, &c."

"Now, see here," interrupted Mr. G—, "I suppose these fixins are worth all you charge for board. I wouldn't complain if I felt as though I could afford to eat such dinners. Now, why not let them that want to eat the turkeys, pay for 'em? For my part I'd as lief eat corn'd beef every day as not. I won't eat your turkeys, and don't see why I should pay for 'em."

"Very well," said the obliging landlord, with an indulgent smile. "If you are willing to confine yourself to corned beef, as far as meals are concerned, and to eat other things accordingly, I suppose I can make some deduction in your case."

The representative was highly gratified. He promised to eat corn beef and to abstain from various costly dishes which were named, upon which condition a satisfactory bargain was made.

Accordingly, every body who observed Mr. G— at table from that day, were very much astonished at his singular choice of food. Of course, the bargain was a secret—confined to the two parties by whom it was made; and the unconscious waiters laid before the representative temptation after temptation, which he no doubt found it hard to resist.

"What shall I help you to, sir?" they would ask him: "Turkey, chicken pie, venison, steak, roasted—"

"Corn'd beef!" would be the self-denying exclamation of the scrupulous boarder.

Day after day it was the same. Sometimes the waiters would, through mistake, we may suppose, place before him a choice plate of the forbidden luxuries, which it made his heart ache to send away again, with his modest call for "corn'd beef!"

At length the waiters grew so stupid, or waggish, we suspect, that Mr. G— would have to send away half a dozen appetizing dishes before they could be made to understand that his unalterable choice was "corn'd beef."

This state of affairs afforded a great deal of amusement to the waiters, boarders, guests, everybody except Mr. G— himself, who was grievously annoyed. At last human nature could bear it no longer.

One day Mr. G— called for his favorite dish three times, and received successively, roasted veal, moose steak, and broiled chicken. Glowing and sweating with perplexity and wrathful impatience, he sent away the last named dish, with an emphatic request for "corn'd beef!" The waiter returned with smoking, odorous turkey.

"You thick-skulled rascal," cried the furi-

ous representative, "can't you understand? I ain't a *turkey* boarder, I'm a *corn'd beef* boarder. Do you hear? I'm a *corn'd beef* boarder!"

The waiter heard, the table roared, the representative perspired profusely; but he was never afterwards troubled with refusing the dishes he had forsworn. The waiters enjoyed the joke, and the representative the corned beef, in quiet.

## THE ARABS.

The generosity of the Arab race, (says Bayard Taylor, in one of his lectures), though little known, would put to blush many a more civilized nation. The following tale, which was told by the Arabs, strikingly exemplifies this noble trait in their character.

There were three Arabs, called Abdallah, Mustapha, and Hassan, more distinguished for their generosity than any others of their tribe. One day, three Arabs were disputing as to which was the most generous of the three, but not being able to decide, they agreed to disguise themselves as poor persons, and solicit their charity.

The first went to Abdallah, as he was just setting off for a journey. He told his tale of distress, when Abdallah dismounted, and gave the Arab his clothing, provisions which he had provided for the journey, and the camel, but told the Arab to be careful of the sword, as it was a present from Mahomet's son.

The second went to Mustapha's tent, but he was asleep; when the servant, not liking to awake his master, and knowing Mustapha's generosity, gave the Arab four hundred pieces of gold. When Mustapha awoke, and the servant told him who had been there, he exclaimed—

"Why did you not awake me? I would have given him much more."

The third went to Hassan, who, being infirm and almost blind, was leaning on two slaves, and making his way to a neighboring mosque. The Arab told his tale of poverty, when Hassan said—

"My two slaves are all I have; but take them."

The palm was awarded to Hassan.

The Arabs, when insulted, are revengeful and unrelenting in their hate; but the greatest vices of the Arabs are lying and cheating. In proportion as they are successful they deem it an honor, but if detected they are punished. The Pacha of Egypt relates a story of this trait, by saying that the devil, when he came on earth, brought nine bags of lies. One he scattered in France, and then crossed over to Egypt; but, as soon as he had landed, the Arabs stole the other eight.

There is an herb, used by the Arabs, more powerful and intoxicating in its effects than opium; but, while one part of the system will be under the control of this drug, the other

part will be in a sound state of mind, and wonder at the absurd notions of the other. It forms a state of mind between the animal and intellectual. While Mr. Taylor was with the Arabs, he tried the effects of this drug, and thus relates his experience. He said it seemed as if he was transported to the top of a pyramid in the Nubian desert, and it was made of plugs of Virginia tobacco. He again was travelling through an arch made of rainbows, but so quick the time seemed that he thought he was fifteen years going through. On a Kentuckian, who was with him, the effect was different. He sat watching Mr. Taylor for some time, till at length he jumped up, and exclaimed—

"By Jupiter, I'm a locomotive!" and commenced pacing the room very rapidly, and moving his hands at his side like the crank of an engine. This drug causes a thirst in the throat, and the Kentuckian took up a pitcher of water, when he suddenly placed it down, saying, "I won't fill up the boiler while I'm letting off steam."

The Arabs are given greatly to exaggeration, and Mr. Taylor says that that habit got somewhat fastened to him, but he left it when he left the country. A Musselman, that had been to Alexandria, and had seen one of our ships of war, asked Mr. Taylor how many ships we had. Wishing to keep the good name of the country up, among the Arabs, he replied—

"We have one hundred line-of-battle ships, let alone the smaller vessels."

The Musselman turned to a companion, and said—

"He is too modest, altogether, for I know they have upward of six hundred."

A. L. M.

**A DAMASCENE BEAUTY.**—We will first describe the daughter of the host—a very fair specimen of her sex in Damascus: her eyes are beautifully dark; her eyelashes, eyebrows, and hair, of a glossy jet-black; the latter, tinged with *henna*, hangs down her back, and reaches nearly to the ground in a succession of plaits, each terminating with black silk braid, knotted and interwoven with various-sized golden coins; her features (excepting the eyes) are small but compact. The nose is Grecian, the lips cherry, and slightly pouting; the chin, dimpled; the form of the face, oval; and the complexion clear, with a rosy tint. The bust and figure are unexceptionable; the arms comely; the wrists and ankles, well turned; and the feet and hands, perfect models for a sculptor. Yet this is one out of the many nondescript beings that we encountered with *izar* and veil in the street. Her face and figure are well set off by the head-dress and Oriental costume. On the top of her head she wears a small red cap, which is encircled by a handsomely flowered handkerchief, and over the latter strings of pearls and pieces of small gold money are tastefully arranged in festoons. In



the centre of her red cap is a diamond crescent, from which hangs a long golden cord, with a blue silk tassel, usually ornamented with pearls; her vest fits tight, and admirably displays the unlaced figure. In summer, this vest is of blue or pink satin, bordered and fringed with gold-lace; in winter, cloth, edged with fur, is substituted for the satin; and over the vest is worn a short grey jacket, chastely embroidered with black silk braid. The vest is confined to the waist by a *zunnar*, in summer, of a silk Tripoli scarf; in winter, by a costly Cashmere shawl; and from under this, a long robe reaches to her ankles, and is divided into two long lapels, lined with satin and fringed with costly trimmings. This latter robe partially conceals the *shirwal*, or full trousers, which hang loosely over, and are fastened round the ankles; the tasty mixture of colors, and the graceful arrangement, renders the costume a perfect study.—*The Thistle and the Cedar of Lebanon*.

### WHAT COURTESY CAN WOMAN CLAIM.

There is an old saying that some people stand up so straight that they lean over on the other side. We are disposed to think that politeness to women in the United States, frequently partakes of this exaggeration. It is, for example, no uncommon thing, at Washington, for ladies to invade the floor of Congress, or drive the reporters from their seats. Every day gentlemen are expected to abandon their places in the omnibus in order to make room for new passengers of the opposite sex. If a popular divine is announced to preach, it is practically useless to attempt to hear him, unless you are a woman. At commencements, and other popular assemblages, the gentler sex have in like manner an apparently prescriptive right to a monopoly of all the room. What was originally yielded as a courtesy, is now claimed virtually as a right. The hearer in a coat is expected to make way, invariably, for the listener in petticoats, and is pronounced to be ill-bred, sullen, and selfish if he does not.

We are aware that we undertake a perilous enterprise, in speaking the plain truth upon this question. We even run a risk of being misrepresented. To guard against this, we desire to say distinctly, that we would have the sex always treated courteously. The fact that a woman can travel from Maine to Texas, not only without danger of being insulted, but with the certainty that she will receive, everywhere, considerate attention, is, deservedly, one of the brightest boasts of Americans. But while an unprotected female has a claim on every gentleman for aid, it does not follow, that at all times, and in all places, the one sex should make way for the other. A strong, healthy woman has no right to drive a weary, or perhaps feeble man from his seat in an omnibus. A mere fine lady has no right to in-

trude on a reporter's seat in the halls of Congress. A female auditor has no right to enter a church at the eleventh hour, expecting to obtain a place by turning some gentleman out. Wherever, in short, the male has the superior claim, whether from the demands of business, or otherwise, it is pushing politeness into absurdity for him to give way—it is presuming on true courtesy to expect him to do it.

We are not alone in this opinion. Every real lady holds it as firmly as we do. Nor are such ever guilty of the acts of which we speak. But a false public opinion having given to the sex a practical tyranny in this matter, many women take advantage of it—a minority, we are convinced; but yet a minority large enough to produce all the evils of which we complain. Generally, also, it is those who have least claim to drive out the gentleman, who most frequently exercise the prerogative. It is the religious gossip, always running after the latest pulpit "star," who stands furthest up the church aisle and looks daggers at any gentleman retaining his seat. It is the fashionable, giddy belle, talking through the whole session, who invades the floor of the Senate, or encroaches on the reporters' gallery. It is not generally the poor, tired work-woman, who has a mile or two to go before reaching home, who stops the crowded omnibus and enters, determined to have a seat—nor even the weary mother with a child in her arms, but most often the energetic, hearty female, with a full purse and an excellent conceit of herself, and, above and beyond all, the fixed idea that anybody in a round hat is "no gentleman," as she phrases it, who does not make way at once for her, though she perhaps has but a square or two to go, and he a dozen.

There is a just mean to be observed, however, and to that we would direct attention. In the main, men should give way to women, for the latter are less capable of enduring fatigue. No traveller can err, therefore, in endeavoring to make the journey as comfortable as possible to unprotected females. But no real lady will presume on this, of occupying with her shawls, or bundles, the space of three or four, crowding the gentlemen, if not compelling some of them to stand. At church, commencement, or other popular assemblies, females, who wish to be accommodated with seats, should go early, and, if they fail to do this, should make up their minds to retire, except in extraordinary cases, rather than deprive gentlemen of their seats. We neither defend churlishness in the one sex, nor selfish forwardness in the other. But, in point of fact, there is far less danger of the former, as things go, than of the latter. Hence it is that we speak. If we have been apparently more severe on the ladies than on the gentlemen, it is because their offence, in this particular, is the most frequent; but we can assure them, that, if ever the opposite evil gains the mastery, we shall lash our own sex more heartily, and with infinitely more unction.—*Ledger*.

## A DINNER PARTY IN HIGH LIFE.

A German, who accompanied the American Expedition to Japan, has written an account of his voyage, which is now in course of publication in the *Augsburg Gazette*, and enters more into details than any other narrative we have seen. The passages relate to a dinner, which was given by the Regent of the Loo-Choo Islands to the officers of the American Squadron:—

"The hall, in which the feast was to be given, had been prepared at a few feet from the gates of the town. The arms had been stacked and the cannon muzzled. The crew received extraordinary rations of grog, while the officers repaired to the place assigned for the feast. The hall was divided into three apartments, of which the one in the middle contained four tables for the eminent personages. These tables groaned under the weight of a remarkable quantity of small plates, filled with all kinds of eatables, quite encouraging to the appetite and of a most delicious taste, but which were altogether too delicate for the maws of a hungry mariner.

"Tea was served in exceedingly small cups, which servants were always on hand to fill. There was neither sugar nor milk in it, but out of regard for us they had provided some sugar candy. These were nothing but the preliminaries of the feast. The repast, properly so called, consisted of twelve kinds of soup, which, we were assured, was in Japan considered to be a royal repast. It is the custom there to have a feast, consisting of three, four or nine soups or services, according to the quality of the guests; but a dinner of twelve soups was the *ne plus ultra* of the consideration they could show a stranger.

"The food was put in small plates of the size of a saucer, and consisted of different kinds of meat, fish, vegetables and fried eggs; and, only think, there was a plate filled with the greatest delicacy of all—dog's meat. Do not believe for a moment that the animals which are used for this purpose in the Japanese kitchen resemble in any respect European quadrupeds of the same name. They are delicate little puppies, fattened for this purpose from the most tender age; and I frankly confess I have never eaten more agreeable or more succulent meat; the most fastidious epicure would have no fault to find with it.

"With the tea, they served us with jacky, a drink made of rice, and of a most delicious taste; but again without sugar. They poured it out of a pot placed on the table, and it was given to us in little Lilliputian cups, of the size of a thimble, made of china, which obliged us to get them filled up several times. This drink was not at all intoxicating, and I confess, for my part, I drank fifteen cups of it without feeling the slightest effect. It is quite remarkable, that all the meats are served up in

very small quantities, but they are handed around so often that in the end one is satisfied.

"To eat these luxuries, they had chop sticks on the table, a kind of sharp pointed ebony stick, such as the Chinese use, which they hold between the thumb and the third finger, and which they move about at pleasure. I performed my part very well for my first attempt; but to eat the soup, or rather the different kinds of soups, they managed to make up for our European awkwardness, by giving us spoons made of China, whilst they used the chop sticks with great dexterity. Apart from these rather singular customs, in point of manners and refinement, there was nothing to complain of.

"Like all Oriental nations, the peculiarity of their tastes may at first strike us as rather out of the way; but we soon get accustomed to them, and, I believe, the American officers who accepted of their hospitality, had no reason to regret the reception they met with. We returned to the ships, highly delighted with the civilities of these grantees of Japan; and although they gave us dog's meat! to eat, no one said he had an appetite for any other delicacy! *Every one seemed satisfied!*"

**BAL MASQUE IN PARIS.**—Last evening I went to a *Bal Masque*, at the Grand Opera, merely as a spectator, and such a scene I never could have conceived! Imagine the whole of the stage and parquette of an immense theatre, floored over and converted into a brilliantly lighted ball-room, gorgeously decorated. Then imagine this floor filled by a thousand persons, male and female, in every grotesque disguise conceivable, dancing and talking in all kinds of jargon; cutting jokes and capers, until one fancies himself either in a Lunatic Asylum, or in Pandemonium. Again, imagine six tiers of richly furnished boxes, and every box filled with gentlemen and ladies in dominos; thousands of black eyes sparkling behind masques, not a bit blacker and with none of their brilliancy—and thousands of tongues beneath these eyes, prattling incessantly; and not least, imagine Prince Murat, in the royal box, unmasked, and shaking his fat sides with constant laughter. Still imagine, behind these boxes, in every tier, spacious saloons and long lobbies, with a never-ending string of these same queer-looking dominos, promenading through them, or reclining on lounges and chairs around their sides, and every where the same gay—exciting—but, to any one human, I should think, incomprehensible and stunning—Babel of Voices. And finally, imagine at every door, and along every lobby, and in every *Salon*, and throughout the ball-room, the stern mustachioed faces of the Imperial soldiers, keeping order, in perfect silence, but with drawn swords. Imagine these things, and see yourself, faintly, at the ball of the Grand Opera, in the time of the Carnival at Paris!—*Correspondence Pa. Inquirer.*

## THE WILD PIGEON.

BY C. W. WEBBER.

I have always thought the Passenger Pigeon ought to be emblazoned upon our national coat of arms along with the Bald Eagle. It is even a better type than that great bird, in some respects, of the American character. Indeed, if the comparison be elaborate, it will be found that the resemblances between us as a people, and this peculiarly indigenous production of our continent, is most remarkable. The Americans may be truly called the passenger pigeons of a new civilization—borne on the iron wings of steam! The suddenness of our migrations—the distances to which they are extended—the countless swarms in which we move—the tremendous changes wrought, as by magic, where we alight—the extraordinary disregard of individual life, which is lost in the general activity;—in one and all these marked peculiarities, we not alone closely resemble, but in several far surpass these birds! In utility, too, the resemblance is not less, for we are both, in the strictest sense, utilitarian in all our mass movements, and whether either of us be entirely aware of the good we do, yet somehow or other it seems that Providence makes us instrumental of much. I think these curious propositions will be perceived to have something of analogical truth in them when we have looked at the habits of the bird with an eye to such a contrast—and admitting at the same time the possibility that there may be points of comparison between a bird and the man, for my own part I think that such possibilities not only do exist, but that man is rather the honored party of the two—for while the act of the bird “answers mere nature,” that of the man is usually “on compulsion”—and so far as any integrity of volition on his part is concerned, seems to be most the result of accident in him—in a word, while man has created his own world of motives, and made to himself a “golden calf,” in California, God created the motives and the mast which lead the passenger pigeon to the great West.

Here we would take time to say to those astute doubters—who have been in the habit of setting down descriptions of the habits of the wild pigeon to the account of that ludicrous spirit of exaggeration for which the Western humor is notorious,—gentlemen, I entirely agree with you, it is impossible to believe such things without seeing them. You never saw the pigeons in your dove-cote behave so in your life; therefore, you may properly conclude the thing is all a delusion. Men are crazy who tell you these wild stories; your respectable sense cannot be expected to realize such absurdities on hearsay, any more than you believe these high-flown and extravagant stories about the new California pigeon roost. Tut! tut! this wild talk about millions of gold and hundreds of thousands of people flocking there and dying in armies, getting rich as fast, building

up great cities in one day, and burning them down the next, is all a delusion of the excited senses, and unworthy of belief by our respectable people. You never got rich in a day, nor did any of your children by accident ever do so; therefore, you disbelieve the whole story—most especially as not one of these flooding millions of gold has ever come directed to you. Now suppose I were to tell you that I have witnessed a perfect eclipse of a brilliant sunset for one half hour before that luminary had dipped behind the horizon, caused solely and entirely by the passing of a flock of pigeons, which continued to go by in apparently undiminished numbers, as long as the twilight lasted. Would you not vote me a shaven crown and a strait jacket forthwith?

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,” &c.

The fact is, that people who live in this new world, as well as those who come to it, have got to accustom their credulity to taking pretty high gulphs occasionally, and if they cannot swallow the Mississippi for a morning draught to wash down a breakfast of alligators, in emulation of a river boatsman, they must at least modestly follow suit in the persevering cultivation of that gulletal capacity which a few years’ experience, out of sight of the smoke of their own chimneys, will show to be necessary to enable them to keep up with American wonders.

Turn a foreigner loose in a pigeon roost—he would stop his ears in consternation, and vow it was Niagara, only with the difference that it sounded more like an ocean falling out of heaven, than the St. Lawrence river.

I advise all rhetoricians who may find themselves engaged in piling up the “agony,” Pelson on Ossa, in search of some epithet to express a sound louder than thunder and deep bassed as the sea, to throw away his superlatives and call it “Pigeon Roost,” at once. It will simplify the image, and our people will then understand what he means.

I think I should be about as apt to forget my first interview with an earthquake as my introduction to a pigeon roost. It happened that a district of country, partly in the Barrons, and about ten miles from my father’s residence in Southern Kentucky, had been for many years resorted to by the pigeons. They never choose exactly the same locality for two successive times, but the location chosen was somewhere in that neighborhood, within the range of a number of miles. It often happened that no pigeons made their appearance for a number of years in succession, when the mast was scarce, but when it was heavy, their appearance was uniform.

Early in the Autumn small flocks begin to be seen, which fly very high and seldom alight—their power of vision being sufficient to enable them to judge of the quantity of mast beneath them as they thus pass. They are undoubtedly sent forward as scouts by the main body

to report upon the prospects ahead, before it should move in that direction.

These wild high-flyers are seen every year, whether the pigeons come in great numbers or not—and ah! what a time of jumping for joy, and scouring of old guns there was for me, when on some misty morning, a few days after, as I strained my eager gaze through the “roseate obscure,” that dark moving point I had watched, spread and spread, till at last I saw the golden sunrise flashed from their high wings, and the cry “they come! they come!” is drowned in the rush and roar, as they sweep like a heavy cloud of arrows over me.

“It is settled now!” and I catch a long breath as the cold current of air they draw with them passes over. The first great flock that follows the little ones that come first, shows that we are to have a “pigeon year.”

Hurrah! hurrah! Now for fun! Yonder come other flocks—three—four—five—six! They are flying low! They will light near here! See them stoop down towards those tall old bushes and oaks on the river bank—they pass them and rise up again with such a graceful sweep, all their dark azure backs turned towards us—round they wheel now, as the “cloud turns out its silvery lining to the night,” all their white breasts flash out upon us, round and round; how like one creature they do whirl, as if a single will but guided them all. Now the steady sweep is pausing; they are all together—a few short flappings, and they have alighted.

What a magical change! The green boughs that waved in easy lines sway and bend beneath the sudden weight, glistening with burnished purple, gold and green, and all alive with shifting, restless, half-spread wings! Oh! to be in forty paces of that burdened tree with my double-barrel! And now pop, pop, pop, bang, bang, boom! The whole town is alive and firing away like a besieged place. Every musket, duck-gun, bird-gun, double-barrel, horse-pistol, and pop-gun, is hauled out from its rusty, dusty, musty dormitory, charged nearly to the muzzle, is let off, it matters not how or in what direction, so that it but add a quota to the wild hella-bulloo of welcome to the pigeons. All this multifarious artillery is supposed to be fired at the legions passing overhead, but, as they seem to take no notice of it, we will let it pass for supposition.

Sometimes they open their ranks a little, and swerve as if in courtesy they would give free passage to the exhausted shot. Then it would be amusing to see the next flock swerve, too, and then the next, and the next, when they get to that place, as though they could never do sufficient honor to the messages of greeting from below.

Now away to the forest! How strange it looks, bowed and heaving with this weight of feathered life upon it—it seems and sounds like a vexed ocean. Fire into that heaped oak.

The roar of their rising wings, deafens you while the bent trees leap up erect for many a rood around. Thump, thump, flutter, flutter! Hear them fall, the dead and wounded—fifteen, twenty, thirty, even, strew the ground. All around, the same scenes are going on. Groups of boys, negroes, men, half-dozen to one old rusty blunderbuss, throng the brown woods, in every direction. Beech-nuts, acorns, wild-grapes, patter down in one incessant hail. The air is filled with floating feathers. It is load and fire again, load and fire as they come back, circling in great eddies round and round the trees from whence they have just been disturbed. Above the roaring of their wings, as they alight, you can distinguish a busy sound, emitted by the birds, which is the melody of all this uproar—the undertone of its hoarse bass. This scene of constant slaughter continues until nearly eleven o'clock, when they, being gorged with food, retire to perch, scattered, lower down in the trees for quiet and to digest their food. Here the sport, or rather butchery, of the morning ends, for they are not so easily approached now as when feeding, and the sportsman, whether of high or low degree, is satisfied with having killed two or three bushels.

This is pigeon-shooting by daylight, but to give you some more definite idea of their numbers, as seen even at this time, we will quote from Mr. Audubon his rough estimate and off-hand observations of their numbers, in riding through Kentucky, at his leisure, on horse-back:—

“In the Autumn of 1813, I left my house, at Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. In passing over the Barrens, a few miles beyond Hardensburgh, I observed the pigeons flying, from north-east to south-west, in greater numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before, and feeling an inclination to count the flocks that might pass within the reach of my eye in one hour, I dismounted, seated myself on an eminence, and began to mark with my pencil, making a dot for every flock that passed. In a short time, finding the task which I had undertaken impracticable, as the birds poured in, in countless multitudes, I rose, and counting the dots then put down, found that one hundred and sixty-three had been made in twenty-one minutes. I travelled on, and still met more the farther I proceeded. The air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noonday was obscured as by an eclipse, and the continued buzz of wings had a tendency to lull my senses to repose.

“Whilst waiting for dinner, at Young’s inn, at the confluence of Salt River with the Ohio, I saw, at my leisure, immense legions, still going by, with a front reaching far beyond the Ohio on the west, and the beechwood forests directly on the east of me. Not a single bird alighted, for not a nut or acorn was that year to be seen in the neighborhood. They, conse-



quently, flew so high that different trials to reach them with a capital rifle proved ineffectual, nor did the reports disturb them in the least. I cannot describe to you the extreme beauty of their aerial evolutions, when a hawk chanced to press upon the rear of a flock. At once, like a torrent, and with a noise like thunder, they rushed into a compact mass, pressing upon each other towards the centre. In these almost solid masses, they darted forward in undulating and angular lines, descended and swept close over the earth with inconceivable velocity, mounted perpendicularly so as to resemble a vast column, and, when high, were seen wheeling and twisting within their continued lines, which then resembled the coils of a gigantic serpent.

"Before sunset, I reached Louisville, distant from Hardensburgh fifty-five miles. The pigeons were still passing in undiminished numbers, and continued to do so for three days in succession. The people were all in arms. The banks of the Ohio were crowded with men and boys, incessantly shooting at the pilgrims, which there flew lower as they passed the river. Multitudes were thus destroyed. For a week, or more, the population fed on no other flesh than that of pigeons, and talked of nothing but pigeons. The atmosphere, during this time, was strongly impregnated with the peculiar odor which emanates from the species.

"It may not, perhaps, be out of place to attempt an estimate of the number of pigeons contained in one of those mighty flocks, and of the quantity of food daily consumed by its members. The enquiry will tend to show the astonishing bounty of the Great Author of Nature in providing for the wants of His creatures. Let us take a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours, at the rate above of one mile in a minute. This will give us a parallelogram of one hundred and eighty miles by one, covering one hundred and eighty square miles. Allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion, one hundred and fifteen millions, one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock. As every pigeon daily consumes fully half a pint of food, the quantity necessary for supplying this vast multitude must be eight millions, seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day."

But these are only such scenes as are witnessed by the garish eye of common day. It is the night scene that we want—the pigeon-roost! Ho! for the pigeon-roost! Cart, tent, horses, negroes, a friend or so, with good store of substantial "creature comfort" provided, plenty of ammunition, cloaks, blankets, guns, &c.—we are ready!

Ah! what an exhilarating moment—my first visit to the pigeon-roost! I bounded into my saddle as if I, too, wore wings. The distance was between eight and ten miles, and we so calculated our hour of starting as to

reach the scene a little before sundown. The last half of the ride we found the road thronged with people, all moving the same way, and pigeons, if not literally in every mouth, were, at least, upon every tongue—some with wagons, some with carts, some with baskets, some with meal-bags—and the arms! they defy description!

About an hour before sundown, you see here and there a small flock of scouts. Soon these disappear. Now the excited senses are roused on the alert. The eye roams restlessly here and there around the horizon—nothing to be seen with life except a solitary hawk, passing high above, with steady flappings. You may know, from the direction it which it heads that it has scented slaughter upon the breeze. As it grows later, a scattered flock of coward crows may be seen streaming silently on the same course. They go to batten, to-morrow, with the vultures and other unclean things, upon the slain. They are afraid to caw—they are awed out of their usual impudent clamors. Nature seems to be holding her breath. There is not a sound to be heard. Everything seems to wait—listening for the great coming. The dead silence fatigues your impatience. The sun is getting low. You are nearly within hearing of the roosting-place, and yet no sound.

The horses prick their ears—ha! what now? What strange sound is that? It is heavy—is it a tornado coming? What a deep-veiled roar! The sounds of wave, wind, and forest are all commingled with the rumbling of wheels like worlds! Ho, here they come! The black cloud has passed before the sun—his burnished shield is darkened and the glowing sky fades out. The full burst of the deafening volume of that vast sound is borne upon you overwhelmingly with a current of fresh air strong enough to swerve you in the saddle. They are over us! We pause in speechless amazement. Heavens! what a sight! Half the sky is obscured. On, on, with a smooth, impetuous flow, as the liquid drops of mighty rivers glide, now filling the stunned sense with the tremendous silence of their passing. When will it cease? Is it one of the everlasting floods? We gaze until the real night is gathering around us, and now move on to the camping-ground. We stop within the limits of the roost, to pitch our tent, and make other preparations for the night's work. We can barely hear each other speak, by shouting at the top of our voices. You might conjecture from this that we were in a noisy neighborhood. In occasional lulls we would hear, by way of variety, oaths, yells, cries of anger, and of mirth, and shouts, mingled with the barking of dogs, and neighing of horses, which showed that our co-workers in the intended massacre were flocking in; and over all, the owl welcomed the deepening shadows, with his shout of gloomy glee. Our camp-fire, blazing high, reveals fitfully many a cu-

rious group around us, eagerly hurrying their preparations in the dark.

Our supper over; our horses secured; our guns ready, we are off into the heart of the roost; for now the uproar has become so exciting, that we are already as near half mad as we are deaf. What are all those flashes, here and there, in the dark?

"Guns! you silly fellow!" the friend at my elbow, yelled in my ear.

"Guns?" I screamed, in a sort of asthmatic despair. "Guns! I can't hear any!"

"Hear 'em! you couldn't hear a cannon!"

But I did hear, like a whispered screech, the scamp's convulsive laughter.

Here we are among them! Look at that huge, low black mass—it looks like a great wall, several acres wide. One, two, three, fire! in platoon. I hear no sound—surely our guns missed fire; stunned and amazed, it seems a wild dream—that black, heavy-looking wall springs up like magic, and a tall wood is there—while, with a noise of wings, that made the earth tremble, lifting themselves into the dusky air—filling it confusedly as snow-flakes fill the dimmed moonlight of a winter's storm—the birds nearest us move off; but myriads take their places; and, while we rush in with lanterns, and with torches, to gather up the dead and wounded, the young wood is bowed again into our very faces; and, lifting our lights we can see the birds, clinging in hundreds, to the limbs within our reach—their bright, black eyes dazzled by the glare, and they, uttering that soft, mellow cry, with a quick, incessant iteration.

What a shame it was to murder them—they looked so innocent, with their fair bosoms and gleaming necks! But a pigeon roost is no place to make monodies on mercy. Thump, crash, our negroes are among them with long poles, short, heavy sticks, and clubs; they beat them down, as the farmer thrashes down his fruit.

It is getting dangerous beneath these trees: the birds are piled one on another, three or four deep, and see, still they are alighting—we fire again; horrible carnage! Hundreds have fallen! Let us move away to another part of the scene. As we pass along, our way is impeded by the fallen trees and great limbs; indeed, we see them falling, and yet we do not hear the crash. By this time my senses are so bewildered and excited, that I scarcely know myself, my friends, where I am, or what I am doing. Every minute we meet parties, staggering past, under the loads of their slain—the noiseless flashing of the guns around us, is like that of fire-flies in a summer's evening. Hundreds and hundreds of guns are there, doing that work of murder.

Just above the tops of the trees, over our heads, are pouring incessantly two broad and heavy currents, which pass each other without confusion, though all is confusion worse confounded beneath them; they are

passing from one part of the roost, which is over five miles in length, to the other, and so this tremendous Babel is continued till long after midnight.

Towards three o'clock the sounds have lulled, the birds have become wearied, and must have rest. Now, the broad, round moon is up, and you may see them, heaped in black cones, against the sky, on some stubborn oak, still as death, except that low, soft cry, heard now and then. This is the time when the cruelest carnage commences—they cling obstinately to their roosts, and men slaughter them in wagon loads, with poles and sticks. What an awful change it is, to this deep silence and the solemn moonlight! We came out from the wooded lands on to the Barrens, which were covered with long prairie grass, and a scattered growth of black-jacks. Here we found the grass pressed down as smooth as a floor, by the superincumbent weight of near three inches of the ordure of the birds, as well as that of their own bodies. They rose in myriads before us, veiling that glittering moon. The black-jacks were piled like solid heaps. For experiment, we fired a single musket, heavily loaded, into one of the densest of these, and actually picked up a hundred and fifty dead and wounded birds, as the result.

Thoroughly exhausted, as well as chilled by the morning air, we retreat, shivering, to our camp-fire, and our tent. As we, the wholesale slaughterers, leave the scene, the wolves, the foxes, the raccoons, the opossums, the minks, the weasels, the snakes, the hawks, the owls, the crows, the vultures, all sneak in to take their share. The farmers, for miles around, turn in their droves of hogs, to craunch their share, too, of the bloody feast. Sick with the reaction of my long excitement, I sink in utter exhaustion on our blanket-beds, to dream of pigeon roosts and Pandemonium!

Our article is already too long; we will merely mention, in conclusion, that the breeding-places of these birds are upon quite as vast a scale as their roosts; and are, in many respects, full as curious. We have not time to describe one of these places now. We regard this wonderful bird as the direct means, in the economy of Nature, by which the growth and distribution of mast-bearing forest trees has been principally equalized upon this continent; while they can fly from Charleston to New York, with rice gathered in the former place still undigested in their crops, it needs no prophet to tell us the meaning and necessity of these great massacres, since every bird destroyed, with half a pint of acorns or beech-nuts undigested in its crop, leaves just so much seed wherever it may fall, to spring up again in oak and beech-trees; while they enrich the land wherever they may pass.

When our desires are fulfilled to the very letter, we always find some mistake which renders them anything but what we expected.

## THE LADY ROWENA.

*See engraving.*

[One of our engravings this month is taken from Lippincott, Grambo & Co's. handsomely illustrated edition of the *Waverley Novels*. The Lady Rowena is well remembered by all the readers of "*Ivanhoe*." She is thus described on making her appearance in the banqueting hall, and coming first under the ardent gaze of Brian de Bois-Guilbert.]

When the repast was about to commence, the major-domo, or steward, suddenly raising his wand, said aloud,—"Forbear!—Place for the Lady Rowena." A side-door at the upper end of the hall now opened behind the banquet-table, and Rowena, followed by four female attendants, entered the apartment. Cedric, though surprised, and perhaps not altogether agreeably so, at his ward appearing in public on this occasion, hastened to meet her, and to conduct her, with respectful ceremony, to the elevated seat at his own right hand, appropriated to the lady of the mansion. All stood up to receive her; and, replying to their courtesy by a mute gesture of salutation, she moved gracefully forward to assume her place at the board. Ere she had time to do so, the Templar whispered to the Prior, "I shall wear no collar of gold of yours at the tournament. The Chian wine is your own."

"Said I not so?" answered the Prior; "but check your raptures, the Franklin observes you."

Unheeding this remonstrance, and accustomed only to act upon the immediate impulse of his own wishes, Brian de Bois-Guilbert kept his eyes riveted on the Saxon beauty, more striking perhaps to his imagination, because differing widely from those of the Eastern sultanas.

Formed in the best proportions of her sex, Rowena was tall in stature, yet not so much so as to attract observation on account of superior height. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, but the noble cast of her head and features prevented the insipidity which sometimes attaches to fair beauties. Her clear blue eye, which sate enshrined beneath a graceful eyebrow of brown sufficiently marked to give expression to the forehead, seemed capable to kindle as well as melt, to command as well as to beseech. If mildness were the more natural expression of such a combination of features, it was plain that, in the present instance, the exercise of habitual superiority, and the reception of general homage, had given to the Saxon lady a loftier character, which mingled with, and qualified that bestowed by nature. Her profuse hair, of a color betwixt brown and flaxen, was arranged in a fanciful and graceful manner in numerous ringlets, to form which art had probably aided nature. These locks were braided with gems, and being worn at full length, intimated the noble and free-born condition of the maiden. A golden chain, to

which was attached a small reliquary of the same metal, hung round her neck. She wore bracelets on her arms, which were bare. Her dress was an under-gown and kirtle of pale sea-green silk, over which hung a long loose robe, which reached to the ground, having very wide sleeves, which came down, however, very little below the elbow. This robe was crimson, and manufactured out of the very finest wool. A veil of silk, interwoven with gold, was attached to the upper part of it, which could be, at the wearer's pleasure, either drawn over the face and bosom after the Spanish fashion, or disposed as a sort of drapey round the shoulders.

When Rowena perceived the Knight Templar's eyes bent on her with an ardor, that, compared with the dark caverns under which they moved, gave them the effect of lighted charcoal, she drew with dignity the veil around her face, as an intimation that the determined freedom of his glance was disagreeable. Cedric saw the motion and its cause.

"Sir Templar," said he, "the cheeks of our Saxon maidens have seen too little of the sun to enable them to bear the fixed glance of a crusader."

"If I have offended," replied Sir Brian, "I crave your pardon,—that is, I crave the Lady Rowena's pardon,—for my humility will carry me no lower."

"The Lady Rowena," said the Prior, "has punished us all, in chastising the boldness of my friend. Let me hope she will be less cruel to the splendid train which are to meet at the tournament."

## OH! WELCOME YE THE STRANGER.

BY WM. GILMORE SIMMS.

Oh! welcome ye the stranger,  
And think, if e'er you rove,  
How sweet in foreign lands must be  
The voice that proffers love!  
How sweet when sad delaying,  
Where Fate compels to roam,  
If stranger lips should welcome give  
And sweetly sing of home.

Oh! welcome ye the stranger,  
For still, whate'er his gain,  
How much in dear ones lost to sight,  
Must be his spirit's pain!  
His smiles but ill betoken  
The heart within his breast,  
That silent beats with hopes deferr'd  
And fears that will not rest.

Oh! welcome ye the stranger,  
To whom your hearth shall bring  
The image of his own, and show  
Each dear one in the ring;  
And as your song ascending  
Wakes memories sweet of yore,  
He'll think of her he left behind,  
Whose song hath bless'd before.

## MORE PEDESTRIANIZING.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

The little town of Baden, with its four thousand inhabitants, is interesting in more respects than one. Part of its attraction is no doubt owing to its thirteen warm fountains, each of a different degree of temperature, so that the patient may choose the one best suited to his disease, or most agreeable to his feelings. Around it tower seven fir-darkened mountains, like so many Titans or earth-born giants; and beside it, the wild Oelbach, a young mountain stream, as yet untamed by loitering through the plain, tumbles and dances with turbulent joy over rocks of granite. The bracing breath of the mountain blows through and over it, and altogether the whole environment of the place is singularly attractive and romantic.

But to visit a bathing-place after the season is over, is like walking through a forest after the fall of the autumnal leaves. Besides, when we arrived, we were tired, hungry, and thirsty. Weinbrenner's landscape gardening, his parks and architectural designs, were all lost on us. After dinner things looked a little brighter. Still, there was something wanting: it was neither solitude nor society. The fashionable birds of passage had flitted off flock after flock, and the few that remained had neither spirit or melody. The "conversation-house" still stood in the park, with a double row of booths around it; but the one was no longer cheered by merriment, or the other gladdened by the approach of purchasers. In spite of our good dinner, everything looked dull and leaden. So much does the charm of life depend on times and seasons.

The shop-doors were mostly closed—many locked—the gentry seemed out of all proportion to the mechanics and tradesmen. In the thermometer of spirits the mercury sunk below the yawning-point.

The next morning was Sunday, and things began to brighten in their aspect. There was a Sabbath stillness about the little town, which was in full accordance with the day. Everything we heard and saw was tranquilizing. We listened to the church service in English, and thus had the double pleasure of hearing once more our native language, and of participating in the form of worship to which we had been accustomed from infancy. All this was the more delightful from having been unexpected.

We remained at Baden only long enough to take a hasty glimpse at its environs, and to convince ourselves that the place had not obtained its reputation without deserving it. Even the ancient Romans were attracted by the spot, and when the waves of Roman dominion ebbed away from these mountains, they left behind them storied slabs and sculptured marbles, which, becoming in time fossil re-

mains, are now gazed upon by the antiquary with as much interest as are sea-shells found on mountain-tops by the naturalist. Here have been dug up and preserved in a public museum, altar-stones, monumental inscriptions, and lettered slabs. The traveller gazes upon them with more delight than he would on viewing the same objects in Italy. They are the boulder-stones of an inundation which has long since passed away. They transport the imagination back to Pagan times. And from the fact that one of these disinterred altar-stones having in it the head of an Apollo, surrounded by aquatic plants, drinking-horns and emblematic animals, it has been supposed that here was anciently the seat of an oracle.

No doubt those thirteen health-giving fountains had at that time their naiads, in whose honor no blood was spilt save that of the goat. This portion of the classic mythology is the least offensive to a Christian. All that relates to the worship of the deities who presided over fountains has a delicacy and purity about it which is quite fascinating. The crystal springs and limpid well-heads over which these genii presided seemed to purify the imagination; and as the sight of one of these shadowy beings was considered inauspicious—nay, even of power to strike the beholder with delirium—so, the sculptor usually represented them as beautiful virgins more or less veiled from view, with only the upper and nobler portion of the figure exposed—the head crowned with garlands of flowers and festoons of rushes—and holding in their hands vases, or antique pitchers, or gracefully rounded urns, from which they seemed pouring streams of fresh water. And even now, all friends of temperance and of chastity in word and deed, may gaze with unalloyed pleasure upon all such relics of a form of religion so different from our own. Even now, the traveller, without being accused of idolatry, may in passing exclaim, "Honor, not worship, to the beautiful nymphs, naiads, and oreads, who presided of yore over mount, fountain and forest."

But not only are classic foot-prints found in and around Baden, but the whole environment of the place is rendered venerable by the remains of the middle ages. Mouldering cloisters, ancient convents, antique cemeteries, ruined abbeys, dilapidated feudal towers, all these are found here in abundance. Proofs of the dominion of Papal as well as of heathen Rome may be reached by following at random any winding foot-path, or threading the course of any mountain torrent. From the gloom of dark evergreens you come upon the Convent of Lichtenthal, and entering its still darker and gloomier church, you find yourself suddenly among tombs, skeletons bedizened with jewels, and the perpetual twilight of painted windows. You are reminded too, that there were "giants in those days;" for in this secluded mountain-church may still be seen the statue of the



Margrave Rudolph the Long, stretched out in colossal proportions, at full length and in full panoply on his marble bed of death. He died in 1372.

Poised upon a dizzy eminence to the northward of the town stands the huge old castle of the Princes—the loftiest and most commanding eagle's nest of all. And as though the rock on which it stands, were not high and not airy enough for its aspirations, it reaches up ever higher and higher, until the heads of some who have attempted to scale its tottering staircases have reeled with vertigo.

And what a prospect from its summit! Far finer and wilder than any picture by Salvator Rosa. The morning we ascended it was one peculiarly favorable for seeing it in its full glory. All along the range of the Black Forest, the mountain seemed to be mustering all his vapors and thunder-clouds, presenting an ever-shifting panorama.

The view divided itself into two parts: in one, the eye roamed over mountain-peaks and gorges—peak behind peak and defile opening into defile—wild, chaotic, labyrinthine; in the other, over the far-stretching valley of the Rhine. Standing on that old tower, the spectator had on one side the most rugged sublimity, and on the other the most dream-exciting beauty: the one was sombre and frowning, the other luminous and elysian. And as if to make the contrast the more striking, all the open country of the Rhine Valley lay in the full radiance of sunlight. The storm-clouds of the mountain did not cast even a shadow on it.

But what pleased me most of all was a black Cloud-Bridge which extended in wonderful grandeur across a deep ravine in the distance—the two ends of its single arch resting upon the heads of two opposite peaks—whilst between them, and far beyond the span of this vapory Rialto, stretching away ever further back and dimmer, extended other mountain-horns, and other sky-piercing needles, and other and still more shadowy mountain-tops.

We gazed long, and with intense delight, upon this cloudy suspension bridge, over which it seemed to us that the god of thunder was driving his car, as ever and anon we could hear a low rolling and rumbling from that direction. At last the winds swept it away—both bridge and car—and then turning our eyes Rhinewards, we took in at a single glance the two provinces of Alsace and Baden, with all their towns, castles and villages without number, and the noble river itself—the whole of this side of the picture gleaming in the rays of the sun, waves sparkling, spires blazing, red roofs glimmering—a prospect of inconceivable extent and unimaginable brightness.

From Baden to Carlsruhe we travelled, not on foot, but in a hired carriage. Our legs were still firm and our feet unblistered, and I can scarcely tell why it was we made this break or hiatus in our adopted mode of travel, as we had not done so on any former pedestrian ex-

cursion. Perhaps it arose from indolence; or, perhaps, after our ups and downs among the mountains, the beaten highway looked too tame for us. Be that as it may, between those two cities we journeyed a few feet *above* the earth instead of, as on former occasions, Antæus-like, *touching* it. And the consequence is that I know no more of the whole tract of country passed over than if I had made the journey in total darkness.

But why look *outside* of a carriage or stage coach when one has a pleasing subject of contemplation *within*. No landscape or succession of landscapes could compare in fascination with that warm heart-picture. It had altogether a human interest, and might be seen to as much advantage on a cloudy day as on a fair.

What an Elysium they must have had of it! In short, we had for travelling companions an Englishman and his bride—both young, both handsome, journeying together on the continent for the first time!

With such a spectacle before me, could I, think you, or could *you*, young unmarried reader, do anything else but gaze upon it—but study it? So delicate, in fact, were the coloring and shading of the picture, that it needed some study to appreciate the full beauty and enchantment of it. Those nicely pencilled half-tints of emotion, *his* quiet attentions, *her* unaffected but unobtrusive signs of devotion—the full and perfect felicity they seemed to enjoy in each other's society—the confiding frankness so beautifully tempered by a certain English reserve which characterized their whole intercourse—it was lovely. Had it been a German bride and bridegroom, we would have seen billing and cooing and hand-squeezing enough. *They* never once overstepped the modesty of nature. Diana-like, that fair bride may, for aught I know, have stooped over her Endymion, by moonlight, to kiss him whilst sleeping and unobserved by mortal eye, but before strangers and in a public vehicle, *never*.

I wish I could express my meaning better. There was to me at the time a strange attraction and at the same time a mystery about the sight, of which I find it difficult to convey an idea. In some wonderful manner; each being seemed to keep in its own sphere, and yet both together to constitute but *one* sphere. The one was a fine specimen of manly English beauty, without the aid of any hirsute excrescences: the other of feminine loveliness (equally English in its type), without any touches of sickly tenderness or over-meltingness. He seemed a man of strong practical sense, with a head well stored with facts and statistics; she full—but not *too* full—of poetic images and kindly emotions. He dealt in figures of arithmetic; she in fresh but unaffected figures of speech. The two heads together formed a full-orbed human intellect.

Often I would shut my eyes, and feign

sleep, but it was only in reality to meditate on them. And, whenever I did so, I seemed to see with my "mind's eye" a celestial globe painted all over with beautiful imagery and most fascinating coloring—these belonged to her—and all marked over with circles, planes, meridians, and graduated mathematical lines and figures—these were his. But no sooner did I open my eyes again than each sphere seemed revolving in its own proper orbit, held together by indissoluble but invisible ties, with something *lunar* about her, and about him a *lustre mildly solar*.

Such looks as they often bestowed upon each other! One such quick-rolling glance expressed a whole volume of quiet devotion. Each seemed perfectly transparent to the other. There could not have been the slightest shade of concealment or falseness. It seemed to me the purest *clair-voyance* of conjugal affection I had ever before witnessed. And once, when her eye, usually so lovingly joyous, appeared for a moment to be brimming with a passing shade of pensiveness—perhaps produced by a flitting vision of sorrow which *might* come and which she knew *would* come—she seemed to hold to him the relationship of the rainbow to the sun, and that her very tears from him derived their radiance and lustre.

Two unpleasant circumstances put an end to these delightful reveries. The first was, that just as we were entering the little town of Carlsruhe, out rolled the Grand Ducal equipage with its four dashing bays, preceded by two liveried outriders, one of whom advanced to our coachman, and ordered him in a low voice and in a most authoritative manner to get out of the way. This was the more provoking as we did not happen to be in the least in the Grand Duke's way, the road being quite broad enough for half a dozen vehicles to pass and repass without jostling. This would never have occurred in entering either Paris or Vienna. "A little brief authority" was, I suppose, at the bottom of it. It jarred equally upon our republican pride and upon the monarchical independence of our interesting companions.

The second source of vexation was that very common one with travellers, viz., a quarrel with the coachman on the score of the fare. The dispute ran high; he referred it to the arbitration of the landlord; he, as was to be expected, sided with the coachman—it ended in our being obliged to pay.

But our host made ample amends by placing before us a most delightful repast, and we arose from the table in the best of possible humors with the landlord himself, with the coachman, with his Highness the Grand Duke, with his liveried outriders, and in short with the universal world. Such virtue is there in the united effect of youth, appetite, fine health, and a juicy beefsteak, with all the necessary accompaniments.

Carlsruhe is, I believe, not generally much admired by travellers. It wants the bustle and metropolitan grandeur of a large city. It is small; not containing as many as 20,000 inhabitants. But, being the residence of the court, it has a certain aristocratic stateliness and quiet gaiety about it, which for a short time might be pleasing to a meditative wanderer. It is a city of orderly habits—a well-behaved and extremely decorous city. There are too many grand-ducal bayonets about it to be otherwise. An air of quietude hangs around and broods over it. The very name signifies this. Charles Rest! Carlsruhe! Has it not a sweet, peaceful sound?

For we are told that a certain Margrave Charles William, one day hunting in the forest, rested on the trunk of a prostrate tree. This was the origin of the town. A bronze pyramid now marks the spot in the centre of one of the market places, where during life he reposed from the fatigues of the chase, and beneath which his mortal remains are now wrapped in the still deeper and more undisturbed repose of death. Peace be with them, and may peace for ever brood over that courtly little city to which they belong.

If Philadelphia be noted for the mathematical regularity of her streets, Carlsruhe, on a small scale, deserves to be much more so. It is more regular than a spider's web or a cart-wheel. I will endeavor to give some idea of it. And in order the better to understand my description, the reader will be pleased to aid me with a little geometry and a little imagination—a small portion of either, however, will answer.

Conceive then in the first place a tall, grand ducal palace standing upon a gentle eminence: and from this as a central point let straight lines like spokes radiate towards all points of the compass. On one side of the Palace, these straight lines constitute streets, and on the other the avenues of the ducal park or forest. Now the castle standing in this manner between the wood and the city, a spectator, stationed on its tower, will naturally be able to dart his eye down all the aforementioned streets and down all the woodland avenues. But the mathematical figure does not end here. These straight radiating lines are cut by circular ones—by a series of wheels within a wheel, or concentric rings, one side of each intersection being urban, one side sylvan; or in other words, one segment of each circle is *street*, the other a *wood-shaded* avenue. The whole arrangement has been compared to a double fan.

Is there not something poetical in this? Contemplating it, is like studying a perfectly regular, and, at the same time, thought-teeming sonnet. You can take it in at a glance, and yet it suggests much more than you take in. Wood and town are united in one system, in one orderly and beautiful whole. One half has its green leaves and its chequered shadows;

the other, its stately mansions and humming market-places: one half the favorite haunt of meditation and leisurely sauntering; the other of buying, selling, and the transaction of business. We might call it a beautiful species of wedlock, almost as pleasing to contemplate as the warmer and more heart-enlisting one, the observation of which had delighted me so much during the journey from Baden to Carlsruhe.

I shall mention one more circumstance in connexion with this little court residence, and then pass on. In the centre of the Ducal Palace the traveller is introduced into a pavilion hung around with mirrors from floor to ceiling. These mirrors are so arranged that though their surfaces form angles of vision with each other, none of the rays, either of reflection or incidence, fall upon or pass through the central point of the apartment. The consequence is, that a person walking across and around the circular hall, sees his own image reflected on all sides and in every possible shape, except when he stands or sits in this forementioned centre. This spot is perfectly imageless and unegotistic. Did the artist or optician, think you, who planned this novel chamber of magic, intend thereby to convey the good moral lesson, that in every man's mind there should be an inmost and central point, where the idea of *self* should not enter, and to which he should sometimes retire to hold communion—not with the world or with the world reflections of himself—but with a Higher Power, in the contemplation of whom, *self* should be entirely annihilated?

### VARIETIES.

It has been discovered that feathers unskillfully cured and put into beds, are deadly to persons of weak lungs sleeping upon them.

The Boston Post says:—"There are thirteen thousand marriageable girls now in the factories of Lowell. It is pleasant to know in this world of misery that there are thirteen thousand men yet to be made happy."

The year 1854 begins and ends on Sabbath—there are five months in the year that contain five Sabbaths, and there are fifty-three Sabbaths in the year. Such a coincidence will not occur again for twenty-eight years.

Our friend B— was travelling lately in the cars, when a man came up and asked for his fare. "Who are you?" said B—. "I? My name's Wood, and I'm the conductor." "Oh!" says B—, very quietly, "that can't be, for *wood* is a non-conductor."

A lady, a regular "shopper," who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the stockings in the shop—they were fall goods—objected that none were long enough. "I want the very longest hose that are made." "Then, madam, you had better apply to the next engine house."

He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath a place of profit and honor. A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.

Ladies, who have a disposition to punish their husbands, should bear in mind that a little warm sunshine will melt an icicle much quicker than a regular north-easter.

General Wolfe overhearing a young officer say, in a very familiar manner, "Wolfe and I drank a bottle of wine together," replied, "I think you might say General Wolfe." "No," replied the subaltern, with happy presence of mind, "did you ever hear of General Achilles or General Cæsar?"

### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul, as the respect and reverential love of woman-kind. A man who is always sneering at woman is generally a coarse profligate or a coarser bigot.

Would you be exempt from uneasiness, do nothing you know or suspect to be wrong; and if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasure, do everything in your power that you are convinced is right.

"In the heraldry of Heaven," writes Bishop Horn, "goodness precedes greatness, so on earth it is often more powerful. The lowly and the loving may often do more in their own limited sphere than the gifted."

The best heater to resist winter with, is a benevolent heart. Capitalists who have tried coal stoves and failed, will please take notice. A load of wood given to a poor person, warms you almost as much as it does him.

God suffers a Christian to be wronged, that he may exercise his patience, and commands a Christian to forgive the wrong, that he may exercise his charity; so that a wrong done him, may do him a double courtesy. Thus evil works for good.

A character should retain always the upright vigor of manliness; not let itself be bent and fixed in any specific form. It should be like an upright elastic tree, which bends, accommodating a little to each wind on every side, but never loses its spring and self-dependent vigor.

It is far from being true, in the progress of knowledge, that after every failure we must re-commence from the beginning. Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us towards what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so; but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false; no tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth.

## EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A LADY EDITOR—

The editor of the *Mother's Journal*, published in this city, gives, in a pleasant, cheerful way, the following sketch of a single day's duties, editorial and domestic: "First, in the morning read six pages of proof of *Journal*, and wrote a note to the printer. Superintended baking of pies and bread, and received a morning call from a friend. Adjusted two sleeping apartments, and prepared the children for school. Wrote a circular for the next volume of the *Journal*. Assisted in putting a spread on the frame, and marking it for quilting. Examined several business letters, and sent off numbers, ordered by new subscribers, to Post Office. Wrote a second note to the printer. Ironed a dress. Wrote two long letters to agents. Finished off a garment, previously commenced for one of the children. Looked over, and put to the proper places, the family washing. Adjusted names on subscription list—and compared accounts, &c., contained in five letters received by evening mail; besides answering to the oft-repeated, 'Mother!' which came from the lips of three children, who have as many requests for 'mother,' as any three in the State, besides the little wifely duties which came in to fill spaces; the contrivings of 'what is for tea and for breakfast, ma'am,' and the shadows of inquiries about to-morrow's dinner, which is to be shared with guests."

Nor is this all. The lady editor cannot escape, any more than her brother of the quill, the requirements of her office; and even unto the approach of the "small hours," must she at times ply the instrument of her calling. Hear her in conclusion:

"Our readers, after having toiled all day in discharging the necessary duties for their families, and retiring weary and late to their beds, having mended the last garment, or dismissed the last call, may sometimes think of us, as retiring, not to rest, but to our desk, to reply to some long neglected letters, or trying to arrange some thoughts on paper from our distracted brain; or scanning, with aching eyes, the proof-sheets of the next number, (which the printer's boy will call for by the first opening light of morning,) comparing them with the manuscript, which perchance, some mother, (would there were more like her,) from the fullness of her heart, has penned for your benefit, delicately traced, it may be, on blue paper.

"And here, no doubt apropos to the experience and wishes of all editors, we would petition—not for a "stamp act," but, a *color act* to govern paper manufacturers. Let it be green, yellow, or pink, it must be colored, anything but that dingy blue, which forms no contrast with the pale ink, which seems to be the staple in that article. Poets sing of the "white unsullied page," but our paper-makers have well nigh condemned it to live only in song; yet we would humbly ask, "Give us your thoughts, if possible, on the pure, white page."

To that petition, we will promptly affix our name. Good friends, we pray you, give us the pure white page. Send no more communications on yellow, green, or blue paper, especially not on blue. This fancy for a blue tint, almost as dark as indigo sometimes, is not only in bad taste, but worse still, extremely bad for weak eyes, a pair of which we unfortunately possess.

AGED MINISTERS—A friend, not a clergyman, hands us the following pungent satire from the pen of Fanny Fern, with a request to have it published in our paper. If we mistake not; it appeared in the *Home Magazine* more than a year ago. But, it will bear repetition, and we give it again for the benefit of all whom it may concern:

"Your minister is superannuated, is he? Well, call a parish meeting, and vote him a dismission; hint that his usefulness is gone—that he is given to repetition—that he puts his hearers to sleep. Turn him adrift like a blind horse, or a lame house-dog. Never mind that he has grown gray in your thankless service—that he has smiled on your infants at the baptismal font, given them lovingly away in marriage to their heart's chosen, and wept with you when death's shadow darkened your door. Never mind that he has listened, many a time and oft, with courteous grace, to your tedious, prosy conversations, when his moments were like gold dust. Never mind that he has patiently and uncomplainingly accepted at your hands, the smallest pittance that would sustain life, because the master whispered in his ear, 'Tarry here till I come.' Never mind that the wife of his youth, who, won from a house of luxury, is broken down with fatigue and privation, and your thousand unnecessary demands upon her patience, strength and time. Never mind that his children, at an early age, were exiled from the parsonage roof because there was not 'bread enough and to spare' in their father's house. Never mind that his library consists of only a Bible, a concordance, and a dictionary; and that to the



luxury of a religious paper he has been long a stranger. Never mind that his wardrobe would be spurned by many a mechanic in our cities. Never mind that he has risen early and sit up late, and tilled the ground with weary limbs for earthly 'manna,' while his glorious intellect lay in fetters—for you! Never mind all that: call a parish meeting and vote him 'superannuated.' Don't spare him the starting tear of wounded pride, by delicately offering to settle a colleague, that your aged pastor may rest on his staff in graceful, gray-haired independence. No, turn the old patriarch out—give him time to go to the old moss-ground church-yard, and say farewell to his unconscious dead, and then—give the 'right hand of fellowship' to some beardless, pedantic, noisy college boy, who will save your sexton the trouble of pounding the pulpit cushions; and who will tell you and the Almighty in his prayers, all the political news of the week.'

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*A Compendium of the Theological and Spiritual Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg*; being a Systematic and Orderly Epitome of all his Religious Works, selected from more than 80 vols., and embracing all his Fundamental Principles, with copious Illustrations and Teachings. With an appropriate Introduction. Prefaced by a full Life of the Author; with a brief view of all his Works on Science, Philosophy and Theology. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. (For sale by Baerick & Tafel, No. 24 South Fifth street.) The comprehensive title of this large volume, will convey to the reader's mind a clear idea of its scope and character. As far as a cursory examination will enable us to determine, the Compendium seems to have been made with care, labor and discrimination, and this judgment of the work is confirmed to us by those who have given it a closer scrutiny than time has yet permitted us to bestow. As the name of Swedenborg is much used by those who profess to receive communications from spirits, and he is made responsible for the most insane and contradictory statements, it may not be amiss to quote a passage or two from his writings, in which he treats of intercourse with spirits, and in which he stamps such as seek to communicate with men, as liars and deceivers. We quote from pages 188-89 of the Compendium, these remarkable statements, which seem to have been written with a prescience of what exists in these times, and as a solemn warning against all attempts to hold intercourse with spirits.

**“DANGER OF SPEAKING WITH SPIRITS.**—Something shall now be said concerning the discourse of spirits with man. It is believed

by many, that man may be taught of the Lord by spirits speaking with him; but those who believe this, and are willing to believe it, do not know that it is connected with danger to their souls. Man, so long as he lives in the world, is in the midst of spirits as to his spirit, and yet spirits do not know that they are with man, nor does man know that he is with spirits; the reason is, because they are conjoined as to affections of the will immediately, and as to thoughts of the understanding mediately; for man thinks naturally, but spirits think spiritually; and natural and spiritual thought do not otherwise make one than by correspondences; a union by correspondences causes that one does not know any thing concerning the other. But as soon as spirits begin to speak with man, they come out of their spiritual state into the natural state of man, and in this case they know that they are with man, and conjoin themselves with the thoughts of his affection, and from those thoughts speak with him; they cannot enter into any thing else, for similar affection and consequent thought conjoins all, and dissimilar separates. It is owing to this circumstance, that the speaking spirit is in the same principles with the man to whom he speaks, whether they be true or false, and likewise that he excites them, and by his affection conjoined to the man's affection strongly confirms them; hence it is evident that none other than similar spirits speak with man, or manifestly operate upon him, for manifest operation coincides with speech; hence it is that no other than enthusiastic spirits speak with enthusiasts; also, that no other than Quaker spirits operate upon Quakers, and Moravian spirits upon Moravians; the case would be similar with Arians, with Socinians, and with other heretics. All spirits speaking with man, are no other than such as have been in the world, and were then of such a quality: that this is the case have been given to me to know by repeated experience. And what is ridiculous, when man believes that the Holy Spirit speaks with him, or operates upon him, the spirit also believes that he is the Holy Spirit; this is common with enthusiastic spirits. From these considerations it is evident to what danger man is exposed who speaks with spirits, or who manifestly feel their operation.

But to speak with spirits at this day is seldom given, since it is dangerous; for then the spirits know that they are with man, which otherwise they do not know; and evil spirits are such that they hold man in deadly hatred, and desire nothing more than to destroy him both as to soul and body, which also is done with those who have indulged much in fantasies, so that they have removed from themselves the delights suitable to the natural man. Some also, who lead a solitary life, sometimes hear spirits speaking with them, and without danger; but the spirits with them are at intervals removed by the Lord, lest they should know that they are with man: for most spirits do not know that there is any other world than that in which they are; thus also they do not know that there are men elsewhere; wherefore it is not lawful for a man to speak in turn with them, for if he should they would know it. Those who think much on religious subjects, and are so intent upon

them as to see them as it were inwardly in themselves, also begin to hear spirits speaking with them: for the things of religion, whatever they are, when man from himself dwells upon them, and does not modify them by the various things which are of use in the world, go interiorly, and there subsist, and occupy the whole spirit of the man, and enter the spiritual world, and move the spirits who are there: but such persons are visionaries and enthusiasts, and whatever spirit they hear, they believe to be the Holy Spirit, when yet they are enthusiastic spirits. Those who are such see fables as truths, and because they see them, they persuade themselves, and likewise persuade those with whom they flow in.

Spirits relate things exceedingly fictitious, and lie. When spirits begin to speak with man, he must beware lest he believes them in any thing; for they say almost any thing; things are fabricated by them, and they lie; for if they were permitted to relate what Heaven is, and how many things are in the Heavens, they would tell so many lies, and indeed with solemn affirmation, that man would be astonished; wherefore, when spirits were speaking, I was not permitted to have faith in the things which they related. For they are extremely fond of fabricating; and whenever any subject of discourse is proposed, they think that they know it, and give their opinions upon it one after another, one in one way and another in another, altogether as if they knew; and if a man then listens and believes, they press on, and deceive and seduce in divers ways: for example, if they were permitted to tell about things to come, about things unknown in the universal Heaven, about all things whatsoever that man desires, yet (they would tell) all things falsely, while from themselves: wherefore let men beware lest they believe them. On this account the state of speaking with spirits on this earth is most perilous, unless one is in true faith. They induce so strong persuasion that it is the Lord Himself who speaks and who commands that man cannot but believe and obey.

Spirits speaking are little to be believed. Nothing is more familiar to spirits who are speaking, than to say that a thing is so or so; for they think that they know every thing, and indeed solemnly assert that it is so, when yet it is not so. From experiments made several times, it may be evident of what quality they are, and how they are to be believed: when it is asked (of them) whether they know how this or that is, then one after another says that it is so, one differently from another; even if there were a hundred, one would say differently from another; and indeed for the time with confidence, as if it were so, when yet it is not so. As soon as they notice any thing which they do not know, they immediately say that it is so; besides very many other proofs that they speak as if knew, when yet they do not know.

Spirits may be induced, who represent another person; and the spirit, as also he who was known to the spirit, cannot know otherwise than that he was the same. This has many times been shown to me, that the spirits speaking with me did not know otherwise than that they were the men who were the subject of

thought; and neither did other spirits know otherwise; as yesterday and to-day, some one known to me in life (was represented by one) who was so like him, in all things which belonged to him, so far as they were known to me, that nothing was more like: wherefore, let those who speak with spirits beware lest they be deceived, when they say that they are those whom they know, and that they are dead."

— *The Working Man's Way in the World. Being the Autobiography of a Journeyman Printer.* New York: Redfield. (For sale by Clark & Austin.) Every body knows that the autobiographies of the French are among the most delightful in literature, while those of the English, with one or two exceptions, are, without doubt, the stupidest, because the dullest. The reason of this is, because the former writes with the perfect naturalness of one who has made up his mind to unboosom himself even of his peccadilloes, while the other relates nothing that will create a smile, or draw a tear, or provoke a frown. Midway between the memoir writers of France and England, those of America promise to stand. Already one charming piece of autobiography—that of Mrs. Mowatt—has led the way, and indicates by the great success which has attended its publication, and by the increased esteem of the public for the fair authoress, that it is possible for one to write interestingly of themselves, and yet steer clear of inordinate vanity on the one hand, and of soporific dulness on the other. The present work is singular in one respect. It presents us with the life of a Working-Man, written by himself. How truly this is an autobiography, or how far it has been colored or amplified, of course we do not know; but speaking of it simply as a work of art, it is a creditable performance, and whether wholly real or in part fictitious, it will be found possessed of great interest.

— *Classic and Historic Portraits.* By James Bruce. New York: Redfield. (For sale by Clarke & Austin.) The author of this book is evidently one who has read extensively in the bye-ways of literature, and at the same time has been disposed to sift and examine the relations of others, and weigh and report the evidence for himself. These Classic and Historic Portraits give us a better view of the personal appearance of many men and women, whose names are famous in history, than are to be found in any preceding work. We also get glimpses of the manners and customs of other days, such as are rarely to be obtained without much discursive reading. Many of the characters are lightly sketched in, but the outlines are so

sharply defined and the features so distinctly individualized, that it will be the fault of the reader if he does not rise from the perusal with a most vivid impression of the personal appearance of the remarkable personages thus delineated.

A NEW POEM BY DANTE!—Not an old poem, just discovered by some burrowing antiquarian, but a new production, fresh from the inspired master of song. Thus we find it announced by a New York publisher—"An Epic of the Starry Heavens, dictated from the world of Spirits. This remarkable poem extends to four thousand lines, and was spoken, by Thomas L. Harris, in precisely twenty-six hours and sixteen minutes, while Mr. Harris was entranced, as he believes, by the spirit of the great Italian poet, Dante."

There, reader, you have the important announcement, and if your faith is as strong as that of Mr. Harris, and your taste for poetry quite decided, you will try to get the volume containing it, as soon as issued.

A few days ago, we read in the New York Musical Review a story to this effect:—"At a circle of spirit-rappers, in Paris, the spirit of the composer Donizetti suddenly made his presence known, and, at the request of some one present, composed music to some given words, to the intense gratification of his audience. The next day, the treasured composition was submitted to a well-known critic, with the announcement of its authorship, and of the manner in which it had been obtained. 'Indeed,' replied the critic, after examination; 'poor Donizetti, he cannot even compose so well now as when alive.'" If the same judgment is not pronounced on this new poem by Dante, when the critics get hold of it, should these sharp-eyed gentlemen deign to notice the silly pretension, we shall cease to regard the whole subject of spirit-rappings as a miserable delusion, and all engaged in it as in states of partial or confirmed insanity. Thus far, in every instance that we have seen communications purporting to be from the spirits of men who, when living upon this earth, were eminent for genius or wisdom, they have been so far below the range of intelligence possessed by these men while in the world, that we can rest only in one of two conclusions—either the communicating spirits (admitting the spiritual ground of the phenomena) are miserable pre-

tenders; or, mind in the next world retrogrades instead of advancing.

Every now and then, some new convert to this strange folly—the folly is none the less, admitting the spiritual origin of the thing, which any one may do who regards the evidence as conclusive to his own mind—flings himself before the public with a flourish of trumpets, and assumes to be in receipt of intelligence of vast moment to the world. But, thus far, not a single new truth has been promulgated, nor a single higher principle of action deduced. The range of morality, preached and practised by some of the prominent advocates of this falsely-called "spiritualism," is far below the range of the Bible; and the practical result, in too many cases, is the destruction of the family bond, and the separation of man and wife.

SEWING MACHINES.—Sewing, like weaving and knitting, seems destined soon to pass from the list of remunerative household employments. Machinery is coming in here, with its immense advantage of rapid execution, and, in spite of prophecy to the contrary, must soon supercede the "nimble fingers," that will seem nimble no longer when compared with revolving wheels. The improved sewing machine of Wheeler, Wilson & Co., is described as performing the finest quality of stitching, such as on collars and shirt-bosoms. A girl can stitch with one machine, thirty-five dozens of shirt collars in a day. There are fifteen hundred of them now in operation in various parts of the country. They can sew straight and curved seams, the stitches do not rip out, and over one thousand stitches, it is affirmed, can be taken in a minute, by a good operator. This last statement seems rather liberal.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—We refer our musical readers to the advertisement of Mr. J. E. Gould, No. 164 Chestnut street. This is one of the largest and most reliable establishments in our city. The long experience of Mr. Gould, and his known accuracy of judgment in the selection of musical instruments, give very appreciable advantages to purchasers. He keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of pianos from the justly celebrated manufactories of Hallet, Davis & Co., Boston; and Nunns & Clark, Bacon & Raven, and N. J. & F. Haines, New York—the former

with the Eolian attachment. No better instruments than these are in the market. We confidently recommend the house of Mr. J. E. Gould to our friends in the country who may visit Philadelphia, as one where instruments among the best in the United States can be obtained; as well as all the latest music, as soon as published.

**FANCY BALLS.**—The Home Journal speaks our sentiments exactly:—"A fancy-dress ball has one recommendation. It is, without exception, past all comparison and beyond all controversy—the absurdest thing yet invented; and hence very amusing. It is absurd anywhere, and in any circumstances; but when given, as is usually the case in New-York, in a house of very moderate dimensions, where closeness of contiguity is unavoidable, which huddles together in a crowd, or plants in solemn rows, the characters of ancient and modern times, fictitious and historical, serious and comic, romantic and matter of fact, the absurdity reaches an extreme which language essays vainly to depict."

**NEW WORDS.**—The history of new words, which, from time to time are introduced into common language, is often curious and amusing. Take the single instance of the word "quiz," which, in colloquial, or vulgar language, signifies one addicted to mockery, and acting in simulated gravity. This word is said to have originated in a joke. Daily, the manager of the Dublin play-house, so the story goes, wagered that he would make a word of no meaning to be the common talk and puzzle in the city for twenty-four hours; in the course of that time the letters *q-u-i-z*, were chalked on the walls all over Dublin, and the wager accordingly won.

**WEAK EYES.**—A number of our cotemporaries have been lamenting over "the vast number of people who now wear spectacles," and assert that our grand-fathers and grand-mothers maintained their vision strong and clear for a greater number of years than we, "their weak-eyed descendants." This we think is a mistake. It strikes us that the present is just as clear and strong-sighted as the past generation. Spectacles are cheaper than they were twenty-five years ago, and gold ones are very fashionable at present with some who have not the least necessity for their use; this may account for an apparent increase of weak eyes.—*Scientific American.*

Very few persons, we are sure, ever put on spectacles as an ornament. In most cases, the use of them is adopted reluctantly, and with a stronger feeling of mortification than vanity. Necessity is the prompter. The fact of impaired vision in the present generation, is, we think, undoubted; and the cause thereof lies, in too many instances, in the straining of vision over books and newspapers printed on bad paper, and with small types. Many of the lesson-books used in our schools are open to this objection; and many children have their sight injured, permanently, by their use. The matter is one of serious import, and demands the earnest attention of parents and teachers especially.

**MUSICAL CRITICISM.**—Criticism never runs so much into transcendentalism as when it touches upon music. In far too many cases, the Scotchman's definition of "Metaphysics" would fully apply to the musical elucidations given us from time to time by certain individuals who kindly seek to enlighten the public on works of favorite composers, or the execution of favorite performers. A very fair specimen recently appeared in Dwight's Journal of Music, wherein the critic speaks of, "That marvellously beautiful second movement, where the impassioned melody of the strings is veiled in such a thin and mystic element by the softly flowing, exquisitely fine divisions of the piano, that an awed sense of spiritual presence creeps over one." We are inclined to the opinion of the New York Musical Review that a "spiritual presence," in some sense, had something to do with the inditing of this paragraph.

**RUSSIAN FINANCES.**—It is very generally admitted by those who have the best means of knowing, that Russia cannot prosecute the war upon which she seems resolved to enter, without obtaining heavy loans. Already she has made an immense issue of paper money. "But where," asks a cotemporary, "will Russia go? On what Bourse will the Russian loan now find bidders? Should the Czar persist in his designs, he will soon exhaust his home resources, by destroying the credit of his paper currency; and, when his resources at home are exhausted, there is no foreign quarter to which he can reasonably look for aid. Without money, even an autocrat cannot fight. What will he do?"



**KEEPING A JOURNAL.**—A cotemporary, in copying the following brief article from the London Leader, says:—"There is over statement in the following, but, duly sifted and qualified, some truth will be found." Yes, and a large proportion of truth. We hardly think it possible for any one to keep a journal of his, or her, own experiences, thoughts, and observations on life, without learning to magnify self into undue importance, to say nothing of the time abstracted from useful work or reading. Indeed, we have often thought that this journal-keeping was, in itself, proof of over self-estimation. We would rather advise, as a means of self-improvement, the cultivation of good-will towards others, the indulgence in benevolent and kindly offices, and the banishment, as far as possible, of all those selfish thoughts that lead to a history of personal experiences. These are already written in the Book of Life, without an error, and no private journalizing can alter the record:—

"DON'T KEEP A JOURNAL.—Journals—and this is their real vice—are necessarily false. The most truthful man that ever lived could not write a truthful journal, unless he confined himself to the merest skeleton of facts, and then it would only be a selection, not a picture. We believe that William Wilberforce was a truly religious man; but the deep disgust with which we read his journals, the painful sense of hypocrisy which forced itself upon us, is not yet effaced, although now some fifteen years ago since we read the Journals, and their effect has been to render the image of that man for ever unpleasant in our eyes. We need all the testimony of his life and friends to counteract the effect of journals. We will say more. We, too, have kept journals, and honestly declare that on our reading them, at some years' distance, our impression of our own character was, that it was an odious caricature. Indeed, it is this vivid sense of the moral impossibility of writing a journal truthfully, which has of late years made us desist. For purposes of after reference, we still keep a journal, wherein dates and bald facts are occasionally entered, and we find all the advantages of a journal thus secured, with none of the drawbacks. For it is a drawback, and a fearful one, to be constantly attitudinising to an imaginary reader on your own life and actions—it is a danger, and a fearful one, to tamper thus with truth under the mask of secrecy—to suppress, to feign, to exaggerate, to lie! Moreover, we should struggle against, and not encourage, the habit of making our own actions of such dominant importance as to deserve daily

chronicle. There is no danger of our neglecting ourselves—there is danger of our neglecting the work which lies before us. We reprobate the practice of journal-writing (in any form but that of mere memorandum-keeping), because it has a vitiating influence on the mind, and earnestly warn our readers to be-think them of this. As strongly do we counsel men who are celebrated, or who hope one day to be, not to let such journals exist, lest they fall into the hands of biographers; for certain we are that no such permanent damage can be done to the reputation of a man, as to have copious publication of his journals. Letters are bad enough, written as they are on the spur of the moment, in the heat of temper, and the haste of business; but journals are still worse, because they have a more deliberate air."

**PARK BENJAMIN'S LECTURES.**—Mr. Park Benjamin has just delivered in this city, by an invitation from quite a number of influential gentlemen, an additional course of lectures—six in number—which have proved even more popular than the earlier series.

The witty, dashing, gay, off-hand character of these lectures and poems drew as crowded and fashionable audiences as we have ever seen assembled on an occasion of the kind. The lecturer himself was in his happiest vein. The liveliness of his illustrations; the keenness of his sarcasm; the trenchant manner with which he treated the follies of the time; the vivacity of his style, and the popular character of his themes, were all attractions admirably adapted to ensure the attendance of those large and appreciative audiences, by which his return to the city has been welcomed.

#### ENGRAVINGS IN THIS NUMBER.

The charming home picture, "*Redeeming Paons*," will send many a heart back to earlier times, and stir its chords with a long forgotten music.

"*The Lady Rowena*," of Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, is a sweet fancy portrait, from Lip-pincott, Grambo & Co's. Abbottsford edition of the Waverley novels. The "*Inundation*" presents a stirring scene, and is in itself a picture of no ordinary attractions. To these are added *Spring Fashions* for dresses, bonnets, &c., and a variety of other fine wood engravings. In the matter of illustration this month, we may fairly claim an equal merit with any of our cotemporaries.

## DOMESTIC RECIPES.

**THE CURATE'S PUDDING.**—To 1 lb. of mashed potatoes, while hot, add four ounces of suet, and two ounces of flour, a little salt, and as much milk as will give it the consistency of common suet pudding. Put it into a dish, or roll it into dumplings, and bake a fine brown.

**YORKSHIRE BISCUITS.**—Three pounds of flour, one gill of yeast, a quarter of a pound of butter, three eggs, and milk enough to form a dough. Rub the butter and flour together. Beat the eggs and add them, then the milk and yeast to form a dough. Stand it away to rise; when light make it out in biscuits, butter your tins, place the biscuits on them, let them rise again and bake them.

**A LIGHT PIE CRUST.**—A light pie crust may be made by rubbing into one pound of flour, two ounces of butter worked into a cream, and one spoonful of carbonate of soda; dissolve with water, half a tea-spoonful of tartaric acid, and pour it over the ingredients, quickly adding a sufficiency of water to make it the proper stiffness for pie crust. This is still better when a well-beaten egg is added to the flour, &c., before the water is put in.

**POTATO ROLLS.**—Four large potatoes boiled, one table-spoonful of butter, salt to the taste, half a pint of milk, half a tea-cupful of yeast, flour sufficient to form a dough. Boil the potatoes, peel and mash them, and while they are hot add the butter and salt, then pour in the milk. When the mixture is lukewarm add the yeast and flour. Knead the dough and set it away to rise, when it is light mould out your rolls, place them on buttered tins, let them rise and bake them.

**RUSKS.**—Beat 7 eggs, mix them with half a pint of new warm milk, in which a quarter pound of butter has been melted, and a quarter pint of yeast, and 3 ounces of sugar; put them gradually into as much flour as will make a light paste, nearly as thin as batter. Let it rise before the fire half an hour, add more flour so as to make it a little stiffer, work it well, divide it in small loaves, or cakes, 5 or 6 inches wide, and flatten them. The cakes, when first baked, are very good buttered for tea.

**CORN CAKE OR PONE.**—A correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator, gives the following recipe:—In reply to Lizzie's inquiry, I would suggest the following mode of making Corn Pone or Johnny Cake: To one pint of sour buttermilk add three eggs, one tea-spoonful of saleratus, one quarter pound of butter, thicken with fine fine meal, do not make it too stiff, spread on a buttered pan and bake quickly.

The following makes a very nice breakfast cake: To one pint of buttermilk or sour cream,

add two tea-spoonfuls of saleratus, three eggs, two table-spoonfuls of molasses, salt, and spice or nutmeg to suit the taste, and thicken with fine Indian meal: mix over night, and bake quickly for breakfast.

**HONEY CAKE.**—Three-quarters of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, six eggs, two pounds of flour, one table-spoonful of ground cinnamon, half a gill of cream, one quart of honey, one table-spoonful of dissolved saleratus. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream; beat the eggs and stir in with the flour, cinnamon, cream and honey. Beat the whole for ten minutes, then stir in the saleratus. Line your pan with several thicknesses of paper, well buttered; pour in the mixture, and bake it in a slow oven.

**TO MAKE GOOD STARCH FOR BOSOMS AND COLLARS.**—Take one tea-spoonful of starch for every shirt, dissolve in cold water and set it over the fire to boil, stirring carefully all the time to prevent burning; let it boil gently fifteen minutes, then take it from the fire and strain through a piece of muslin, and to every four shirts allow a piece of sperm as large as a common sized pea and the same quantity of white wax: boil these in the starch fifteen minutes, dip the articles into the starch while hot, wring them and hang them by the fire to dry; when dry sprinkle them quite wet and roll them very tight for an hour or two, and then they are ready for ironing. Your iron must be very smooth, entirely free from rust or dirt of any kind; rub hard and quick, until every part of the bosom or collar is perfectly dry.—*Northern Farmer.*

**JOHNNY CAKE WITHOUT MILK.**—A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker gives the following receipt:—Many persons think they must have sour milk to make their Johnny-cake. At this season of the year when with many milk is scarcely to be obtained, it may be of service to know how a good Johnny-cake can be made without. Myself and family prefer it made in this manner to milk. When I have yeast for bread (either hop yeast or salt rising, I think good.) I scald what meal I can conveniently in a common-sized milk pan, and when luke-warm stir in several spoonfuls of the yeast, and set it in a warm place to rise. When light, I sit it away in a cool place, and it will keep perfectly good for several days. To prepare it for baking I take out what I wish for a common square baking tin, (my family being small) add to it four or five table-spoonfuls of flour, use about the same amount of saleratus as if wet with sour milk, add an egg well beaten, a little salt, and a bit of lard, about the size of an egg melted, the whole stirred well together, but not stiff, and bake with a quick heat, but not to burn. The result will be as good, if not better, Johnny-cake than can be made with milk.

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*After the Original*





FAUST AND MARGARET.



*The Ladies*



FAUST AND MARGARET.





# SPRING BONNET AND DRESS CAP.



BONNET.

STRAW, trimmed with light ribbon, dipped in 6 lbs. and with two long, flowing ends on left side. Lined with white crepeanne, laid in small, neat folds. Undertrimming, loops of black velvet.



CAP.

BREAKFAST CAP for young unmarried lady, consisting of a crown piece and two rows of Maltese edging.

# THE HAPPY DAY.

WORDS BY EPES SARGENT.

MUSIC BY W. R. DEMPSTER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1842, by SARGENT & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.]

*LIVELY.* *Sra.* *leggiere.* *cres.*

*Sra.* *loco.* *f* *p* *cres.* *f*

Oh! I never can for get it, That happy, happy day, When

*p*

we a merry party, Sail'd down the sun-gilt bay, The warm June air was soft and clear, Bright

*cr* *es* *p*

# THE HAPPY DAY.

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into three systems. The first system includes the lyrics: "gleam'd the feathery spray, And the hills a - round seem'd heap'd with green, That". The second system includes: "happy, happy day, And the hills a - round seem'd heap'd with green, That". The third system includes: "happy, happy day, That happy, happy day, That happy, happy day. Sea." The piano part features various musical notations including *cres.* (crescendo), *f* (forte), *dolce.* (dolce), *pia staccato.* (piano staccato), and *loco.* (loco). The vocal part includes the instruction *Sra.* (Soprano).

II.

We landed on a fairy isle—  
 An isle of bloom and shade;  
 Where the wavelets glaz'd a sandy beach,  
 And the vines an arbor made.  
 With song and dance and festive mirth,  
 Swift flew the moments gay.  
 Ah! through what pleasant paths we roam'd  
 That happy, happy day!

III.

And one, amid the maiden group,  
 Seem'd fairer than the rest;  
 With her shape of grace, her angel face,  
 And the wild rose on her breast.  
 And in her willing ear I breath'd  
 First love's bewildering lay—  
 Her small hand press'd a mute consent,  
 That happy, happy day.



THE TIEF MATRIMONIAL.

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